HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. C MAY, 1900 No. DC

INSIDE THE BOER LINES

BY E. E. EASTON

THE conditions in the South-African republics a few days after the war opened were as unlike those at Cape Town a few days before war had been declared as the demands of President Kruger in his ultimatum and the reply he received from London.

When I left Cape Town on the night of October 12, determined to reach the Transvaal if possible, I carried with me an impression of chaos—of a city teeming with refugees from the gold-fields; of a tragic prorogation of the Colonial Parliament; a confused mass of English soldiers waiting for the trains that were to carry them north; of Afrikanders of Dutch and Huguenot descent who sat at their clubs with despair written on their faces; of Englishmen who fervently sang "God save the Queen."

At a little railway station on the Great Karroo I learned from the telegraph-operator the following afternoon that a message had just passed through stating that the Boers had opened hostilities by capturing an armored train near Mafeking, on the western border of the Transvaal. General Joubert had also arrived at Charlestown, just across the border in Natal; and there were rumors of Boer scouting parties having been sighted at various points in the northern part of the colony and in northern Natal.

The only place where I could hope to get into the Orange Free State was at Norval's Pont, where the railroad crossed the Orange River. At De Aar, the most northern British base of supplies in the colony, where the railway branched, one line going to Kimberley and the other *viâ* Naauwpoort Junction to the Orange Free State, there was a rumor that the bridge at Norval's Pont had been destroyed by the Boers. I was told that the Transvaal government had issued an order prohibiting newspaper men from accompanying the burgher forces. I was told many harrowing tales of the treatment I might expect in the event I came in contact with a Boer scouting party or a commando. At De Aar, however, a compartment car belonging to the Netherlands South African Railway Company of the Transvaal was coupled to an engine. The train crew had orders to run to Norval's Pont, and if no armed forces of Boers were sighted, or no attempt made to capture the engine and crew, to leave the car at the bridge and return with the office effects of the station at that point. I had a suspicious feeling of loneliness when that engine and train crew started south again, leaving the car standing on the track near the Orange River. The station-master had also gone away on the engine. The rolling grass veld seemed endless to the south. The Orange River flowed sluggishly along at the base of the precipitous hills on its north bank. A number of Kafirs in their native dress of beads, bracelets, and unaffected modesty strolled along the platform of the deserted station, and after making grave salutes with their "knob-kerries" they disappeared along the winding path in the veld. The long steel bridge was intact. Two young Boer boys and a young woman dressed as a nurse anxiously watched the silent hills on the opposite side of the river. The engine belonging

Copyright, 1900, by Harper & Brothers (*The State Trust Company, Trustee*).

BLOEMFONTEIN, LOOKING SOUTH.

to the Cape government railway had been gone about an hour, when another steamed out from among those hills, crossed the bridge, and backed up to the lone car. There was no waste of time. With a long shrill whistle the train rumbled across the bridge. It was soon threading its way through the hills on the north bank of the river. In a short time it came out again on the open veld of the Orange Free State. That was the last train that crossed the Orange River. The middle span of the bridge was unbolted that night and dropped in the channel of the river.

A few miles across the border the car was attached to the regular train of the Orange Free State railway. This train was composed of compartment cars and a dining-car, all modelled after the European carriages. About ten miles farther on a stop was made at a laager, where there appeared to be between two and three thousand burghers in camp. They swarmed about the train with the same curiosity that is exhibited by the inhabitants of any little rural village in America. Most of them were dressed in ordinary civilian clothes. I noticed in the crowd a number of men wearing riding-breeches that were tight at the knees, full at the hips, and double-seated with chamois-skin. That might have been a big hunting party, such as one sees in southern California when the jack-rabbits become a pest. There were no swords dangling about men's legs; no men standing at statuesque attention before gorgeous figures with epaulets or men wearing monocles. There were young boys, and old men with white beards, middle-aged men, men who appeared to be farmers, and men whose features and dress would indicate that they were professional or business men. Most of them had two bandoleers of cartridges swung diagonally from either shoulder, a Mauser rifle and a revolver, but no bayonets. The only uniform was a yellow pukhari about their hats.

The two young Boer boys who had come across the Orange River in the same car with myself were the centre of attraction in the crowd. They seemed to be detailing interesting news of the situation south of the Orange River. Although I was expecting to be placed under arrest until I could prove my identity, I was simply asked by a curious but good-natured individual if I were going to Bloemfontein. He smiled when he told me I was an American. "Any one could tell by that accent that you were a Yankee," he said. A number of burghers came aboard, and the train started on to Bloemfontein. On either side of

the railway the rolling veld, as far as the eye could see, was dotted with herds of cattle, sheep, and horses. Now and then farms were passed where the wheat was being cut. At each station where the train stopped men and women crowded the platform and inquired as to the news from the various camps.

These railway stations—and I subsequently found them to be uniform throughout the Orange Free State, the Transvaal, and down in Natal—are all built of white sandstone, the out-buildings of the same material, while the "chef," or station-master, has a comfortable home near the station, which is also built of the same stone.

There was a large crowd in the station at Bloemfontein, the capital, when the train arrived. Another train loaded with burghers going south was standing on the main track. Although I was told that these burghers were from a section some distance north of Bloemfontein, most of those on the train seemed to have personal friends among the men, women, and children at the station. There was no excitement nor any air of braggadocio among the burghers. It was as unlike some of the farewell scenes in Cape Town when the English troops were starting north as a quarterly conference of Quakers is unlike a national political convention. Tall broad-shouldered farmers, with big rough hands, their rifles swung across their shoulders, reached out of the car windows, shaking hands with men and women. The women invariably inquired of the old men how they had left their "missus," some inquired after the health of the children, while some of the men discussed the difficulty of having their crops gathered, since every man in the State might soon be called to the front. Some of the young women passed in bouquets of flowers to their particular friends among the burghers, and when the train started there was a scramble to shake hands while saying good-by. There was not a sign of militarism—from a professional stand-point—about that long train of troops, save the yellow flag of the Free State which floated from the rear platform.

GREY COLLEGE (BOYS' SCHOOL), BLOEMFONTEIN.

The city of Bloemfontein lies in the open veld. It reminds an American of a Kansas or Nebraska city; the streets are broad, and run east and west and north and south, forming perfect squares. There are a number of high kopjes northwest of the city, where the principal forts for the

defence of the city are located. The general offices and the shops of the government railways in the State are located near the passenger station. In the centre of the city is the Market Square, where the farmers gather on Monday mornings to do their trading. The mercantile houses are mostly on this square, as are the hotels and the pretentious club of which the city boasts. On the western side of the city, facing the street leading from the passenger station, is the Government Building, containing the offices of the different executive departments. It is of the same design and material as the Department of Agriculture in Washington, but much larger. In front of the building is a bronze statue of John Brand, the first President of the Orange Free State. One block to the north is the Capitol Building. Externally it would compare favorably with most of the State capitols of America, while the interior furnishings and appointments are more ostentatious than those of the National Capitol at Washington. The executive mansion, or Presidency, as it is called there, is in the southwestern part of the city. If the counterpart of President Steyn's home were erected in the most fashionable and fastidious section of New York city or Washington, there would be no protest from the neighbors that it tended to plebeianism. Most of the homes in the city have small fruit and flower gardens about them. Grey College, near the Presidency, covers a solid square. President Steyn took the degree of B.A. there before going to England to study law.

In the streets, the stores, the club, and the Government Building I heard English spoken as often as Dutch. There was no excitement or confusion, although war had just opened. Men and women seemed to know that a fearful struggle was beginning, but there was a quiet reserve about them—an air of grim determination which foreboded one of the bitterest struggles in the world's history.

A SCENE IN JOHANNESBURG A FEW DAYS AFTER WAR BEGAN, SHOWING BARRICADED STORES.

President Steyn spent Sunday afternoon and evening detailing to me the history of South Africa and the events which had finally made war inevitable, and caused his State to join the South-African Republic, although there was no question in the issue which directly involved the Orange Free State. During the evening most of the government officials of the State called to discuss with the President immediate plans of the campaign. Nearly every one of them had ridden horseback, or driven in the Cape carts, or trekked in ox-wagons, over most of the territory of the State and around its borders. Some knew every sluit, kopje, and range along the eastern border, others knew all the drifts, fords, and impassable places along the Orange River, while another was equally familiar with every foot of ground along the western border—knew just where water-supplies could be depended upon, as well as plenty of forage for the horses and cattle.

Sunday morning I watched the farmers driving into the city to church. Some of the carts contained children and women, but no men. As a race their features correspond with those of any particular European nation about as little as the second or third generation of children in the United States bear the distinctive characteristics of their English, German, Dutch, or French ancestry. The pronunciation of their own language has less similarity to the Holland Dutch than the American English has to that of England. They have words and idioms which they have taken from the French, the English, some of the native languages, and some that they have coined themselves. In speaking English they use the broad a's. The Afrikander Dutch sounds as euphonious to the ear as the Southern pronunciation in the States.

PRESIDENT'S RESIDENCE AT BLOEMFONTEIN.

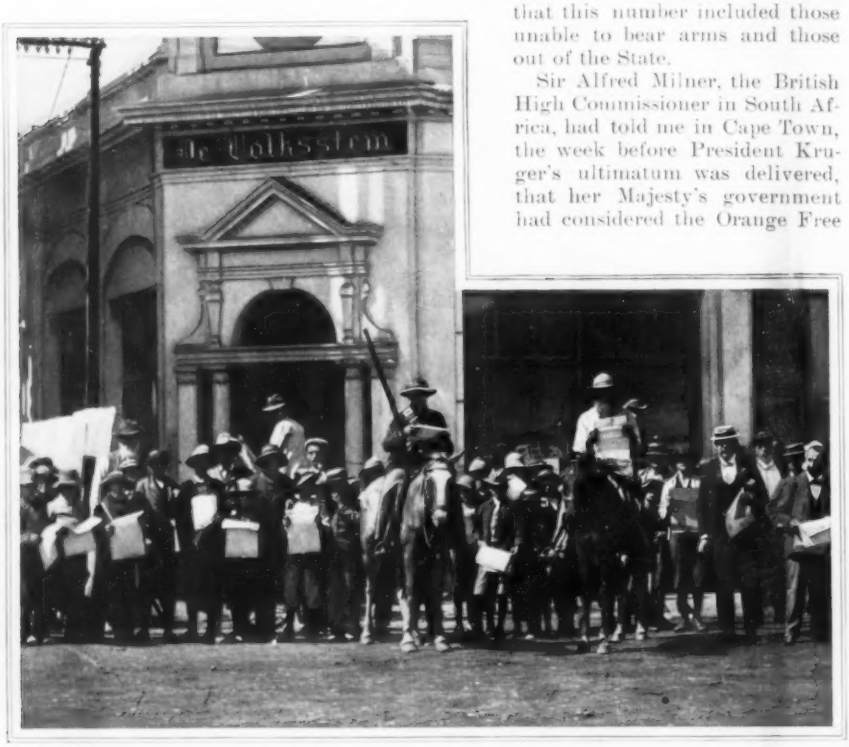
President Steyn said that poverty—European poverty—was unknown in his State. Business men and professional men who had also travelled in Europe said the same thing. Every one in the State could make a comfortable living. My brief observation was that there were just as many grades of individuals in Bloemfontein as in an American city of the same class. There were men who were content with a living, men with business ambitions, and men with professional ambitions. There were men who could be said to have achieved their ambitions in business and in their professions. Their homes appeared refined, and had as many modern conveniences as the homes of people who might be classed in the same station in life in Europe or America. Driving about the city, I noticed tennis-courts in four or five of the private gardens; these gardens belong to prominent

EXTERIOR OF HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES (RAAD HALL), BLOEMFONTEIN

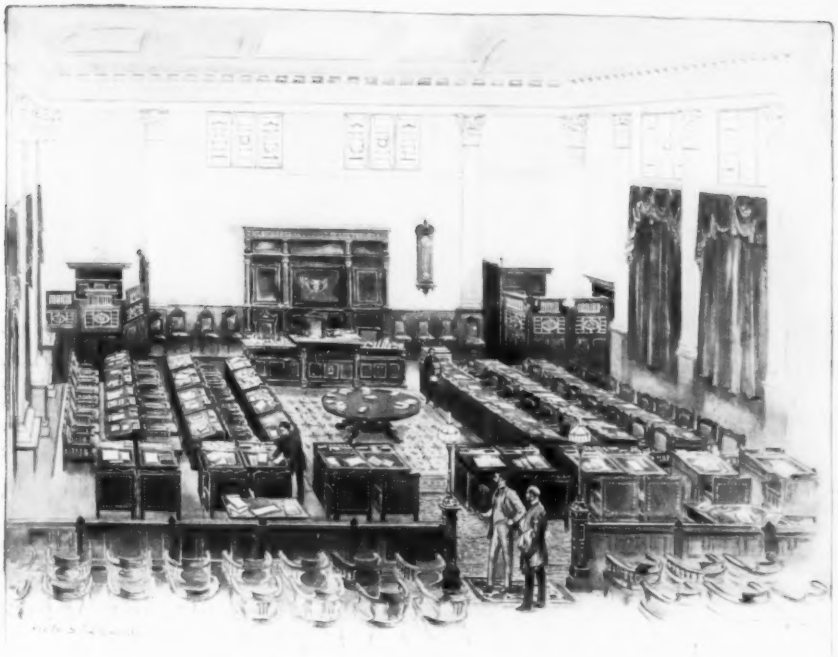
Boers, or rather "Afrikanders." In South Africa the farmers are called Boers or burghers, and the townsmen are referred to as burghers or Afrikanders. Abroad they are termed Boers, similar to Americans being called Yankees abroad, while in the South and West of America the term applies to New-Englanders particularly and to Northerners generally. During a conversation on the subject President Steyn made the assertion that the percentage of illiteracy in his State was insignificant as compared with that of England itself. The statistics he produced bore out his assertion. My own impression, gathered from various sources while on the way to South Africa, had been directly the opposite. It was as much a revelation as when I first went West in America and was told that Kansas had the smallest percentage of illiteracy of any State in the Union. He went further and said that there was a larger proportion of burghers in his State who had taken degrees at school than there was of those who had accomplished the same thing in England. While he had no statistics on this subject, he said that investigation would prove it to be correct.

While on the way to South Africa a prominent Englishman who was on the boat declared that all the educated men in the Free State and the Transvaal would sympathize with the English in the event of war. If the English Colonial Office or the English War Office entertained the same belief, this may be one of the elements of misinformation which caused such a lack of adequate preparation for the war on the part of the English government. The first shot of the war had been fired three days before, when I was shown in Bloemfontein the official reports from each veld cornet's district in the State. The total number of burghers between the ages of sixteen and sixty who had not reported ready for duty, nor purchased rifles and ammunition, was less than two hundred. I was told that this number included those unable to bear arms and those out of the State.

Sir Alfred Milner, the British High Commissioner in South Africa, had told me in Cape Town, the week before President Kruger's ultimatum was delivered, that her Majesty's government had considered the Orange Free



READING THE SPECIAL EDITION OF "DE VOLKSSTEM" IN PRETORIA, AFTER WAR WAS DECLARED.



INTERIOR OF HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, BLOEMFONTEIN.

State a model republic. My superficial observations in Bloemfontein just after the war opened convinced me that the citizens of that State were as deeply impregnated with the belief that, since war had come, the future prosperity of South Africa depended upon the local conduct of its political affairs as Sir Alfred Milner was convinced that the policy that must control the destiny of South Africa from the Zambesi to the Cape must emanate from London.

In the train in which I left Bloemfontein for the Transvaal border I found Mr. Fischer, the head of the Orange Free State Executive Council, or cabinet. I had met him the day before at his home. I had been told that he was the leading lawyer in the Free State previous to his appointment as a member of the Executive Council. He was sitting with a rifle across his knee, while two bandoleers of cartridges hung across his breast. In place of the white shirt and the Prince Albert suit he was wearing the previous day, he had on a woollen shirt and an ordinary tweed suit of business clothes. In the upper berth of the compartment was a blanket roll and a bag filled with ten days' provisions of hard bread, canned beef, and biltong. He was going to the camp near Van Reenen's Pass, on the eastern border of the Free State, to discuss the military situation with the burghers. He explained that since there might be fighting there, he was prepared.

"Education and financial circumstances are no grounds for distinction now," he said. "Every member of the Raad [the Free State congress] went to the front this morning dressed just as you see me now."

My train waited several hours at Kroonstad for a south-bound train loaded with burghers. It had proceeded but a short distance when the sun went down, and the cool evening breezes sprang up. I rolled up in a blanket in my compartment.

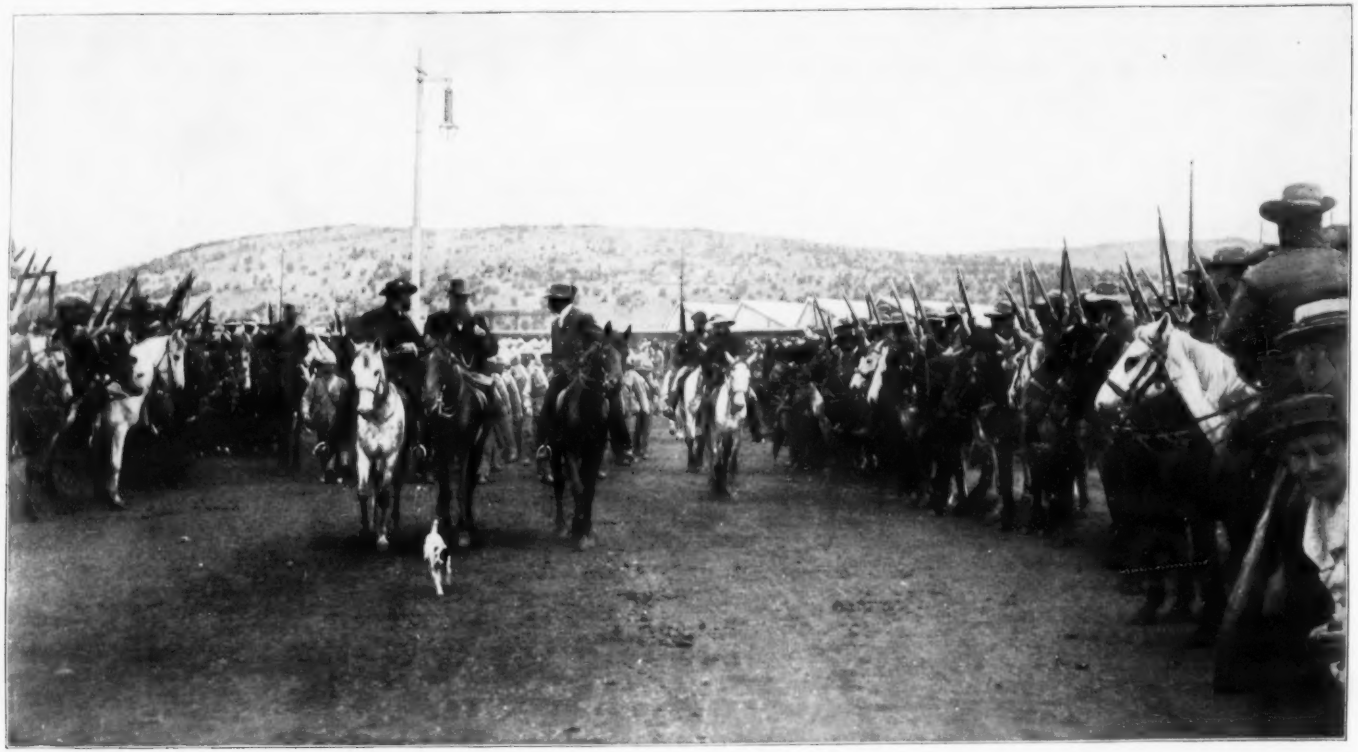
About an hour after sunrise the train, which had stopped during the night, started on again, making slow progress on the heavy grade from the Vaal River to the Witwatersrand. Long before we had reached the summit of the grade I

could see the tall smoke-stacks over the mines along the Rand. The atmosphere is wonderfully clear, and the veld rolls away in long swells, so that one can see for miles with perfect distinctness. The altitude of the Rand is a little over 6000 feet above sea-level. At Elandsfontein, the railway junction on the summit, there were six trains filled with Transvaal burghers going to join General Joubert. I was so interested in watching these men that I did not discover that I was in a Johannesburg car until the rest of the train had started on to Pretoria. I was told that a train would leave Johannesburg for the capital within two hours, and since it was only a matter of a half-hour's ride to this city, which had been the centre of all the agitation for the war, I remained in the car. The scenes along the Rand to Johannesburg were very depressing. On either side of the road were immense milling-plants, and corrugated-iron compounds where the natives who worked in the mines had been kept. Everything had a deserted air. Cottages and little retail stores were boarded up, while hungry-looking dogs slunk about the premises. A number of buildings had the Transvaal flag floating over them, as though the departed owners expected that emblem would protect their property in case the Boers should blow up the mines and the city of Johannesburg.

As the train entered Park station I could see a number of flags of different nationalities floating over the principal buildings of the city. I noticed a number of dwellings and business houses with this sign painted over the blockaded doors: "American Property." If the number of foreign flags which were floating in the city had any real significance, one could not help but have the impression at that time that there was little English property in the city.

As a whole, Johannesburg had the atmosphere of a cemetery. This metropolis of South Africa, which a few weeks before the war had boasted a white population of nearly 80,000 souls, was almost entirely deserted. Block after block of business houses and dwellings had their doors and windows barricaded with boards and corrugated iron. The exchanges and most of the hotels were heavily barred. Those who had fled with their families left their private homes at the mercy of their Kafir servants, while many foreigners, other than the English who had not been implicated in the Jameson raid, had secured permits from the Transvaal government to remain in the city. Large posters containing President Kruger's proclamation of martial law in the republic were placarded about the city. One of the articles of this proclamation absolutely prohibited the sale of intoxicating liquors, while another required every person to have a passport in travelling from one city to another in the republic.

Before I arrived in Pretoria, General Piet Cronje had crossed into British territory on the western border of the Transvaal, practically surrounding Mafeking, and destroyed the railway bridges on either side of the town. He had also captured an armored train which had attempted to break through his lines. The railway on either side of Kimberley had been destroyed by the Orange Free State troops, the bridges blown up, the outside water-supply of the city cut off, and a commando had established itself between Kimberley and the base of supplies at De Aar. General Princeloo of the Orange Free State had sent scouting parties through Van Reenen's Pass, and these had had several skirmishes with the English troops in western Natal. The military campaign was just beginning to crystallize. There was no fear of an invasion from the north, since the regular Transvaal police along that border outnumbered the Rhodesian police. With Mafeking helpless, Kimberley practically so, and as many Boers along the Orange River as there were English troops in Cape Colony, all the interest in the war centred in Natal. There were known to be 23,000 English troops in Natal at the opening of the war. General Joubert made a cautious advance from Zandspruit, where the burghers had mobilized when the tension in the diplomatic negotiations reached its height. When his advanced scouting parties passed through Volksrust, at the border of the Transvaal, they learned that Charlestown, a few miles beyond, was entirely deserted. The Boers passed over Laings Nek, under the shadow of Majuba Hill, where their most brilliant victory in the war for independence in 1881 had been achieved, and with scouting parties thrown out in all directions, General Joubert's force was marching upon Newcastle. There had been no determined fighting on any of their borders,



ARRIVAL IN PRETORIA OF BRITISH PRISONERS CAPTURED AT DUNDEE

ARCADIA BRIDGE, PRETORIA, SHOWING FORTS IN THE DISTANCE.

and only small parties of men had been engaged in skirmishing.

I could not formulate my first impressions of Pretoria to include the idea that it was the seat of government of a small nation—the entire population less than that of many single American cities—which had opened hostilities with the greatest empire in the world. The city appeared to be at peace with the world and the elements. The warm sunshine, the flower-gardens, the fig-trees and the orange-trees, the groves of the eucalyptus-trees and the silver-oaks, that surrounded the homes of this city nestling among the foot-hills of the Magaliesberg Mountains, conspired to rob one's imagination of the glories and horrors of war. The street cars were running, the stores were all open, men were at work on a new government building, and I had driven half over Pretoria to get an idea of the city before I saw the first indications that the inhabitants were aware that their country was at war with the British Empire.

I was riding out towards Arcadia, one of the suburbs of Pretoria, when I passed a carriage containing a man about thirty-five years old and his family. He appeared to be a man of affluence; his carriage and team of dapple-gray horses were as *chic* as any to be seen in the fashionable cities of the world. He was dressed in a corduroy hunting-suit, and a bandoleer of cartridges hung across his chest. Protruding out of the deep cushions behind his right shoulder was the barrel of a Mauser rifle. It required but one glance at that carriage and its occupants to catch the spirit of the time and the people. Behind the carriage was a Kafir servant riding a Basuto pony, and leading a horse equipped with saddle-bags, rubber poncho, and a woollen blanket. On a little seat at the feet of the man sat a round-faced, bright-eyed boy, wearing an Eton jacket and a broad white collar. A little girl dressed in white, with her arms bare to the shoulder, lay in his lap. She was nestling on his breast, innocently fingering the bright steel bullets that protruded through the holes in the bandoleer. The father's face wore a mingled expression of iron determination and pity. He was watching his boy's face. I could not see the woman's face. She was stylishly dressed, but as the carriage passed she was leaning over an infant in her arms. My cab-driver said that was one of the wealthiest advocates in the Transvaal. He was going to the front as a burgher; his family were going to the station with him.

Before I drove into Church Square, where the government buildings are principally located, I had visited the suburbs of Sunnyside, Arcadia, and the district west of the city where the big brick artillery barracks are located. In these suburbs were beautiful villas and gardens, where the residences were, in some instances, of the most ostentatious modern architecture; others were thatched-roof cottages, surrounded with broad verandas, over which granadilla-vines were trained, and some were of the quaint old Dutch pattern. I had seen four public-school buildings, and churches of as many denominations as one sees in the average

American city. There was a big electric-light plant near the business section of the city; telegraph and telephone wires lined the principal streets. There were department stores, wholesale stores, retail stores, tailoring establishments, book-stores, steam-laundries, hotels and clubs, bristling with enterprise. On Market Square I noticed an attractive building with the sign over the door "Staats Museum." The government buildings were of modern design, dignified and substantial, and seemed to have been built with an allowance for a healthy growth in the affairs of state.

Newsboys were running about the streets with special editions of Pretoria and Johannesburg papers, containing the news that General Joubert's scouts had reported that the British had fallen back upon Dundee, in one of the coal-mining districts of Natal, and were preparing for a decisive engagement in the vicinity. Men were standing in groups about the Raadzaal, the principal government building, discussing the situation.

President Steyn had given me a letter of introduction to the Transvaal State Attorney, Mr. J. C. Smuts. I inquired of an usher in the rotunda of the government building where I could find the State Attorney. He had just gone into the office of the Secretary of State. Clerks and secretaries were running about the corridors, exhibiting considerable animation; they were discussing their arrangements for leaving for the front the next day, in order to be in the expected battle. I had just reached the big double doors leading into the State Secretary's offices when a young man with a smooth face and fair complexion started out with a bundle of papers in his hand. The usher pointed him out as the State Attorney. After reading the letter of introduction he shook hands with the heartiness and grip of a man of determined character.

"I am rushed with work right now," he said, apologetically. "I must get away on the early morning train for Natal. We townsmen must be in the grim job that now confronts us." Then he took me into the office of Dr. F. W. Reitz, the Secretary of State. The office was as complete in its appointments as modern inventions—type-writers, desk telephones, messenger-bells, broad mahogany tables, paintings, and comfortable chairs, maps, and books—can make one. Secretary Reitz's face is in many respects similar to that of ex-President Harrison of America. His grandfather was an officer in the Dutch navy, and took part in the battle between the Dutch and English fleets off

F. W. REITZ, SECRETARY OF STATE.

Dogger-Bank during the latter part of the last century. Dr. Reitz was born in Cape Colony, where his father was a farmer and represented his district in the Colonial Parliament. He graduated at the South-African College at Cape Town; afterward spent four years in England studying law. He was Chief Justice of the Orange Free State for thirteen years, and at the death of President Brand was elected as the second President of that state. He was re-elected for a second

term, but resigned on account of ill health. He moved to Pretoria, where he was appointed as one of the Chief Justices of the Supreme Court. On June 6, 1898, he was elected by the Volksraad as Secretary of State to fill the place of Dr. Leyds, who had been appointed ambassador of the republic in Europe.

To see Dr. Reitz, and to talk with him long enough to get an insight into his character, at the same time keeping in mind his career, is to appreciate the power Joseph Chamberlain was attempting to combat in diplomacy.

After a courteous greeting Dr. Reitz sat down in his big leather office-chair and began to pour humorous questions into me as to my experiences in getting into the "Boer" capital, and my impressions of the times and the people.

While we were talking, I could see through an open door into an anteroom where a tall, rugged-looking young man was pacing the floor with his hands clinched. Finally he came into the State Secretary's room, and after excusing the interruption, drew up a chair near the Secretary and began talking earnestly in a low voice. The older man shook his head firmly to the energetic arguments.

"The President does not see it in a proper light," the younger man insisted, raising his voice to a louder pitch. "If you will tell him that there is nothing pressing in the department now, he will consent."

"But I agree with the President that we cannot afford to lose you now. If you go, I will be about the only one left in the whole building," said the Secretary, and then he mentioned a long list of names to confirm his argument.

"But don't you see that I am of no earthly use to-day?" the younger man insisted. "I can't eat. It will be a decisive fight to determine if we can operate on the offensive for some time, or whether the whole war is to be dragged out on the defensive. The President has given Smuts permission to go, and there is no reason why I should stay. I will promise to be back as soon as this rub is over and clean up the work on my desk." He was flushed, and got up and paced the floor, totally oblivious of the presence of a third party.

The old Secretary's face was a study of mingled emotions. There was deep silence for several seconds, during which a clock under a painting which hung on the wall, showing the Boers "Fighting at Doornkop" during the Jameson raid, ticked solemnly.

"All right, Piet, go. God help us! The old President may be angry at first, but I will explain it to him. He was young once and can understand it."

The young man's face cleared from the depths of depression. In an instant he was alert and full of suppressed excitement. There was a suspicious look of feeling about the old Secretary's eyes as he pressed the young man's hand and then looked after him as he left the room.

"Who was that gentleman, Mr. Secretary?" I ventured to ask.

"Excuse me," he replied, courteously, "That was Mr. Grobler, the Under State Secretary for Foreign Affairs."

"Mr. Smuts and Mr. Grobler are examples of what the younger generation of our people have accomplished in getting in perfect touch with the present day," the Secretary continued. "These sons of the conservative Boers were harmonizing the new with the old régime. The evolution was taking place as rapidly as they matured. Africa would have continued to be prosperous and live at peace with England and the world, growing and developing its marvellous resources, the younger element wiping out the conservatism, and substituting an enterprise that characterizes your own wonderful nation. But this war—but you have heard both sides of this question." He studied a moment, then he continued: "This younger generation of our race, which has imbued the republic with modern ideas, and was in as close touch with the element of Johannesburg as they were with their parents on their little farms out on the veld, is now the most determined of the two elements—the conservative and the progressive—that our liberty must not be fettered. Two of my sons are now at the front—here is a cable from my oldest son, who was completing his education in Europe. He is on his way home as fast as the steamer can bring him."

I was looking at the cable message, which was dated the same night on which President Kruger had issued his ultimatum, when a large door on the opposite side of the room opened, and a clerk informed the Secretary that he was wanted in the Executive Council room. While

CHURCH STREET, PRETORIA, AFTER WAR HAD BEEN DECLARED.

he was collecting a number of papers on his desk I could hear the conversation of men in the adjoining room. Suddenly there was a deep roar—almost like that of a lion—and at the same time a bang on a table that made the windows rattle. And the voice—it was that of a man—continued its deep bellowing, and again there was a thundering bang on the table.

"The old President has met with some obstacle in his plans," said the Secretary of State, smiling at my look of surprise at the sound of such a human voice, and he disappeared with an arm-load of papers.

While he was gone I looked about the room, and there were several rows of official reports of the United States government on the shelves. There were some on agriculture, some on mining, some on commerce, and a number of volumes issued by the State Department.

When the Secretary returned he was chuckling to himself.

"General Cronje wants to assault Mafeking," he said. "He has wired that he can take the town in a hand-to-hand fight, but the old President won't listen to it. He says that the place is not worth the lives of fifty burghers, and has just issued an order that Cronje is to continue the siege and simply see to it that Colonel Baden-Powell and his troops do not escape. The Council was divided; some thought that Cronje should be permitted to storm the place. The President has just ordered that one of the big siege-guns shall be sent to Cronje."

Presently the big door opened and a couple of tall, serious-looking men came out, talking together. It was just about four o'clock. "The old President will be leaving now," Dr. Reitz said to me; "would you like to see him before he goes?" We started into an adjoining room. I had just reached the door when Dr. Reitz was stopped by one of the men who had come out, and they began discussing something.

For full two minutes I stood there looking at the man whom the historians of the world may some day class as among the few men whose names signify decades of history that have changed the political trend of the world. Although that may not be true, he was the man whose name was attracting more attention throughout the whole world at the time than that of any other individual. He was sitting in a big chair at the corner of the table. I could only see his back and profile; his massive shoulders were stooped, and his head was bent forward on his breast. He was wearing a pair of blue goggles with close-fitting screens to protect his eyes from dust. His iron-gray hair was combed directly back from his forehead over his head to his collar. On the big table on which

RECEPTION OF THE HOSPITAL CORPS IN PRETORIA.

the President's hand was resting was a map of South Africa on a large scale, with every detail of the topography of the country noted. The light from one of the tall windows was reflected in the polished surface of the huge map. Numerous tiny flags were stuck about the map with black-headed pins. These flags were of different sizes, apparently to denote the comparative number of troops at a given point.

The clerk was detailing some information to the old President, who was listening intently, his features contracted, giving a wonderful expression of the man's determination, and the deep rough lines that furrowed his face brought out in striking prominence his massive features. Once seen, his face could never be forgotten. I have never seen any other like it in pictures or among living men. That face is a prototype of Oom Paul Kruger's character. From what I saw, and from what I have heard from men who have known him nearly all his life, there is no counterpart of his character in the world. One might consume many chapters of a large volume in attempting to analyze that face and the man, and when finished it would be full of striking contrasts, of descriptions of deep springs of originality, of marvellous characteristics, all supported by interesting anecdotes to explain peculiarities, but one would have to write a conclusion admitting that an analytical portrait of the man can only be written years after he has been buried, and South Africa's political history subsequent to the present struggle gives one a basis from which to judge the qualities of Paul Kruger's character.

He suddenly raised his head, spat fiercely into a big cuspidor, and issued an order in a voice which seemed literally to rumble from his massive chest, seized his silk hat and cane, and started for the door opening out into the corridor. A number of men in the other part of the room called out "good-night" to him in what were undeniably tones of affection. I followed him out through the corridor. Six troopers marched either side of him with drawn sabres, and as the burghers who happened to be in the rotunda said "good-night," he tipped his hat to them individually, and hastened into his carriage with remarkable agility for a man of his years and career.

I had an invitation to go down to his home and take coffee with him the following morning.

As I left the government building I noticed several big wagons, each drawn

by from ten to sixteen oxen, moving slowly across the square. Old men, men in the prime of life, and boys who could not have been over fourteen or fifteen years of age were seated on the wagons, each with two bandoleers of cartridges and a Mauser rifle. They were "up-country Boers," who had trekked into the capital, and would leave for the front on the morning trains. They would spend the night loading their wagons, oxen, horses, and provisions.

When I returned to my room that night I spent many hours trying to reduce the many impressions of the day into some tangible form, but it was impossible. I was in the capital of a republic at war with the British Empire. Its soldiers had none of the ideas of professional warfare. The only uniforms were those worn by the State Artillery—they were the standing army of the republic. It numbered exactly 400 men, including officers. Aside from this regular army, there were no men who could perform a military evolution. Every man between the age of sixteen and sixty, rich and poor, was transformed into a soldier the moment war was declared. The government furnished them nothing. Their horses, rifles, two hundred rounds of ammunition, and first eight days' supply of provisions must be purchased by the burgher himself. Their clothing consisted of what they chose to wear; they elected their own generals and veld cornets; the only discipline was that of the individual's regard for his general's orders. Detailed plans of battles would be formulated at war councils, called "krijgsraads," at which the veld cornets and generals consulted. The veld cornets would express the consensus of opinion of the burghers in their individual commandoes. No one received a cent of pay for his service. Under such conditions a stranger had no basis for a calculation as to results of such a war. That the burghers were filled with an indomitable determination no one could doubt. That every one was a sharpshooter was the reputation they had among themselves. The popular vacation for the townsmen every year had been to spend a month shooting big game in the northern districts of the Transvaal. The Boers from the veld shot springbok whenever they wanted a change of meat for the table. There were just so many men in the republic, and this total was exactly the limit of the resources of fighting-men. On the other hand was the British Empire, with its 400,000,000 inhabitants and its resources endless.

To try to make comparisons would seem ridiculous. Yet, as I looked out of my window that night over Pretoria, which was bathed in the soft light of the full moon, it appeared so peaceful, and the men whom I had met the previous day seemed so confident, that I went to bed wondering if comparative figures were a safe basis for a calculation as to when the war would end.

BURGHER PARK, PRETORIA

The Angel & the Child.

BY HOWARD PYLE

CHILDREN do not see the world as men and women behold it. The flowing integument that surrounds the soul is as yet tender and translucent. The light from beyond shines more easily through its filmy veil, and in that light the things of nature are melted into a glamour such as older eyes are too dim to perceive. The world of childhood is newer and more beautiful with life; the sun is more radiant; the ether is more buoyant than in the more sombre and the darker world of after-life.

Heaven and earth, as it were, touch together, and just beyond the thin and misty veil of separation spirits walk and rustle, and their whisperings sometimes, haply, reach the tender ear without its hearing to understand the words.

The two spaces are but a hand's-breadth apart, and it may easily be but a step from one to the other.

A certain little girl lived entirely alone in her world of childhood. She had neither brother nor sister nor playmate, and she was an orphan, her mother having died before she could remember her,

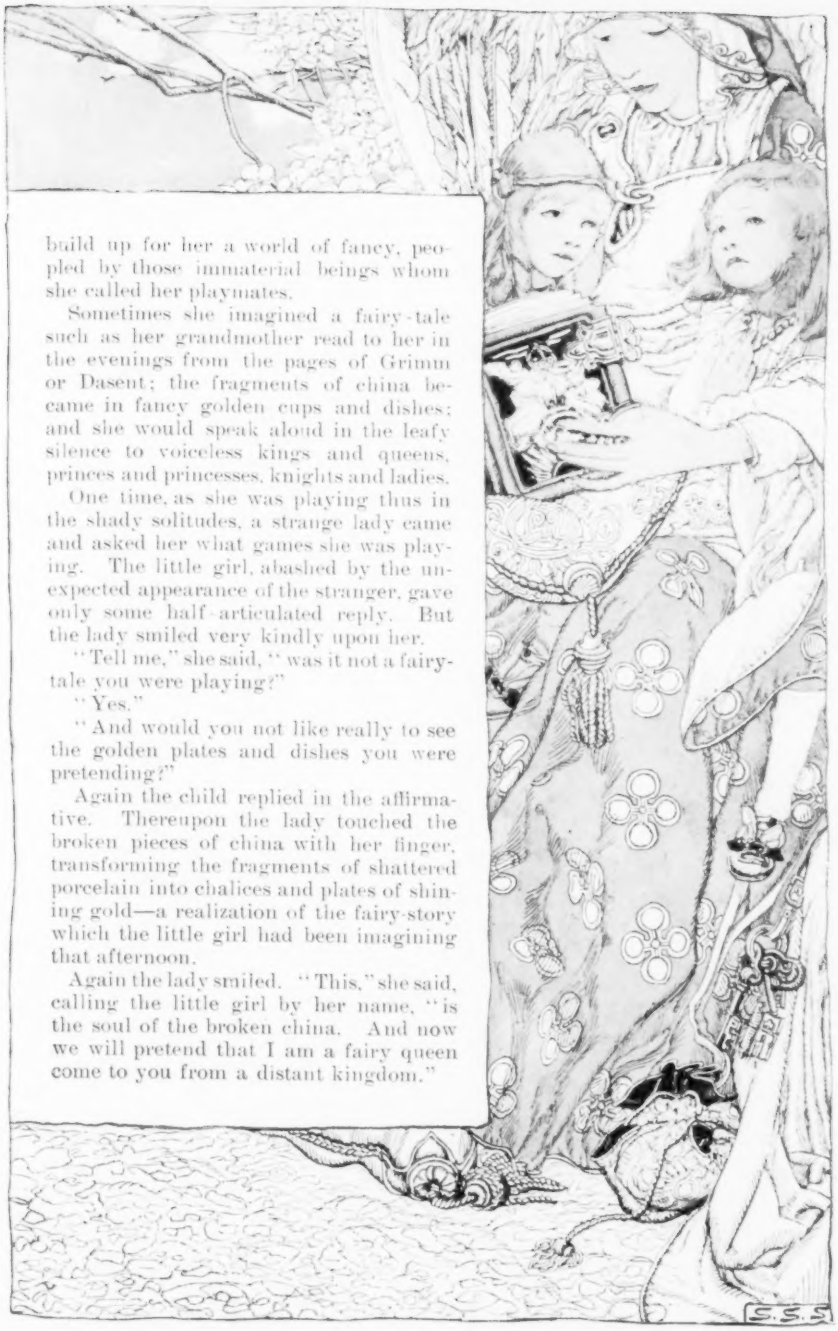
and her father living abroad as United States minister at Dresden.

During the absence of her father upon his official duties the child lived with her grandparents in the country. They lavished almost an excess of care and affection upon her, for not only was she their dead daughter's daughter, but she was the only child of their only child.

But it is impossible for any adult soul, unless it be a mother's, to reach across the gulf of years to the childish soul upon the other side. Only childhood can understand childhood, and it is vain for maturity to hope by an abundance of tenderness to supply the need which only that companionship can fill. The lonely child is only the more pathetic in its loneliness when love and longing strive so hopelessly and so in vain to enter the impassable confines of its solitude.

There were no other children in the neighborhood, and so the little girl lived her life alone, supplying in her fancy that comradeship of childhood which her life did not give her in reality. The bushes and the trees were peopled, to her imagination, with other children, with whom she talked and played, and of whom she sometimes spoke to her grandmother.

Among the other amusements which in her loneliness she invented to entertain herself, she used occasionally to go with her dolls into the neighboring woods, where a smoothly sawed tree stump served for a table, a hollow trunk for a cupboard, and fragments of broken china for dishes. Here her imagination would



build up for her a world of fancy, peopled by those immaterial beings whom she called her playmates.

Sometimes she imagined a fairy-tale such as her grandmother read to her in the evenings from the pages of Grimm or Dasent; the fragments of china became in fancy golden cups and dishes; and she would speak aloud in the leafy silence to voiceless kings and queens, princes and princesses, knights and ladies.

One time, as she was playing thus in the shady solitudes, a strange lady came and asked her what games she was playing. The little girl, abashed by the unexpected appearance of the stranger, gave only some half-articulated reply. But the lady smiled very kindly upon her.

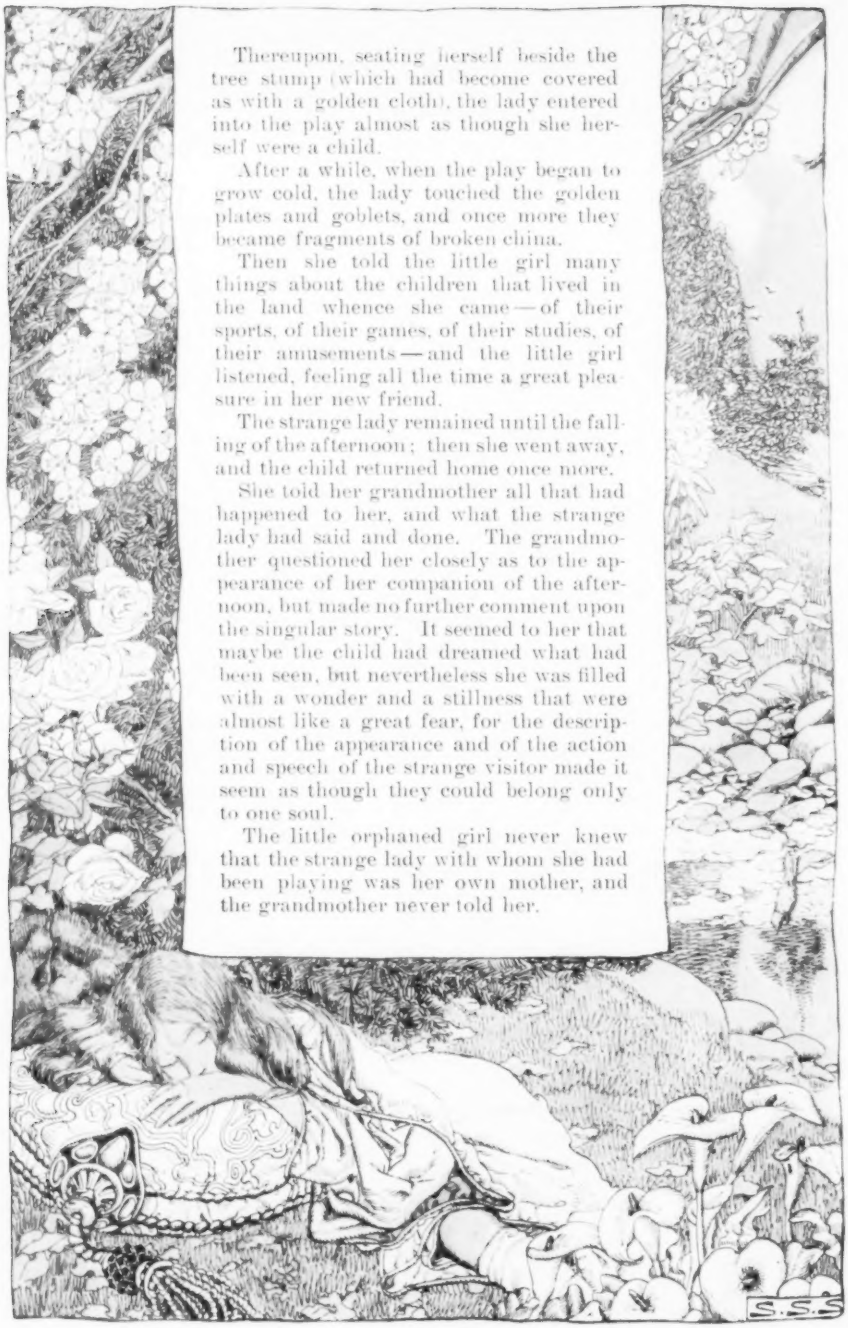
"Tell me," she said, "was it not a fairy-tale you were playing?"

"Yes."

"And would you not like really to see the golden plates and dishes you were pretending?"

Again the child replied in the affirmative. Thereupon the lady touched the broken pieces of china with her finger, transforming the fragments of shattered porcelain into chalices and plates of shining gold—a realization of the fairy-story which the little girl had been imagining that afternoon.

Again the lady smiled. "This," she said, calling the little girl by her name, "is the soul of the broken china. And now we will pretend that I am a fairy queen come to you from a distant kingdom."



Thereupon, seating herself beside the tree stump (which had become covered as with a golden cloth), the lady entered into the play almost as though she herself were a child.

After a while, when the play began to grow cold, the lady touched the golden plates and goblets, and once more they became fragments of broken china.

Then she told the little girl many things about the children that lived in the land whence she came — of their sports, of their games, of their studies, of their amusements — and the little girl listened, feeling all the time a great pleasure in her new friend.

The strange lady remained until the falling of the afternoon; then she went away, and the child returned home once more.

She told her grandmother all that had happened to her, and what the strange lady had said and done. The grandmother questioned her closely as to the appearance of her companion of the afternoon, but made no further comment upon the singular story. It seemed to her that maybe the child had dreamed what had been seen, but nevertheless she was filled with a wonder and a stillness that were almost like a great fear, for the description of the appearance and of the action and speech of the strange visitor made it seem as though they could belong only to one soul.

The little orphaned girl never knew that the strange lady with whom she had been playing was her own mother, and the grandmother never told her.

THE MANTLE OF ELIJAH

BY ISRAEL ZANGWILL

BOOK I

CHAPTER I.
ALLEGRA.

OH, there you are, Miss Ally, blazing away the gas. Here's a letter for you."

"Put it down, Gwenny."

Allegra's eye, "in a fine frenzy rolling," did not lift itself from the paper on which her pen was rhyming, and the bed-room mirror before which she wrote continued to reflect only a curly head of reddish-brown hair.

The old Welsh family servant stared. Allegra's wont was to fall on her rare letters like a famished tigress and tear open their vitals in a twinkling. "You might be telling us the news from the young ladies," Gwenny said with asperity.

Allegra did not reply, but made a long erasure, frowned, and gnawed at her penhandle.

"You might be telling your mother the news from the young ladies," persisted Gwenny severely.

"Hasn't mother got a letter, too?"

"Not a scrap. Blood is cheaper than ink. *We* are of no account."

Allegra fidgeted, unwilling to be dragged from Parnassus either by domestic politics or the epistolary chatter of Dulsie or Mabel. Had she not been looking forward to the silence of the bedroom—the unruffled twin bed beside hers? Otherwise of what use to have packed the girls off to the gayeties of Cambridge?

"If they write, they must be well," she said curtly. "What other news can there be?"

"Indeed! Two girls going into a barracks of young men, like Daniel in the lions' den. A university isn't exactly Pabell Dofydd."

"Pabell—?" Allegra looked up for the first time.

A flush spread over Gwenny's sallow emaciated face. "I suppose *you'd* be saying 'the Tabernacle of the Lord.'"

Allegra laughed—a merry girlish laugh that dissipated the eye's poetic frenzy. "Is that Welsh?"

"And if it is, it's as good as English," and the fine frenzy passed to Gwenny's eye. The old woman had never forgiven the tyrannical prohibition of Welsh in the State Schools of her youth.

"You silly old Gwenny! I love funny words."

Gwenny threw the letter down on Mabel's bed. "It's like an oven in here," she said gruffly.

"Is it? So it is. Open the window, please."

Gwenny threw up the small-paned black sash viciously. A refreshing air blew in from the Thames. Allegra unconsciously drew a deep breath.

"Oh!" she cried, ecstatically: "what a beautiful moon!" She peered out into the warm June night, and thrilled at the mystery of the gray masses of foliage on the uninhabited bank opposite. Two wisps of cloud on the moon's face gave it a momentary appearance of an illuminated dial with hands, and she thought of the Clock Tower of the House of Commons, farther down the river, and then compassionately of her father, still prisoned by dull business in the stuffy national vestry.

"And who's been putting up that text?"

Gwenny's querulous voice reminded her that the Family Skeleton (as Dulsie had christened her) was still waiting to read the letter. She popped in her head. "I put it up," she said, smiling.

"It doesn't match the others—and it isn't printed nicely at all."

"It isn't printed at all. I wrote it."

The old woman put on her spectacles and read out slowly, with waxing mistrust, for her world was divided into Christians and Church-of-England:

"Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble minds),
To scorn delights and live laborious days.

* Copyright, 1900, by Israel Zangwill. "Entered at Stationers' Hall. All rights reserved."

"Is that in the Bible?" she asked.

"It's in *my* Bible," said Allegra evasively.

"Your Prayer-Book is not the Bible," Gwenny reminded her resentfully. "I never saw anything in the Bible about fame, except 'And Herod the Tetrarch heard of the fame of Jesus.'"

"Tetrarch! What a lovely word!" And Allegra's eyes relit as she wrote:

The purple Tetrarch vanquished by the Babe.

"Babe," she muttered, "cabe, fabe, labe, mabe, rabe, sabe, tabe." An anxious frown darkened her bright young brow as with an ink-stain. "Yabe, zabe, clabe, crabe, shabe, stabe. Is it possible there's no rhyme to babe? I never knew that before. Such a simple word, too!" She wondered lugubriously how the idyllists of the nursery had managed. Then some inner sprite whispered "Astrolabe," and she had a flash of joy, followed by a cloud of doubt. Could she possibly get Astrolabe in? And what did it mean exactly? Anxiously she turned the pages of her dictionary. A sigh of relief escaped her lips, and she wrote:

That star unkenned of earthly Astrolabe.

The banging of the door awoke her from bliss. Gwenny had gone. Allegra's lip quivered in remorse, and she rose as if to go after the old woman, but she went no farther than picking up the letter. She was only sixteen, aflutter with swift impulses, and her chin was pointed, which is said to be a sign of indecision. Soul and body seemed to play into each other, interflashing in a fascinating femininity. You had the sense of frank girlish blue-gray eyes, of an erect limber figure, of bubbling laughter, breaking into tears, of quick emotion and nervous half-hysteria, of humor playing about the closed mouth and the dancing eyes; of ambition reaching towards the coming years, and conceiving failure as more tragic than death, of high heroics mingled with schoolgirl giggles and love of candy—the woman half out of her shell.

Once the letter in her hand, Allegra's lapsed instinct reasserted itself, and she tore it open, anxious to know whether it was from Dulsie or Mabel, for the pointed penmanship of the early Victorian period was a symbol of the general absorption of woman's individuality into the lady-like. The contents, however, were not so prim.

"DARLING ALLEGRA,—O what a *fool* you were not to come! This is all I have time to tell you. Such fun! Connie makes a splendid chaperon. What a luck one of us is married! Concerts, dinners, and even a ball! They say this is the first year there has been one, for they have never had so many lady visitors, but this is the ideal place for balls, there are such quiet moonlit quadrangles to sit out the dances in. (Dulsie has a cold, but don't tell mother.) And then the *river!* The bumping is a joy forever. Tom's college went up two, and everybody says it was all owing to Tom being stroke. I was so *proud* of him, and I never knew how handsome he was till I saw him in his flannels. And I never knew how lovely Dulsie was till I saw her in Tom's cap and gown, just like the pictures of Kitty Clive as Portia. It was in Tom's rooms and he has such a lot of nice friends. He is in the very best set—all lords, and honorables and sporting men, and Lord Arthur Pangthorne, *such a handsome boy*, said it only needed to put a pipe in Dulsie's mouth and send her into the streets under the eye of a 'Bull-dog.' How we laughed! I only saw one good-looking Don, but all, even to the baldest, are more amiable than you would expect of such learned owls; indeed I do believe they would flirt, *if one held out a finger*. But of course they are the worst kind of detrimentals, for they are not allowed to marry at all. *Poor Monks!* Then we have seen all the sights, and the 'Backs' and the 'Bridge of Sighs,' and King's College Chapel, which is just too sweet for words, and makes you feel religious, and spine-shivery, and all that. But, talking of bumping, the real bumping only begins when all is over, and you row home on the sunshiny Cam, which isn't as big as *our* river but they are proud of it all the same and don't you remember father telling us he could have jumped across the Ilissus? And when you row home it is all one jam packed solid, such a swarm of parasols of every color, every boat scrunching into every other, and all the oars locking and crisscrossing, and everybody laughing and shouting and squeezing, and skiffs capsizing, and the people coming up like

wet rats. Tom showed me a dripping Duchess, and it's a wonder we didn't *drop in* ourselves at the River God's 'At Home,' as Dulsie called it. I trembled for our new frocks, not because of mother's howling when we get home, but because—well, you know we've got only one change. I do wish I had bought one of those new little Spanish toques. Well, I really must *stop now*, for we have to take tea with the Master of I forget what—only it's not *Hounds*. But he is very important all the same, and says he admires father's speeches, although he doesn't agree that the paper duty should be repealed, as it would produce a swarm of cheap and nasty newspapers. I listened in silence, pretending to understand all about it. Well, good-by. Dulsie joins me in love and in thinking you a fool.

Affectionately yours,

MABEL.

"P.S.—Look in the second drawer and see if there isn't another pair of dress-gloves, and if not lend me the ones you were presented in—I dare say they'll fit, if you didn't make them dirty. The Family Skeleton will pack them up, as I know you hate being bothered."

Allegra's face grew wistful at the picture of the sunlit boats and the diamond-dripping oars, but she fixed her eyes on the text she had added to the bed-room decorations. "The Way of the Ungodly shall Perish," and other Methodistic sentiments from the Old Testament, chosen by Gwenny, were grown meaningless from years of familiarity, but Milton's lines had the acuteness of a trumpet call. Fame was indeed Allegra's present spur in more than one sense, for she was composing a heroic poem on it in the hope of attaining it. Allegra, in a word, was a Cornucopian.

The *Children's Cornucopia* was a weekly budget of tales and essays and verses, of unimpeachable moral tone, counting among its readers children of all ages, not excluding second childhood, and of all social planes, not excluding the highest, though had the writers known that in Allegra they addressed a Cabinet Minister's daughter, they might have dreamed wildly of state pensions. But the *Cornucopia's* chief circulation was among ill-to-do schoolboys and schoolgirls; a fact to the credit of the juvenile mob, begirt by importunate illustrations of ghosts and pirates. For, whereas your superior cherub has his reading matter sifted like his diet, the youngster of the streets lays out his infrequent penny to his heart's content. Nothing could be more elevating than the *Cornucopia's* "Answers to Correspondents," in which moral guidance was mixed with recipes for making rockets. Allegra herself had once received information on the training of rabbits, and though her rabbits had pined away, Allegra's faith in the Editor's omniscience was undisturbed. He was to her a divinity, shrined in Fleet Street from mortal gaze. The Cornucopians—that was the Editor's name for his gentle readers—felt like a happy family, over which he presided like a grandfatherly god. But perhaps the paper owed its success less to the Editor's austere principles and radiating benevolence than to its fostering the literary passion in its purchasers. The itch of writing is regarded as a malady of the mature, but it is in truth an infantile disease, which is worked out of the system early, save in an incurable minority, mostly fools. The *Cornucopia* was earliest to discover this, and by a back page of versified riddles, written by its readers, it provided an easy *gradus* to Parnassus. (Parnassus was a word often on the riddlers' pens.) My first was a lyric, and my second a sonnet, and my whole was a charade quite easy to guess. By this device a high heroic strain might be worked off as an acrostic, torsos of epics found the light as anagrams, and Clio assisted at the parturition of a palindrome. W. P. B. was the Cornucopians' humorous-melancholy synonym for failure. If Parnassus was Paradise, the Waste-Paper Basket was the Inferno, but under the cheery editorial tact there was no need to abandon hope if you entered here. Doubtless most of the doddering septuagenarians who feverishly bought the paper for their imaginary infants were riddling rhymesters; print was the bait at which they nibbled with toothless gums, and the ingenuous pseudonyms of Baby Bunting and Little Red Riding-Hood masked the poetic outpourings of still hopeful senescence.

But there was a broader path to Parnassus, for you might actually aspire to contribute unpaid matter to the prior pages, and sometimes—O golden spur!—money prizes were offered for the best poem or story. The same uncanny in-

sight into human nature which had brought the *Cornucopia* into universal request had dictated its choice of the subject for competition—"Fame." Nothing obsesses the imagination of the unpublished so much as the trials and triumphs of the literary aspirant. The amateur author's pet theme is the professional author, to wit, himself magnified and haloed. Five pounds awaited the best hundred lines on "Fame" in heroic couplets; two pounds the second best, while half a guinea consoled the Pegasus that was placed.

In Allegra's day-dream world nothing loomed so vast and shining as this same "Fame," and so she had been working desperately what time Dulsie and Mabel assisted at the May-term festivities. To-night or never the poem must be finished. Posted to Fleet Street the first thing in the morning, it would just arrive in time. In the remorseless progression of the days the term of the competition had arrived.

Allegra's poem was a haggis of motley allusions in the catholic spirit of her favorite Milton. Chatterton and Apelles, and the Cid, Plato and Byron and Charlemagne, Mrs. Siddons and Thermopylæ and Clio, were blended with Paladins, Crusaders, Seraphim, and the Holy Grail. Parnassus came three times and Fame's Scroll four, not including its "Bead-Roll." But the main note was martial. Armor clanked and the bugle blew throughout.

But alas! the poetess did not feel that her verses, even in their eleventh incarnation, had risen to the height of their great argument; they had not even risen to her own height. But she had so set her mind on the big prize, on thrilling that little inner circle of Cornucopians, whose rustling laurels kept one another from sleep; to say nothing of the vaster circle of mere readers, which was as the circle of the horizon. If her inspiration did not come to-night, all was lost.

And it had come, it was coming. Gwenny's entrance and Mabel's letter had not disconcerted it. The moon had even given it a fillip. She resumed her bent posture at the dressing-table under the gas-globe; her eyes shone, her heart sang, her cheeks glowed. Verses seemed to hover about her head like a whirl of bright butterflies; she had only to pin them down.

And then suddenly something fell with a little thud on her paper: not a butterfly, but a poor singed moth, tumbled from the gas-globe. Allegra's cheek grew as pale with pity. She touched the sprawling insect delicately with her pen, helping to set it on its legs again. It crawled off lop-sided, with one-winged spasmodic efforts to fly. She was glad when it dragged itself out of sight. Alas! it was but the pioneer of a suicidal swarm, that kept fluttering round the candescent orb. Allegra waved them away with her handkerchief, but they returned recklessly—strange dingy fluffy creatures of all sizes and shapes, spawn perhaps of the abnormal heat wave, whirring dizzily downwards, frizzled and contorted. Allegra was sorry the old woman had opened the window; and though, now that her consciousness was directed to the point, she felt the room oppressively hot, the descent of a daddy-long-legs with its legs shrivelled short made the air from without even more intolerable. With a sharp tug she shut out the night and the river.

In vain. An invading cohort seemed to be already in possession—an army bent on storming the fiery position. Insect after insect plumped on her paper, scorched into a hobbling creature, disfranchised of the æther. Some she aided as best she could: others, wriggling in fragmentary life—fricassees of nerves, they seemed to her tortured fancy—she stamped out of their agony, though she had to clinch her teeth, and there was sickness at her heart.

What fatal perversity drew them to self-slaughter? she wondered. Why had Nature given them so self-destructive an instinct? Or was this perhaps their hell—were they sinners under metempsychosis? She examined the wounded with new interest, striving to read spiritual remorse behind their physical writhings. Well, souls or moths, she would be no party to their punishment.

She turned down the gas till she could hardly see, but the episode had added a vivid image to her couplets.

With flaming heart he sought the heart of flame,
And crippled fell upon the page of Fame.

She plodded away, almost happy again at this windfall. But the flame was still sufficiently seductive, and more souls or moths continued to illustrate the image

literally. Allegra burst into tears. She could bear it no longer. Fame, purchased at such a price—was it worth having? She looked at her watch. Past ten o'clock. No, there was no other room to go to, without disturbing some one or being disturbed.

Fame—or the well-being of the moths? It was too vexatious. Here was the very summit of Parnassus in view. And the poem could not be finished, the post could not be caught. Perhaps she might rise with the dawn. But how could the Muse work at such pressure? To-night she had had the leisurely feeling of the long calm hours 'twixt her and the post. No, the dream was over. Her tears of pity turned to self-pity as she extinguished the gas. She sat in the darkness, too miserable to brush her hair, forgetting even to open the window and look at the moon.

Presently she heard her younger sister Joan ascending the stairs to the neighboring bed-room, which she shared with Dulsie.

"Asleep, Ally?" came a careless cry as Joan passed the door.

"Yes!" Allegra answered, crossly. "I mean, I want my room to myself."

"Don't be so cock-a-hoop about it. I've got two beds of my own!"

Allegra heard Joan singing as she undressed, and she envied the light-heartedness of Youth.

CHAPTER II.

"ELIJAH."

AFTER a vague period of numb misery and wandering thoughts, Allegra found her brain turning out fresh couplets, and presently lo! she was afire with the old eagerness, intensified by dread of everything now being too late; the Muse flown, the post lost, the prize missed. She held her watch to the moonlight and discovered it was eleven o'clock.

"At the eleventh hour!" she murmured dramatically, pleased with the position. "All may yet be snatched from the flame!" She opened her door, and found the landing and staircases dark. She would go down to the now surely deserted drawing-room, where moths were improbable. She slid down two flights of banisters and arrived softly outside the drawing-room door. An unexpected bar of light stole from under it. Could her mother have fallen asleep in her arm-chair? She turned the door-handle quietly, then saw with a shock her father's whitening head and broad shoulders bent over a litter of papers on the round table, and at his elbow the red despatch-box that meant dry-as-dust Cabinet affairs. She remained glued to the threshold, hesitant whether to advance or retreat. Time was when she had shared the general indifference of the household to his convenience. When she was rearing rabbits on Cornucopian principles, she had once dumped the whole family down on his manuscript, as he sat writing. He had taken them up gently by the ears and placed them silently on the floor, and resumed his writing without a word of reproach; but somehow she knew she had sinned. His present attitude brought the episode back, and she had a lively twinge of remorse, conceiving now the horror of little rabbits' legs scurrying across the wet lines of "Fame." The memory decided her for retreat; but her father turned his head vaguely.

"Ah, come in, Mabel," he said pleasantly, not ceasing to write.

Allegra's face flushed up as if to match her hair. "I'm not Mabel," she said apologetically. "Mabel's at Cambridge."

He smiled; the wistful fascinating smile which had won over howling mobs, and which Allegra had inherited from him. In fact there were moments when he seemed only a whiskered and world-worn Allegra. Something of womanly sweetness shone in the brown eyes under the great white forehead, and sometimes the pain in them vanished in a gayety less boyish than girlish in its tenderness and humor.

"It's a wise father that knows his own child," he murmured; "then you must be Allegra. And why is Allegra roaming about at this hour?"

Allegra crimsoned deeper. Her literary passion had roots of virginal shyness; not even her sisters were in the secret. And how could one lay bare one's pity for moths? Not since that moment—a month ago—when she was curtsying to the Queen, walking backwards, had Allegra felt so uncomfortable.

"I didn't know any one was here," she murmured.

"Am I in your way, dear?" he said, with quick considerateness. "Do you want anything?"

"Oh, no, no, father; don't disturb

yourself. I—I only—" she ended desperately. "May I use your ink?"

"Certainly, dear. And would you like the Great Seal too?"

His laughing eyes, gleaming benevolently behind his reading-glasses, met hers, and at once a great ease fell upon her. Then he did definitely disentangle her from her sisters. The Great Seal joke—though it had not been mentioned between them for years—was hers and his exclusively. In her imaginative childhood she had overheard a snuffy, red-nosed old gentleman, who she understood had just given up being Lord Chancellor, telling her father of what Her Majesty had said when he brought her back the Great Seal. The picture of a Great Seal flopping about the steps of the Throne fascinated the child; it completed her idea of the beautiful young Queen. She asked her father who would look after the Seal now, and her father told her the next Lord Chancellor, that official being the Keeper of the Great Seal. He showed her the title in an official list, and she read further how the creature was carried behind him by the Deputy-Sergeant-at-Arms and deposited upon the Woolsack. He told her some Chancellors he had known never parted with the Seal, day or night: which gave new pictures of its riding in carriages and sprawling at bedsides as well as squatting on sacks of wool vaguely connected with the Black Sheep. Two years later, when she had grown to glimmerings of doubt, every spark of scepticism was stifled for another term by his gravely hunting out for her the passage in the history of England that told how, when the sovereignty was abolished simultaneously with King Charles's head, the Great Seal had been thrown into the Thames, patently restored to its native element.

"But how did they fish him up when Charles the Second came back?" Allegra had inquired.

"They didn't—they got a new one."

Encouraged therefore by her father's mood, Allegra drew up a chair to the table, but though he abstractedly cleared a little place for her, he had apparently already forgotten her in the manuscript he was revising. One page he had tossed towards her, and the bold clear caligraphy of the Departmental Clerk flashed its sense upon her indifferent eye.

"And be it further enacted that the said Commissioners shall receive from time to time, for their guidance in the execution of their said Commission, such instructions, not being repugnant to the provisions of this Act, as shall for that purpose be issued to them by Her Majesty, through one of her principal Secretaries of State...."

Somehow it reminded her of Joan sharpening a slate-pencil, and she shuddered.

Poor father! To have things like that added to his domestic worries. No wonder his nice tawny head was growing all silver, losing even that "bimetallism" which Dulsie's wit had detected in it. A wave of tenderness for him began to heave her breast. But she chanced to see the clock, and she settled severely to her poetic task.

It was a colossal clock, purchased, like all the furniture, by the mistress of the house, and remarkable even after the Great Exhibition of bad taste had misled an artless nation into the rococo. The eye was enticed, not only by a floral gilt maze, populated with figures, but by bass-reliefs of allegorical cherubs surmounted by semi-detached and semi-attired statuettes of Grecian nymphs. The dial itself, tiny in size and swaddled in an ormolu wreath that depended from a crowning basket of ormolu flowers, would have been lost to the vision had it not been so near the summit of the structure. That clock alone would have told you the time of the century. It was the period when the simple outline of the Greeks was regarded as only the A B C of art; mere ground-theme for the pizzicato passages of a more enlightened posterity. Even these decorative convolutions were obscured in a gorgeous riot of minute involutions. Big ornaments had little ornaments on their backs, and little ornaments had lesser ornaments, and so *ad infinitum*. You could not see the forest for the trees, nor the trees for the twigs. The aim of the artist was not to conceal art but to conceal the article.

Even the plain round table at which Allegra and her father wrote had contrived to complicate itself below the surface: for its leg after losing itself in a bush of ornament reappeared as two, each striding as far as possible from the other, and sprouting forth a limbless cherub,

which turned its back on its fellow. The demands of gravity were answered by further pedal bifurcations.

And Allegra's father, too, the Elijah of whose mantle there is question in this story, was early Victorian. His soul was of the old eternal pattern that seeks the Kingdom of God and is jarred by Ahabs and Jezebels, but his coloring was according to the epoch. He was tinged by Dickens, by Cobden, by Carlyle, by Combe's *Constitution of Man*, by the Great Exhibition, by the Chartists. If he vibrated to the Continental unrest, if the Rights of Man and the Brotherhood of Nations were in the background of his mind, the foreground was English, practical, concrete, solid. And his first thought was for England—England at peace, clean, contented, sober, happy—a beacon to a weltering Continent. Freedom was no nebulous figure, aureoled with shining rhetoric, blowing her own trumpet, but Free Trade, Free Speech, Free Meals, Free Education. He did not rage against the Church as the enemy, but he did not count on it as a friend. His Millennium was earthly, human; his philosophy, sunny, untroubled by Dantesque depths or shadows; his campaign unmartial, constitutional, a frank focussing of the new forces emergent from the slow dissolution of Feudalism and the rapid growth of a modern manufacturing world, steam-hatched. Towards such a man the House of Commons had an uneasy hostility. He did not play the game. Whig and Tory, yellow and blue, the immemorial shuffling of Cabinet cards, the tricks and honors—he seemed to live outside them all. He was no clubman in "the best club in England." He did not debate for argument's sake or to upset Ministers. He was not bounded by the walls of the Chamber nor ruled from the Speaker's chair: the House was resentfully conscious it had no final word over his reputation or his influence. He stood for something outside it, something outside himself, something large, vague, turbulent, untried, unplumbed, unknown—the People. The late-minted word Radical—which when the Queen came to the throne had only meant an out-and-out Reformer of the Franchise—had taken on a more sinister significance, a brazen resonance of strikes and trade-unions and the anarchy of Americanism, since Thomas Marjorimont had fallen a-prophesying.

And the paradox was that he was not of the mob himself. His very name of Marjorimont was an index of kinship with the inner gang that had owned and ruled England for centuries, and at whose privileges the dreaded Reform Bills had but nibbled. Fortune did her best to give him the happy life of a rich and nobly connected English gentleman, but he wedded himself to a daughter of the people as well as to democratic principles, and in despite of these leaden drags had by sheer strength of genius and honesty forced a great industrial measure on a kicking Tory Cabinet, and himself on the next Whig administration, still more reluctant to let in upon itself the on-sweeping flood of Radicalism. But he bore about him the marks of the fight: of the People's long distrust of a Tory sprig, whose very name of Marjorimont with its pretentious pronunciation as Marchmont was a lingual tripping-rope, scarcely removed by his formally spelling it Marshmont, as it was most easily pronounced: of the opposition of the Middle Classes, expressed in refusals of halls for him to speak in, or even hotel beds for him to sleep in: of the hatred of his own order for a "traitor," acutest in his noble relatives.

The late hours and lifeless air of the House of Commons had undermined what health was left from his oratorical crusades, and lately a touch of unearned hereditary gout—in ironic flouting of his theories of life—had added itself to a well-earned throat disease.

"Oh, there's a moth here, too." And Allegra started up in distress, chivying it away from the chandelier. "Please forgive me, father; I have interrupted you."

"No, no. I am glad to see you so kind to the lower creatures. You take after your mother."

"But aren't you kind, too?"

He smiled. "I wasn't always. Once I used to ride to hounds."

"What, and see foxes torn in pieces,—ugh!"

"Worse! Poor little hares."

"I should never have believed it of you."

"Ah!" He smiled mysteriously. "You evidently don't read the Tory papers."

"I don't read any papers; they're so dull compared to books."

He shook his head. "Then you know nothing of contemporary history." His fingers fondled her hair. "Curl-papers are all little girls want, I suppose."

"But I don't use curl-papers," she said, indignantly. "It's all natural. But if the papers speak ill of you, why do you want more of them, cheaper and nastier ones?"

He smiled. "Oh! then you do know something of contemporary history." Allegra did not confess she owed all her information to Mabel's letter, and he went on. "But think how selfish it would be of me, Allegra, to object to the growth of newspapers merely because they might disparage me. I should be as bad as Mr. Dickens, who warned me at the Reform Club that we should only bring upon our heads the same flood of illiterate vulgarity that rages in the untaxed American press. He was violently abused in the States, you see."

"Was he? What a shame! I do wish you'd bring him in one day instead of those stupid politicians." She had a swift vision of herself surreptitiously kissing the novelist's coat tail, and perhaps slipping a manuscript into it.

Her father laughed heartily. "Thank you, thank you, my dear. If this is what you say of my Whigs and Radicals, what would you say if I brought you Tories?"

"I don't suppose I should see any difference. They would talk of amendments and divisions just the same, wouldn't they?"

He laughed again. "But what were *we* talking about?"

"You were telling me you used to hunt poor little hares."

"Don't make such faces at me—if I hadn't, you would never have been born."

Allegra shook her pen at him. "That's not hare, that's Great Seal."

"No, it's true. I see I've cried 'Wolf' too often, and you do read the Tory papers after all. But I sometimes speak the truth despite them. It all happened when I was staying at Llangollen Castle in the beginning of my political career before it had dawned on the old Viscount what a red Radical I was. Now I am as hated in the county as if I had shot foxes. Such a windy November morning it was, we could hardly sit our saddles! And I can still see Lady Barbara, a slim little thing my people rather wanted me to marry, bent forward like a reed. But we soon started a hare, and off we flew to the music of hounds and horn." A note of the old Pagan exultation crept into his voice. "On we went in the wind's teeth, up hill, down hill, over field and fence, the hare running straight and extraordinarily like a fox, and we almost thought it would give the dogs leg-bail, but at last the pack mobbed it in a patch of mangel-wurzel, and the Master and I dashed up just in time to be in at the death. But we were not. A tall, beautiful creature with flashing eyes like an angry wood-nymph flew out of a thicket, and with her bare hands beat off the bloodthirsty dogs—I never saw anything like it in my life—and snatched the poor screaming hare to her bosom."

"Was that mother?" cried Allegra, breathlessly.

"Guessed it in once."

"How splendid! But didn't the dogs fly at her?"

"No; they just skulked back. You see harriers are used to being beaten off from the carcase by the whippers-in, because nothing tastes so nice as hunted hare. But had they been fox-hounds—"

"And that's how you fell in love with her!"

"Fell is the word. Stronger than the wind, she lifted me—metaphorically—out of my saddle. Indeed, with her hair flying, she seemed like the spirit of the wind. And how she lashed out at us in Welsh, no more afraid of the lord of the manor than of his dogs. I didn't understand a word, but it sounded delicious. I wanted her to go on abusing us."

Allegra's eyes sparkled. Here was unexpected romance in the life of a father hitherto associated only with tiresome politics. She wished she had time to pursue the subject, but the little hands of the wee dial of the great clock were marching on. Her father's business might wait, but not hers. The Muse had been kind till the new moth appeared; and the laurels might still be for her brow. But as she dipped her pen into the ink the sprite that suggested verses suggested instead the speculation as to what her father thought of Fame. The question flowed off her tongue involuntarily.

"What do I think of Fame?" He looked at her awhile quizzingly. "Ah, that is a question you should put to Mr. Disraeli."

"But I know what he thinks. To be famous when you are young is the gift of the gods. How I should like to see a famous man!"

"But you've seen the Prime Minister."

Allegra's lip curled. "Oh, I don't mean men like that. I mean heroes. Like the Duke of Wellington."

"That's not the only kind of hero."

"Of course not. There's Tennyson."

"Is he a *hero?*"

"You know what I mean—a great man."

"What is your idea of a great man?"

Unused to such Socratic searchingness, Allegra checked the reply on her impulsive tongue, and meditated, with lips adorably puckered.

"A great man is one who works for the world."

What "working for the world" was Allegra did not know exactly, but it was something that went to the sound of music and the throbbing of angelic wings, and you walked uplifted in a great light, with tears in your eyes.

The great Radical surveyed her with fresh interest. She had developed a personality, then, while he was not looking, this odd, fascinating child. He had let her soul run wild.

"And you think soldiers work for the world? I should rather say they provide work for the world—to repair the damage they do. Have you ever thought what War means, Allegra?"

"It means glory."

"It means fifty millions on the National Debt; it means—" Here the moth Allegra had tried to save fell opportunely. "That's what it means."

"Oh, poor thing!" Allegra forgot the argument.

"Yes," said her father sternly, "burnt moths, and torn hares, and drowned kittens, and all that you detest. How would you like it if Chelsea were cannonaded?"

"Oh, but that's impossible. No foreign foe can set foot on British soil. The last time it saw a battle was a century ago."

"And the next time may be next year. Bang! comes a bombshell through that window. It explodes; my head flies through the ceiling; yours through the door, and the clock up the chimney."

"You are joking."

"Joking? Have you never read an account of a battle, a siege?"

"Of course," she said resentfully, yet sinking into deep swamps of self-mistrust under this continued cross-examination. "I know all about the siege of Troy, and the charge of the Light Brigade. Doesn't Milton describe it all?—

'Legions and cohorts, turms of horse and wings.'

And then there's *Ivanhoe*—shining steel, and banners, and pawing horses."

"Horses! Yes, poor things. Stabbed with bayonets and disembowelled with cannon balls for causes they know nothing of. Ah, if only for the sake of the horses we must make an end of war."

She sat silenced, athrob with new thoughts. He resumed his work. "But you don't really think such things could happen here in England?" she said at last.

He glanced up. "Why not? What immunity has England? In any case War's a curse that comes home to roost. I saw the Queen giving away the Victoria Cross at the Garden of the Admiralty. Officers were wheeled up in Bath chairs. Their legs had been shattered by shells. One of them was my own cousin."

Who has gauged the blindness of youth, the thick scales of inherited or insinuated opinion, the unthinking stupidity of the most intelligent? One day a look, a touch—and the world is changed. Scarred and medalled soldiers had figured in Allegra's own poems, but somehow she had never really thought of their scars, only of their stars. War had been a pure artistic convention; a fine æsthetic frenzy. But now it would seem one's father's cousin might be hacked to pieces.

Allegra always counted that as the moment in which the first veil of happy illusion fell from her eyes. War was not, then, an exotic nebulous splendor, but a thunder-cloud that might burst over one's own door, in this dear cozy old England, amid these quiet carpeted houses, disturbing the snug succession of breakfast and dinner, of Easter and Christmas, and mutilating not vague foreigners, but persons one actually knew. Her mother, Gwenny, Joan, the snub-nosed page-boy, the polyglot governess, burly Wilson the coachman—each and all might become as the moth—formless, limbless, crawling lop-sided from the hell of war. Nay more! That warm breathing flesh she called herself might be stabbed and shattered. The planet lay

suddenly bare and raw—a brutal arena of pitiless savagery. But she shuddered back into her warm self, into the domestic snugness of the drawing-room. And all that was left of that brutally vivid moment was a pale intellectual deposit—a conviction that it was impossible now to send her poem to the *Cornucopia*. It was full of War—the wrong thing glorified, the mischievous concept transmitted. How if it won and was published?— the whole world might be infected. Perhaps that was why the moths had been sent to her, she thought mystically. They suffered, to stay her pen. Pity for them and her ruined hopes gave new tears to her eyes, a swelling as of hysteria to her breast. She had come here to save her poem from the moths, and lo! she must herself destroy it. She gathered up her papers hastily.

"Good-night, Allegra," he murmured, relapsed into concentration. But she felt the parting inadequate to the new relation established between them that night: the strings seemed already loosening; they must be knotted. She leaned affectionately over his shoulder, stroking it, and letting her eye rest with a new sympathy on his manuscript:

"Her Majesty's justices of the peace and for the county, riding, division, district, borough, parish . . ."

From War to justices of the peace! What a fall! But then if War were sordid, justices of the peace might hold more poetry than appeared on the surface. To the aid of this argument from inversion sprang a line of her Milton:

Peace hath her victories no less renowned than War.

But at this moment she became aware, by some subtle instinct of attraction, that her mother was in the room. She turned her head, and there in a hastily donned red wrapper stood the expected, beautiful figure, the white rat on her shoulder.

CHAPTER III.

"BELLONA."

SHE had eyes like a gazelle, and was, for all the marring of the years, still the wood-nymph of the windy morning. Her face was flower-soft and dark, flashing a hint of gypsy blood. She carried her tall figure with a sweet dominating dignity.

Allegra left her father instantly to go to her. The magnetism her mother had for her had been quickened by the story of the hare. She was about to express her regret if her voice and movements had awakened her mother, whose bedroom was just overhead, but Mrs. Marshmont anticipated her crossly:

"Why are you not in bed, Allegra?"

"I have been writing, mother."

"Oh, to the girls. Gwenny told me you had a letter and that you kept it to yourself. I dare say it makes fun of us."

"Oh, mother, how can you—?" She was about to produce it, when she remembered the reference to the Family Skeleton. She colored, feeling tangled in a double lie.

"How can I? When I find you and your father with your heads together—plotting against me!"

"My dear Mary!" The Minister threw a deprecatory smile over his shoulder. "Quite the contrary. I was telling Allegra of your virtues."

"I quite understand that she doubted them." Allegra quivered, struck speechless. But, as a cat will try to rub itself against those who swoon at its presence, she tried to take her mother's hand. Mrs. Marshmont pushed her away violently. "Go to bed!"

Allegra went without a word, hypnotized by this imperial Bellona, but choking with suppressed sobs.

"And don't sit up writing any more and wasting the gas" followed her out of the door; and behind her, as she went up stairs, came the reproach to her father: "If you were so desirous to speak of my virtues, Mr. Mar-jor-i-mont, I was ready to hear them; but of course *I* never hear a kind word."

The Mar-jor-i-mont was fatal. Allegra knew the ill augury of this mispronunciation of him as an aristocratic alien with whom his own wife had no rights of familiar speech. Poor father, poor mother, poor poem, poor moths, poor Allegra! Life was all at sixes and sevens. War? What was Peace? She thought she knew now why her imagination had always played with banners and trumpets. Anything to escape this squabbling sordid atmosphere, the flippancies of her sisters, the suspected peculations of cooks and page-boys. She had always lived alone, alone with her visions. Perhaps "'twere better done as others use," to sit out

dances in moonlit quadrangles. But even then there were colds. She was trembling violently as she mounted the two flights, but she clinched her teeth, resolved not to let this yearning to scream terrify the household.

Outside Joan's door she could not resist crying: "Joan, are you asleep?"

"Of course I am," grumbled Joan. "What do you mean by waking me up in the middle of the night?"

"I wanted to tell you—I am not going to take any more fencing-lessons."

The statement surprised herself, but when she had uttered it, she saw she meant it. She must metaphorically beat her foil into a ploughshare: it had kindled her imagination with false lights.

"Cock-a-hoop again!" Joan sneered. "You think because you touched the Swedish Turnip yesterday, you could challenge the Three Musketeers."

The Swedish Turnip was the nickname of their fencing-master, a ruddy Swede, but Allegra was as surprised at Joan's reply as at her own remark. The misconception touched her sense of humor; her nervous currents passed off in a prolonged laugh.

"Crow away!" said Joan. "But wait till Jim comes home. He'll take you down."

"We shall see. Good-night." She went to her room, smiling and relieved, not troubling even to strike a light. But that beautiful moon shone on her as she knelt at her bedside, a sweet penitent in white.

"O God," she added extemporaneously. "Teach me to win back my mother's love, and teach her to be as gentle to my father as she is to hares and rats. Teach me what is Truth, what is Right. And oh, teach the silly moths to fear the flame."

CHAPTER IV.

HOME POLITICS.

WITH a heavy sigh the Minister rose from his work, pushed back his spectacles, and confronted his wife.

"You are vexed because I am working," he said gently. "But it is very important, this Bill—it is really, Mary."

"But you have time for Allegra!"

"Allegra did not disturb me."

"Oh, and *I* do."

"Don't be so unreasonable, sweetheart. Allegra came down here to write. If I had come up to you, this drafting—"

"What's your Honorable Andrew for?"

"He's not very well. I've worked him very hard at the Office."

"Oh, of course! Because he's your relation, he is to be cockered and pampered. *My* relations may starve."

"I thought we had done with that."

"No, we haven't done with that! What's the use of being a Cabinet Minister's wife if you can't throw a little patronage to your own kith and kin? Look at Lady Treville, with her godsons—only related to her by water!"

"My dear, you never will understand these things. If you are still harping on young Evanston, I've told you I'd rather give him a hundred a year out of my own pocket."

"Out of *my* pocket, you mean."

He waved his hand. "But it shall not be from the State's pocket."

"As if the State knew what's in its pocket! Except everybody's hands!"

"All the more reason for keeping ours out. I am sorry, Mary, but I can't discuss these things with you."

"I know; there is nothing you can discuss with me. I'm not wanted; I might as well be dead."

He drew nearer to her and put into his voice the caress he had not the courage to attempt otherwise. "Dearest, you know it's my only joy that you are alive."

She softened, and there was a half-sob in her voice. "It doesn't seem so. When once in the blue moon you do get home before midnight, you sneak in like a thief; you never dream of me. If it isn't writing, it's reading."

"I thought you would be asleep. You see, the House got counted out—the enemy caught us napping. It was vexatious, of course, but I consoled myself with the thought of a quiet hour's work—"

"I should have thought the day was long enough."

"At the Office there is always so much to do: oceans of correspondence, answers to members' questions to be got ready for the afternoon, and this morning a pig-headed deputation of Tory farmers into the bargain! And at the House it's worse. There's a fever in the air, half the time I have to be in my place listening or speaking, and even when I do settle myself in my den, I have to rush upstairs whenever the Division bell rings. Ah, my dear, the Treasury Bench is not so far from the galley bench."

"Lord Ruston seems to thrive on it. His wife told me he never gets up till noon."

"The Foreign Office is a fixed tradition. Claridge really does the work, though the public has never heard of him. Ruston has only to take the credit; that can be done in the afternoons."

"But you've got a permanent official, too."

"That's what makes so much work," he said dryly. "I will not be swaddled in red tape. The precious hours I waste in listening to legends of my predecessors!"

"I don't care how it is," she said plaintively. "I see less and less of you every year."

"I know it's very hard on you." He ventured to caress the rat on her shoulder, as a first step towards caressing her.

"When you were a mere member you managed to come home for dinner, despite the Whips. Now you are a lord and master—"

"Ah, but I could pair then."

"And why can't you pair now?"

"If I did, my vote wouldn't be counted unto me for righteousness."

"Ridiculous! A parcel of old women's rules. A minister oughtn't to have to vote at all—it's understood he's with the Government."

He smiled. "That would be common-sense—not the British Constitution. The Premier himself has no legal existence." His hand slipped from the rat to her shoulder, and lay there tenderly. He felt easier in the conversational level to which the quarrel had fallen.

But Mrs. Marshmont had abrupt resources. "And then people tell me I ought to consider myself lucky!" she cried, bursting into tears and sinking into her easy-chair.

It was an uneasy easy-chair, in harmony with the clock and the leg of the table. Each arm consisted of a dog, the right rampant, the left couchant. On this odd throne Mrs. Marshmont would sit, patting the carved dogs as if they were alive, while her rat ran over them in the joyous security of their deadness.

Her husband knelt beside her, and put his face to hers, as if to share her tears. She did not repulse him.

"I know it's very hard on you," he repeated. "But, sweetheart, a minister is not his own master. I don't see how it's to be helped."

"No," she admitted lugubriously. "Now you need the money."

He winced, and his face drew away from hers, with a flush as swift as Allegra's. This self-suspicion that perhaps the salary had been a factor in his acceptance of a seat in the Cabinet poisoned his rare moments of human pleasure in the position. He had been so against it at the outset: it seemed dishonorable to take office from a Premier he had denounced. But his friends, almost to a man, were insistent. He owed it to the country, to his followers, to himself. It was the proverbial thin edge of the wedge. Through him, this great force of the future, Radicalism, would enter for the first time into the inmost councils of the Nation. The British Constitution, like Nature, did not make leaps. You could not expect earthquakes. A complete Radical Cabinet could not grow up in one night like Jonah's gourd. Once inside the Whig Cabinet he could wake it up, snap fingers at the Dukes. His mere presence would tinge the whole: a drop of live red blood in a cup of ditch water. And then what gnashing of teeth in the Tory camp when fronted with a coalition of Whigs and Radicals, in an invincible Liberal Party! And to these serpentine arguments his Continental friends had added by cable, eager to have a lover of mankind in the forging-place of British thunder-bolts.

He had given in. He had accepted the apple and munched it on the Treasury Bench. But there was a worm at the heart of it. He had exiled himself from the Paradise of Independence. The direct opposition of the Tories was a spur, but this purring of friends, this murmuring of compromise and conciliation, above all this courteous disregard of him at the Council Table, chafed his soul. The Premier sat bland, genial, surrounded with traditions and respect. With a few honest men he ruled all. Even the Dukes had only the privilege of agreeing with him, however imposing their names on the prospectus, however autocratic their Departmental sway.

"Wait, wait," the Marshmontites whispered. "You are paving the way for a real Radical Party."

"I am paving hell," he retorted. He tried, like the Dukes, to find consolation in his Department, but the formalism of the staff was wearing, especially in its in-

sidious resistance to innovations, new and untried policies. He hated the beautifully written documents presented to him for signature, not dissection.

But of all this his wife knew little. Of a poor Welsh family, with a corresponding education, mitigated by a love of Shakspere—the medium through which her lover had taught her English—she had scarcely higher ideals than the gypsies whose blood she suggested. Her value lay in the realms of the unconscious; she was magnificently elemental.

If she sometimes betrayed herself in society, it was never a betrayal of vulgarity. She gave the air, not of lacking breeding, but of being a law unto herself. Thomas Marshmont, too, was autonomous, and like all men who marry halfmates, he lived his intellectual life apart, and this solitude was become so habitual by the time his children grew up, that they had never occurred to him as companions. Besides, they were mostly daughters, and girls seemed to him merely extensions and reduplications of their mother's personality, annexes to her individuality, if not, indeed, proofs of its predominance over his. The elder boy had passed from Harrow to Cambridge; the younger, Jim, was at Harrow now. And so this feverish, strenuous political life of his, vibrant with passions, clanging with tumults, girdled with wild hopes and fierce hatreds, colored with historic episodes, had been lived alone.

In the early days when he was fevering the provinces with great speeches, he would pass from a throbbing triumph to a cold railway carriage or a chill hotel bed. Even now his own house was only another hotel, with a faithful *clientèle*. It was pleasant to see the same faces, but he did not talk politics at the board. That he occasionally made a famous speech in the House his wife learnt from Gwenny, who alone read a newspaper. He made no more of it all than a business man makes of his day's doings, and in the same spirit his wife had been down twice to see him at work—once in the old House, where she was stuck like a ceiling decoration over the hot noisome chandelier, and once in the new and more commodious premises.

And now if she rudely reminded him of the profits of the business, could he wonder? He replied, more to convince himself than her:

"The money doesn't count at all. If it were the money, I'd gladly give up twice as much to save you an hour's pain."

She laughed, softened. "You silly old thing! That would give me twice as much pain. You always forget I have to manage on the money."

It was one of her delusions—based upon occasional capricious economies—that she administered his finances like a chancellor of genius; in verity, she dissipated his substance on a scale proportioned to her ideas of what befitted a family related to the peerage.

He leaned his face again to hers, and she wept again.

"We were happier at Hazelhurst. Why couldn't you have remained a country gentleman?"

He forbore to explain. At first he had imagined that the divine instinct which urged her to rescue hares was of a piece with that which urged him to save mankind, but he was soon disillusioned and permanently puzzled by psychological contradictions he had not the temperament to analyze away. He did not see that the crude, visible, physical fact touched a highly sensitive nerve-system, while complex mental suffering or a large outlook found no apparatus of sympathetic registration in her elemental nature. He said evasively: "We'll have our holiday at Hazelhurst, if you like."

She clapped her hands childishly: "Yes, let's go down—you and I alone—into the woods and waters. Let's go Saturday."

"I meant when the session's over."

She pouted. "Then let's go Saturday to Monday."

"You forget the Ruston dinner."

"Can't you cut that?"

"I wish I could. The reception is official. You know how I hate my Court dress."

She pushed his head away. "You love it more than me. You never will do the least thing I ask you."

"When you ask me something reasonable—"

"I won't go to Ruston's—I won't go in to dinner after Lady Trumper. It's too mortifying, a woman whose father was an apothecary. Your family is of the best in the land."

"But I am not the rose, if I live near it. Two lives are between me and the peerage—good sound lives, thank Heaven."

"But even the nobodies crow over me. Mrs. North has the Queen's permission to drive down Constitution Hill."

Her very pettiness gave her an artless witchery—wonderful in a woman of her years. He kissed her eyes. "I had rather see you driving down Hazelhurst Hill."

"Then why won't you go?" she said, less fretfully. "We'll take the mid-day train. You shall have a whole morning's work with your stupid papers."

"Impossible, dearest. You forget this stupid paper." He pointed with a conciliatory smile to the formal summons: "Sir, you are requested to attend a meeting of Her Majesty's servants on Saturday at twelve o'clock at 10 Downing Street."

"Oh, bother the Cabinet Council! They can do without you."

"There you are right," he said bitterly.

"Then we'll go—yes?" she cried, joyous.

He winced again. Nothing could mark more sharply her alienation from his real life. He replied softly but sadly. "But, darling, I must be at the Council all the same. The War Spirit is gaining on this country—our own Allegra has imbibed the poison — and I believe, but this of course you mustn't breathe to a soul, we shall have fights over the Navy and Novabarba. I may not be able to effect much, but protest I must. Who knows? I may save the country a couple of millions."

"The country! The country!" She sprang up, and her voice rose too. "Your own fortune goes to ducks and drakes for want of management."

"There isn't so very much to manage." He smiled wistfully.

"But I have to manage on it—and even give dinner parties to your political friends."

There was a note of hysteria now. He tried the humorous. "Well, Mary, you don't want to give them to my enemies."

But she was the one woman in the world his smile could not soothe; also she had no sense of humor, a fact which her husband should have known by this time. "Oh, yes, make fun of me." Her eyes flashed fire; the beady eyes of the rat on her shoulder seemed to glitter sympathetically.

"My darling, be sensible," he pleaded, alarmed.

He wished to stroke her hair, but lacking the courage, he again stroked the rat. But she rejected the overture, plucking the rat away and setting it down on the table.

He snatched his papers from under the rodent's feet, and crammed them into the despatch-box. The action aggravated her wrath.

"Sensible!" she shrieked. "If I had been sensible, I never should have married you."

The shriek hurt him more than the sentiment. He hoped she had not changed her servants recently. Gwenny's stability in a world of flux was a background of comfort, like a permanent secretary to an easy-going minister. He did not know that this strange wife of his ruled servantdom like a queen, was the fetich of the kitchen, and the adored of the dismissed and downtrodden. He himself, tamed and contrite, said humbly: "I am sorry my work has spoiled your life. I should never have married you." What indeed had he given her in return for the joy of her beauty and wild grace, for the birth-pangs she had endured?

But she, misunderstanding: "And didn't I tell you to marry your Lady Barbara, Mr. Mar-jor-i-mont? Oh, I might have known it—a man who sets the dogs on animals, what pity could he have for a woman?"

She delivered her words dramatically, raising her hands, unashamed of the midnight and the household, like a Mrs. Siddons playing to an audience and perfectly in the normal order. No shrewish vulgarity, only the high dignity of the *tragédienne*. Allegra, lying sleepless in the heat, with the sheets thrown off, heard her—with a novel transferrence of sympathy to the poor statesman. She had listened to her mother's grievances so often that she took their truth for granted, convicting her silent father by his default. She waited tremblingly for hysterical developments, but instead, to her wonder and joy, fell a blessed peace.

It came from a twinge of the gout, which caught the Minister as (in the lack of anything to say) he locked his despatch-box with the precious key on his watch-chain. The groan he could not repress was the salvation of the situation. Instantly Mrs. Marshmont had him lying back in her own arm-chair between the two carved dogs, while his right foot lay prone on the masculine easy-chair, whose

arms had pendent fringes and looked like Brobdingnagian clothes-brushes.

"Does *f'anwylyd* [my darling] feel easier now?" she cooed. But somehow for once her sympathy failed to soothe him: she had excited acuter pangs than physical. For the first time in his busy unselfish life he found himself wondering what it would have been like to marry a wife that understood. It was a thought his loyal bosom had not lodged, even in face of the obvious devotion of other wives to their husbands' Parliamentary careers, careers not always dignified by unworldly aspiration. But he must bear his burden alone—or only with God's whispered help. Perhaps it was the death of Bryden, his chief companion-in-arms, that gave him this new consciousness of solitude. He had not realized how Bryden had filled the void in his soul, Bryden the golden-mouthed, Bryden the Berserker of Peace. They had not been close comrades in the flesh, but their spirits were knit. He thought of him now with tears—"passing the love of women."

CHAPTER V.

TOM.

THE War Spirit continued to pursue the Right Honorable Thomas Marshmont with its irony.

When the girls returned from Cambridge, they brought Tom Marshmont back with them. He had succeeded ignominiously in his examinations, but he was the envied of some who had taken honors, and who had now to pass from the cloisters to the world. In that unpleasant period when life uplifts its crude question-mark, and consulted tutors murmur vague commonplaces, his contemporaries saw Tom Marshmont as secretary, consul, inspector, governor, attaché, diplomatist, future ambassador, anything, everything, his paternity being supposed to cover a multitude of pickings. He, however, saw himself in only one rôle—officer in a crack regiment. Cæsar was the one penman of the classics who had interested him and made him understand that blooded lips really spoke Latin once.

No ambition could have been more distressing to his father, brought violently down from his world-schemes to face another crisis in his own family. It was the last thing he had expected of his boy, though to outsiders the fresh-skinned, breezy giant was cut out by nature for a guardsman.

The inevitable interview took place at the top of the house, in the garret which had begun life as a nursery and was now the study of a minister of state. Before the children had grown too big for it, the great Radical—in the fiercest years of his political strife—had done all his writing and thinking in the common drawing-room, and his Blue Books and Hansards lay about him higgledy-piggledy. It was one way of being with his children and of placating his wife; and they ignored and interrupted his work at will. He in his gentle unselfishness made no personal claim, demanded no special attention. But the advent of a private secretary made it necessary to live up to this gentleman's title, and so the deserted garret was rediscovered and swept out. But the original furniture was still there, nor had any one troubled to remove the pictorial scraps pasted on the wall by the nursemaids. He wrote on the table at which his progeny had taken their tea and jam, and if a pigeon-hole adorned the wall, it was of the secretary's fixing. In the corner unregarded stood a large, ill-groomed rocking-horse with faded stripes and a moulted tail, and under his belly a battered regiment of tin soldiers stood at ease or lay careless, in a truce that had lasted since Tom's childhood (for Master Jim had preferred the reversion of his sisters' dolls).

The fat bullfinch that piped in its little white round-barred cage at the window was the only expression of the Minister's own personality, for this bullfinch was as much with him as the rat with his wife, or the Great Seal with the Chancellor of Allegra's infantile imagination. But, unlike the rat, which had been picked out by its mistress as a pet, the bullfinch had picked out the head of the household from among the general members, and had developed from a parlor ornament into a personality. It fell in love with the Minister, and sang its happiest in his presence, and gradually enforced equal recognition from his reluctant attention. It hopped on his writing-table by day, and was removed to his bed-room by night, where it slept in its cage under the shade of a silken bandanna. Nothing made it so spiteful as to be fooled by Dulsie masquerading in her father's hat and specta-

cles. After a moment of ecstasy, it would open its mouth and hiss, its feathers flat with anger. Its presence brightened the garret, which, for the rest, was far pleasanter than the Minister's sunless den in the House of Commons, especially when the warm morning light sent long gold-dusty beams through the many-paned casement and inspired the bird to sing. What wonder if this study still remained the arena for Joan and Allegra's fencing-lessons, the Swedish Turnip's hours being fixed not to clash with the Minister's, and the central writing-table being rudely shifted to the region of the rocking-horse.

It was a bitterer fencing-match that the garret was now witnessing, the tragic contest of father and son.

"I never thought my own boy would hurt me like this," said the Minister, with a sigh.

"My dear father!" the young man retorted in an insulted but not insulting tone. "If you knew what I have had to suffer from your speeches! The chaff I've been subjected to! Every time there's been a cartoon in *Punch*—"

"You take *Punch* seriously!" his father interrupted sarcastically. "Why, even the ladies stick to their crinolines!"

"It's got to be taken seriously. All these skits about the Peace Party, and the way they're putting L.S.D. on the Arms of England, supplanting the Lion and the Unicorn by the hare and the puppy. People take you for a Quaker, sir, 'pon my honor they do."

"Nonsense! Everybody knows the Marshmonts are Church of England."

"How are they to know? You don't go to church, sir."

"I had not observed your own zeal in that direction. You didn't even come down to prayers this morning."

"I can't endure your mutilation of the service. The Prayer-Book must be discarded, forsooth, to please Gwenny!"

"And your mother, Tom," his father reminded him mildly. "That was our compromise. And it was very good of her, reared as she was in that fanatical Calvinistic Methodism, to agree to sit in the Marshmont pew at Hazelhurst Church. And that reminds me that your accusation is only true as regards London. No, no; I am proud to count Quakers among my friends, but nobody could possibly imagine *we* were Quakers ourselves."

"Everybody knows who and what the Mar-jor-i-monts are, but Marshmont is another pair of shoes." The father winced, reminded of his wife's "Mar-jor-i-mont," and too pained by this new issue to remonstrate. "Our name has been defaced out of all recognition. It's like pulling down a wing of an old house. A Mar-jor-i-mont is a fellow who serves king and country; a Marshmont you can quite figure in a broad-brimmed hat and drab toggery, like that Quaker chap who said he was tired of the British Lion."

"And who never wore a broad-brimmed hat in his life," said the father dryly.

"I go by *Punch*."

"In which Palmerston always sucks a straw."

"I don't care a straw about the details. I go by the broad fact."

"The broad-brimmed fiction, you mean."

Tom smiled. "I always heard you were good at Parliamentary repartee, sir. But the fact remains that up at Cambridge a cad once tried to 'thee' me in his talk. Perhaps he expected me to turn the other cheek. He certainly didn't expect to see his nose run claret."

"You were right to assert yourself, my boy. But the exploits of our ancestors do not commend themselves to me."

"Not Sir Rupert's at Marston Moor against the Roundheads? Not the first Earl's at Malplaquet? You don't see the beauty of a pedigree like that?"

"I prefer to think of the few scholars and divines behind us. Physical courage, no doubt, some of our progenitors had, in moments of bellicose intoxication; but I question if they had the higher nobility of every-day chivalry. At any rate I desire to see our own branch of the family carrying on the work of civilization, not of barbarism."

Tom gasped: "Barbarism! No wonder they call you a Quaker!"

"Whatever they call me, I desire to continue to call you my son." There was a tense silence. The neglected bullfinch on the writing-table seized the opportunity to recall itself to its master. It made its pretty little cooing noise—one high note, one low note. In vain.

"Is this a threat, sir?" asked Tom at last, in a quiet voice.

"Not at all, Tom. I had hoped you would carry on my work, be a true son to me."

"I am sorry, sir. Elijah's mantle doesn't fit me. The soldier's uniform does."

His father's head drooped hopelessly. "I thought Harrow would have liberalized you more," he murmured.

"Is that why I didn't go to Eton?"

"Partly."

He sniffed sarcastically. "But even Byron wasn't ashamed of being a lord."

"If he had been, he would have been a greater poet."

The young man made a petulant movement. "It was lost time sending me to 'Varsity: you see what a mess I've made of it. I haven't got your head for books or figures. I ought to have gone straight from school into the service like so many chaps, like your own grandfather."

"Our grandfathers cannot rule us from their urns. Each generation must face life for itself—none must bind the others."

"And yet you would bind me!"

It was an unexpected blow—straight between the eyes—and the older man physically staggered back before it. There was another moment of silence. The bullfinch, thinking the tiresome conversation at an end, flew over and perched on his hand, but he tossed the creature impatiently into the air. As this was, however, his usual playful custom, the deluded bird returned to his hand, and as he had not the courage to undeceive it, it remained on its perch, fluffing all its feathers with joy, and putting its tail from side to side. The heart behind its little red breast was the only happy heart in the room.

When the father spoke again, his voice was husky but firm. "I have not the right to bind you."

"But will you help me? I am dependent on you."

"To curtail your independence would be to bind you."

"Thank you, father. I appreciate your attitude. Of course my ordinary allowance will not provide for a commission."

"You wish to purchase a commission!"

"How else?"

"There are a few regiments here and abroad—oh, I didn't suppose those appealed to you. But you know how I have voted year after year against this corrupt system."

"Oh, who pays attention to that annual motion! It's a standing joke. We have the best army in the world—why not let well alone? Come, father," and he smiled, "surely you wouldn't ask me to wait till the purchase system is abolished—till I am old and gray?"

"It will be abolished sooner than you think."

"Then I shouldn't want to join. Fancy messing with a lot of cads!"

"Cads! When they would have worked their way up by merit."

"Merit or not, they'd have dirty finger-nails."

"For dirty work you don't want clean hands."

The young man laughed. "Wait till Louis Napoleon invades England, father—you'll change your tune."

"The first Napoleon didn't purchase even his rank as lieutenant. No, no, Tom; if there must be war, the French system's the finer. Every corporal carries a marshal's *bâton* in his knapsack."

"England isn't France, no, nor America either. Our men require to be led by gentlemen. And are you going to examine a gentleman in Greek to see if he's likely to lead a forlorn hope? Can a man ride a horse? That's the question. Not Euclid's riders." And he laughed sunnily. "I'm afraid if they started examining for the Army as they've begun to do for the Civil Service, I should be nowhere beside a half-starved sizar who's never been across an animal in his life."

The pain on the father's brow deepened, but he only said, "Well, let me know what regiment you wish to join, and the price, and I'll see what I can do."

"Thank you, sir. I shall not do our name discredit."

"Of that I am convinced—as the world understands credit. And, by-the-way, let me know at the same time how much you are in debt."

Tom smiled: "How did you know that, sir?"

His father let his stern mouth relax a little in return. "You forget I am a professional student of finance. I can see by your face you are not up to your neck."

"No, sir. But I rode a steeple-chase and backed my own mount, and I did get up to my neck—in mud—ha! ha! but not so deep in debt."

"Ah, and you paid that—but not your tailor!"

The young man smiled again, but his father frowned.

"And so you consider the gambling debt is the debt of *honor*, not the bill you

owe your tailor." Tom looked gloomy, but his face grew cheerful again as his father continued: "Had you owed the gambling debt, I should not have helped you. The tailor must be paid instantly."

The bullfinch struck up a joyous whistle, as if in sympathy with snips and morals.

But the worst of Tom's troubles was before him. He had to face his mother and Allegra. To the former he broke the news that night in the drawing-room, after the girls had retired to bed.

"Go soldiering!" Mrs. Marshmont shrieked. "No, no; I won't have you murdered."

"But, mother," and the good-natured giant took her hot nervous hands, "I may never even see a battle."

"Yes, you will. You'll be sent out as soon as your uniform comes home, and you'll be killed by the first shot."

He laughed. "You are indeed a Cassandra."

"Cassandra or Cleopatra, I tell you you shall stay at home. Let go my hands!" She tore them from his good-humored grasp and pushed him violently backward against the mantel-piece. To her he was still the small boy she had slapped. With difficulty he saved his head from colliding with the great clock.

"You see," he said humorously, "It's just as dangerous to stay at home."

"Dangerous!" He had roused the hysteric note, and her hands went dramatically heavenwards. "And this is what I get for waiting on him hand and foot, and airing his under-garments myself, and lying awake sleepless till I hear his latch-key in the door! And a nice father—to arrange all this behind my back! I thought at least he had hands without hair, but he's an Esau of Esaus. What else can you expect of a hunter of God's creatures? And he hunts me—I crouch bleeding in the thicket. Because he has no heart, he can't understand how other people's hearts may drip blood. But I'll go to him—he sha'n't rob me of my first-born. Out of my way!" she screamed, as her first-born half-seriously barred her passage. She took him frenziedly by the shoulders and thrust him aside. Then she fell to wringing her hands and bemoaning herself in Welsh.

Allegra ran in, with flying hair, and a huddled-on dress. She had urged her sisters to descend with her to the scene of war, but Joan's mock recitation of "How do the waters come down at Lodore?" had turned their first anxiety to levity, for to all Allegra's apprehensions, Joan had retorted imperturbably with lines like

> And crashing, and lashing, and bashing, and gnashing;

or,

> And scowling, and growling, and howling, and yowling.

Allegra found her Viking of a brother leaning limp and helpless against the mantel-piece. In her new sympathy with men she understood at once how impotent he must feel against this feminine inconsequence: understood, too, how much more disconcerting and terrifying the outburst must be to him, so much away from home, than to the rest of the habituated household.

She sidled up to him. "What's the matter, Tom?" she murmured shyly.

"Your father and brother have conspired against me," the mother screamed. "The eagles' young shall suck up the blood of my first-born."

Allegra's eyes grew wide with terror. Was her mother mad? If not, what wild tragedy was afoot?

Tom's uneasy laugh made her easier. "It's all right, you little goose. I want to join some chums in the Guards, and mother's imagination already sees me dead instead of decorated."

"It isn't my imagination, it's my second sight. My mother saw my father shattered at the foot of the precipice before we knew there was a mist on the mountain paths. A hundred times she warned him of the Old Woman of the Mountain." She brought a touch of weirdness into this atmosphere of artificial furniture. Allegra shuddered.

"Well, if you see truly, it's got to come. So it would be silly to try to dodge it," said Tom, with British phlegm.

"But you mustn't go to war, Tom, indeed you mustn't," Allegra cried.

"And why not, pussy? For fear I'd be killed?"

"No; for fear you'd kill others."

"And why shouldn't he kill others?" Mrs. Marshmont interrupted fiercely. "Shall he let himself be hewn in pieces like the Amalekite?"

"War is wicked," Allegra declared, with stern white lips.

Tom, relieved by this new opposition, burst into a roar of laughter.

"Oho! is thee, too, a Friend?"

"I am for Peace, not War. If we must fight, let us fight with the forces of evil around us, with the poverty and the pain. Think of the women and children crawling like beasts in the coal-mines. Oh, Tom, let us make England great, not big."

Tom's blue eyes danced with honest merriment.

"Why, mother, the child has been studying father's speeches."

The mother flashed angry eyes upon her. "I saw them plotting together."

"Why shouldn't I study father's speeches?" the girl asked hotly. "It would be better for you both if you had more respect for him. For he is in the right,—father is in the right. I have proved it, not from his speeches only. All the books say the same thing. Do you know how many people in England have no crust for their stomach, no bed for their back? Four millions. Four millions, while we eat four meals a day."

"And don't you do your share?" asked Mrs. Marshmont shrilly.

"I do, and I'm ashamed of it."

"The remedy is simple," Tom laughed.

"Not so simple as your ideas of political economy."

"Don't talk to your elder brother like that, miss," her mother snapped.

"If my starving would do any good, God knows I would starve. But the only way is to improve the general conditions. We must assure every man the fruits of his own industry. Is nine shillings a week the fair reward of the agricultural laborer? How can he bring up a family on nine shillings?" Her pretty eyes flashed with anger and tears.

"Hush, Allegra," said Mrs. Marshmont, reddening. "What do you know of bringing up families?"

"I've seen you bring up yours. I know what it costs."

"Do you indeed? If you did—if you understood the agonies and the anxieties I've been through for all of you—you would not treat me like this." And Mrs. Marshmont anticipated Allegra by bursting into tears.

Big-hearted Tom, startled, went over to her and put his arm round her. "Who is hurting little mother?"

Mrs. Marshmont let her wet face fall on his manly shoulder: "My Tom, my own boy, the only person in the house who has a kind word for me."

Allegra's overwelling tears froze on her eyelids. Her heart stiffened itself against this illogical parent. What kindness did she deserve, this woman who darkened her husband's unselfish life! No helpmate she, mar-mate rather.

Happy in the sudden lull, Tom purred over his mother, who cooed back. Allegra stood by stonily, watching with contempt her mother's gradual oblivion of the point at issue.

"Wait till you see me in my regimentals, mother," Tom ventured at last.

"My own handsome boy! But promise me my baby sha'n't get killed."

"Me killed! No, no, pet, of course not. General Marshmont, eh? How do you like that?"

"I sha'n't live to see it, *cariad anwyl*" (dear love).

"What! a slip of a girl like you!"

They kissed each other. Allegra turned on her heel and went back to bed, disgusted.

CHAPTER VI.

LIFE AND LETTERS.

It was in a dream of this night that the germ of Allegra's new poem came to her. Probably it all grew out of the nightmare that haunted her even by day, since she had begun to follow her father's footsteps through the maze of human misery. Political economy radiated back the glow of her young soul and became passionate and palpitating. Even statistics took on flesh and blood to her phantasy — very appalling flesh and blood sometimes. The four million paupers stood in a solid phalanx, ragged, hungry, dishevelled, and raucous, a Dantesque horror.

Perhaps, too, the poems of Deldon—which, despite their vast popularity, she had not known till she chanced on them among her father's pamphlets—contributed to her latest manner: Deldon with his strange blend of revolutionary Radicalism and celestial allegory, "the angel Israfel banging a drum," as the Edinburgh *Review* christened him. Anyhow Allegra's new poem was so beautifully vague, so vaguely beautiful, that she could not have explained what it meant, even to herself. The theme that gleamed so magically golden in her dream faded to drab in the cold dry light of day, yet a sort of elusive splendor still

seemed to hover about it, and Allegra worked at it in shamefaced secrecy. It concerned a beautiful stone statue that stood solitary in a great deserted hall, amid the crumbled pillars of a ruined ancient palace, and all around it stretched a vast desert of sand. And through the hall blew the four winds, bearing "the music of humanity." From every part of the earth and from times long past came the passionate pitiful wail, long-sounding 'cello and violin notes, and a faint tremulous fluting of far-away miseries. And gradually, through æons measureless, the statue began to change: a heart of flesh developed under the stone, and the music broke upon the heart, and the heart throbbed and thrilled in pity. But alas! it could do nothing. It was only a living heart in a lifeless statue. And so now there was a new pain added to the world's pain: the pain of the heart that felt it all, and beat out its daily endless life, unseen, unheard, under the enduring marble peace of the beautiful stone figure, in the forlorn hall of crumbled pillars in the ruined ancient palace amid the vast stretches of sand.

The new poem was written in Spenserian stanzas, and served as a vent for all the novel forces seething in the girl's soul. But for this outlet she might have done something desperate. Indeed, she did once think of polishing her own shoes.

"Joan!" she said one night, as the two sisters coincided in thumping down their shoes outside their adjoining bed-rooms, "don't you think it's a shame that Saunders should clean our shoes?"

"I do indeed," said Joan. "Gwenny used to do them much better."

"I don't mean that. I think we ought to do them ourselves."

"You can. I've got better things to do with my time."

"What better things?"

"You know as well as I do."

Joan was not unlike Allegra, but she was shorter and plumper, and her chin was squarer. She was never in two minds about anything.

"You mean flannel waistcoats for the poor," said Allegra contemptuously.

"And woollen socks," added Joan imperturbably.

"You only pauperize them. You don't touch the real problem. How dare we give the poor presents? Our hands are not clean."

"And so you would clean them by blacking shoes?"

"Physical dirt might be moral cleanliness."

"Good heavens, Allegra, if only old Mrs. Rhys heard you! After mother and I have lectured her by the hour to scrub her floors and her children!"

"Give her more air and light—cleanliness will come of itself. If you squeeze her into a dog-kennel—"

"Why, when have you been to Mrs. Rhys's?"

"I've never been. I know on general principles."

"General principles! You'd know better if you went visiting with mother and me. That reminds me, where's that half-a-crown?"

"What half-a-crown?"

"The one you promised me in aid of that cotton-spinner who was caught in the machinery."

Allegra blushed. "Oh, I am so sorry, Joan. I forgot. I bought a book with it."

"And didn't even lend me the book?"

"It wouldn't have interested you. It was about the Factory Act."

"Oh, a present for father! You might have given him something nicer."

"Stop squabbling, you pair of nincompoops!" Dulsie's voice rang out. "I can't go to sleep."

While the great Spenserian mystical allegorical poem was on the stocks, the result of the Cornucopian competition was published in large capitals. With what a thrill Allegra read the name of the first-prize winner—Raphael Dominick—a name henceforward to be inscribed on "the Scroll." All through the length and breadth of England people must be speaking of him, waiting as anxiously as herself for the next number to read the epoch-making heroic couplets on "Fame." The second and third winners interested her scarcely at all—she noted with a touch of sadness that neither was feminine. Ah! women, they could not reach the heights: Pegasus was not to be ridden with a side-saddle. When the great poem appeared, Allegra and her sex shrank even more in her estimation. What majesty of diction! what clang of brazen rhyme! No victim, this great soul, of the false martial concept. Deeds of derring-do had their place, but sternly subordinated to moral heroism and lofty

national purposes. It was a high pæan of spiritual beauty, of the faith that achieves, of the name that rises slowly to a star. Allegra read it with tears and flames. She re-read it under the elm-tree in the back garden; recited it to the heavens as she dashed through the Park on the mild steed which she shared with her sisters: she added its most inspiring couplet to her bed-room texts. She wondered over the poet. What was his history? How did he bear this dazzling glory? Famous at a bound, he would go from splendor to splendor. Young, of course he was. And married? Oh, Heaven forfend! Perhaps a nagging wife! Ah, women were poor creatures, with their whims and whams, their furbelows and flirtations and hysterics. They had no sense of national polity; still less could they make poems! She must burn her silly allegorical stanzas—flabby and meaningless beside this virile resonance. Oh, to smooth the path of such a man! She found herself mentally mothering him, shepherding his little ones. She looked up his address, given in last week's number as a guarantee of good faith. Mile End Road! It sounded like the places to which Joan and her mother took jellies. He was poor, then, this God-gifted genius. At this very moment he might be hungering for bread, like Chatterton. Great Heavens, he might be imbibing the fatal draught! Stop! Stay thy hand a moment, divine boy! Dost thou not hear Allegra dashing up the stairs to thy attic! She breaks through the door, she— But no! of course how foolish! there were the five pounds he had won.

Allegra came to herself with a little laugh, both of relief and self-mockery, and the blood returned to her whitened cheeks.

But she burnt the Spenserian stanzas — very dramatically — as one offering a burnt-offering for past vanities—and with a vow of self-consecration to the service of humanity. Fame was for the great: enough if she could find a humble channel of "work for the world." Perhaps her father would let her help *him*. Surely she could do something for him, copy something, look up something, especially with all her new wealth of knowledge anent Factory Acts and Pauper Statistics, her daily study of the newspapers, and "contemporary history." Yes, Providence had marked out her path. She would do for the statesman what his wife should have done for him; she would be at his beck; she would anticipate his call.

And in this religious uprising, this sense of the world as a selfish place of eating and drinking, she grew alien from Dulsie and Mabel, as mere exemplars of flippant womanhood, whose very church-going held no more spirituality than their croquet-matches. How could they enjoy, as they did, this empty egotistic round? An obscure poet, one Browning (of whose verses she had picked up a reviewer's copy, uncut, in the fourpenny box), seemed to supply the answer:

Finished and finite clods, untroubled by a spark.

The line recurred to her again and again, always in the presence of women, especially women with smug jewelry. Their radiating acquiescence in the injustice of things stung her to comprehensive disdain. Would she ever sink to that—turn vegetable? No, never; she swore it. Yet disquieting suspicions floated to her from her motley reading; in this very Browning, as in so many of the poets, there were lines suggesting that the passage of the years brought despair and cynicism. It was a pet theme, indeed, with the young Cornucopians, this desiccation of their emotions, the waning of the visions of childhood. Nay, Allegra herself had played with the idea as a literary exercise, sometimes even taking herself in, particularly when the glow of a red fire in the shadowy drawing-room at twilight added zest to her delicious misery. She had devoted a double acrostic to yearnings for her lost illusions, and coquetted with melancholia in a conundrum. But in her unliterary hours she knew that her heart of hearts was pulsing with love, and with faith in God, and Man, and Nature.

Allegra's seat at table faced the sideboard, and this sideboard very often drew her eyes between the courses, not because of the dishes on its marble top, but by virtue of its own eccentricities. Conventional enough in its great mirror, crowned by the gigantic gilt pineapple, it was supported on the wings and heads of eagles, themselves standing irrelevantly on carven books. The artist had got a sense of strain into the eagles' talons, but Allegra often wondered how the wings and heads could transmit this

strain, yet themselves remain so buoyant and uncrushed.

Now she suddenly read a high allegory into the false design. Even thus would she—Allegra—bear the strain of the years with their prosaic burdens: joyous, unyielding, supporting herself firmly on great literature, spreading wings heavenward. A verse of the Psalms, often in Gwenny's mouth—"Thy youth is renewed like the eagle's"—mixed itself mystically with this imagery. Yes, age should not ossify *her:* she would remain always young, ardent, altruistic. And so, whenever the conversation at table hinged on levity and worldliness and young men, whenever a chance phrase illumined as with lightning the sordidness and vanity of this valley of tears and giggles, Allegra turned her eyes for comfort to the sideboard.

But sometimes even the eagle could not sustain her. She had perturbing visions of herself as old and tired, and zoological doubts about the eagle itself. In the flame of sixteen, one might glow and burn, but how would it be amid the ashes of forty?

In such a mood of apprehension Allegra wrote herself a letter. She addressed the envelope, "To Allegra at Forty."

"MY DEAR ALLEGRA,—Although we have not met for a quarter of a century, I take the liberty of addressing you still by your Christian name. It is possible you may not remember me, and, for my part, I do not know whether you are married and have lots of children (but I hope not, for how can we work for humanity if we have to be worried with nursery cares?), or whether your name is still Allegra Marshmont. I only know that you are very old. It may be, too, that you are very *blasée*, that you say all is vanity, and there is nothing new under the sun. Please, please, don't go on thinking that. Remember that day in the woods of Hazelhurst, when you walked in God's Cathedral, and Milton's organ rolled through the leafy aisles. Now as then, you are 'in your great Taskmaster's eye.' I can well imagine that during this vast stretch of time you have met with sad things and disappointments and disillusions, but yet the world is very beautiful and very wonderful, and there is so much we can do to make humanity nobler and happier. Ah, don't despair, Allegra dear. Think of the scent of the hawthorn, and the song of the blackbird, and how glorious it is to gallop across a moor or skate across a pond. I am just out, and you are very, very old, but I know that the sunlight prevails, and not darkness.

"So on our heels a fresh perfection treads,
A power more strong in beauty, born of us
And fated to excel us, as we pass
In glory that old Darkness.

"You may sneer at the poets, but Keats is right. Yes, Evil shall never triumph over Good. Keats did not despair, though he knew he must die of consumption. Ah, if you should happen to have married a man like Keats, or Raphael Dominick—a man with the eye of faith and the lips of song—then you may at once throw this letter into the W.P.B. But if you despair of your own happiness, remember, dear, there is always the life of service. And, perhaps, if you have grown sick of the world, it is not the world but yourself that you are sick of. Perhaps you have fallen by the way—into the slough of selfishness. Perhaps, as Gwenny would say, the tares have choked the good seed. Perhaps you have abandoned your early ideals and sought for mere material happiness. No wonder, then, you have despaired of goodness and nobleness. Not believing in light, you have ceased to be a child of light. (See the twelfth chapter of St. John.) If this is so, then I pray you remember me, and repent for my sake. Be brave, strong, and if I may misquote Shakspere,

"To thy young self be true.

"Please take this as a letter from a dead person, and be solemnly impressed. For you know you will never see me or speak to me again, and this is the voice of a ghost; a ghost that shakes its long white finger at you, and reminds you that you, too, will be a ghost some day. Oh, but I didn't mean to frighten you. I dare say you will live many years more—unless you are dead already. Oh dear, and then this letter will be wasted, so I had better not make it any longer, but remain, your old friend,

ALLEGRA MARSHMONT."

She sealed the letter with black wax, and hid it among her unburnt poems.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE WATCH-TOWER OF THE SOUL

BY ANNA HEMPSTEAD BRANCH

IN the high watch-tower of the soul
  I tarry all day long.
  The days flit by like flocks of birds,
  But not one has a song.
My soul has found no other soul
  To which it does belong.

In this deep loneliness God set
  Each soul as in a shrine.
He bade His virgin she should keep
  Her separate light ashine,
While others on strange hearths attend
  The flames that are not mine.

When that I speak to them my voice
  Falls from me like a star.
It trails their atmospheres, but not
  The dim worlds where they are.
Than gulfs of time or seas of space
  Our souls are set more far.

My soul is girt in secrecies
  Like the petals of a rose.
My breath, which is among them, floats
  On every wind that blows.
They are like sleep around a dream
  There is no one that knows.

Yet that great wind that blows alway
  From heart to heart will rove
Across all spirits and bear up
  Some fragrances above.
I hear some voices that I know,
  Some accents that I love.

I weep when that I feel their tears
  Blown in mine eyes like rain.
My heart is touched by that which is
  The faint dew of their pain.
I smile when that I see them smile,
  And is this all in vain?

I smile when that I see them smile;
  The gladness in their eyes
Like a slow dawn is in my heart,
  Like a pale light in the skies.
But why they smile or why they weep,
  These things are mysteries.

All night I watch from my high tower
  The great world come and go.
Their faces flare along the dark
  Like wandering stars below.
But who has seen two stars that touch?
  And space has said me no.

Though his sweet presence, like a light,
  Is shed about the place—
My love, to whom I am most near—
  I have not seen his face.
My tears, which are not his, must drop
  To reach his heart, through space.

He smiled and folded my two hands
  So close upon his breast.
"*These are my doves,*" he said, "*and so*
  A little while shall rest."
But I, who smiled not, felt them grope
  Through space—they found no nest.

He smiled and said, "*Thy cheek shall lie*
  In my hand, hollowed so!"
But I, who smiled not, felt all time
  A wind betwixt us blow.
I leaned my cheek into a void
  Of which he did not know.

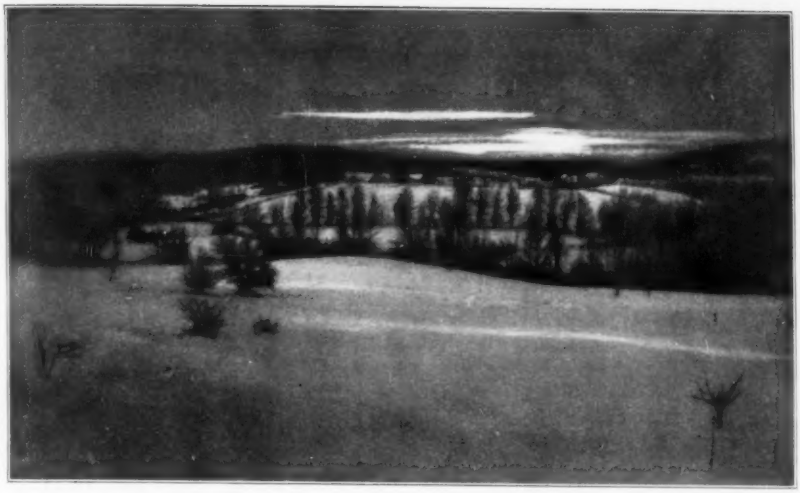
See they not how alone we are,
  Like faint clouds wandering—
All these who have not felt the breath
  Of any living thing?
Do they not know we are alone
  That they should dance and sing?

I will be silent in my soul
  Since God has girt me round
With His own silences in which
  There is no space for sound.
Only His voice perchance may drop
  Like dew upon the ground.

I will be silent, leaning so
  Myself into all space.
Love, didst thou think in all this life
  That thou couldst touch my face?
Nay, for God bade that I should turn
  Unto Himself for grace.

I will be silent, watching so
  Thy love-dawn breaking red.
("*I thought thy breast should warm mine own*
  A little while," he said.
An we were dead this might be so,
  But, love, we are not dead.)

In the high watch-tower of the soul
  I tarry all day long.
The days flit by like flocks of birds,
  But not one has a song.
My soul—it has no other soul
  To which it does belong.



Twilight.

FROM A WINTER NOTE-BOOK*

BY RUDYARD KIPLING

WE had walked abreast of the year from the very beginning, and that was when the first bloodroot came up between the patches of April snow, while yet the big drift at the bottom of the meadow held fast. In the shadow of the woods and under the blown pine-needles clots of snow lay till far into May, but neither the season nor the flowers took any note of them, and, before we were well sure Winter had gone, the lackeys of my Lord Baltimore in their new liveries came to tell us that Summer was in the valley, and please might they nest at the bottom of the garden?

Followed Summer, angry, fidgety, and nervous, with the corn and tobacco to ripen in five short months, the pastures to reclothe, and the fallen leaves to hide away under new carpets. Suddenly, in the middle of her work, on a stuffy-still July day, she called a wind out of the Northwest, a wind blown under an arch of steel-bellied clouds, a wicked, bitter wind with a lacing of hail to it, a wind that came and was gone in less than ten minutes, but blocked the roads with fallen trees, toppled over a barn, and—blew potatoes out of the ground. When that was done, a white cloud shaped like a dumbbell whirled down the valley across the evening blue, roaring and twisting and twisting and roaring all alone by itself. A West-Indian hurricane could not have been quicker on its feet than our little cyclone, and when the house rose atiptoe, like a cockerel in act to crow, and a sixty-foot elm went by the board, and that which had been a dusty road became a roaring torrent all in three minutes, we felt that the New England Summer had creole blood in her veins. She went away, red-faced and angry to the last, slamming all the doors of the hills behind her, and Autumn, who is a lady, took charge.

No pen can describe the turning of the leaves—the insurrection of the tree-people against the waning year. A little maple began it, flaming blood-red of a sudden where he stood against the dark

NOTE.—The photographs illustrating this article were made by Arthur R. Dugmore, who visited Brattleboro, Vermont (the home of Rudyard Kipling), and remained there to witness the climatic changes that are described in this article. All of his photographs were made directly from nature, and upon the scenes described.

* Copyright, 1900, by Rudyard Kipling.

THE ROAD-SIDE GROWTH ALL DEAD FROM FROST.

green of a pine belt. Next morning there was an answering signal from the swamp where the sumacs grow. Three days later the hill-sides as far as the eye could range were afire, and the roads paved, with crimson and gold. Then a wet wind blew, and ruined all the uniforms of that gorgeous army; and the oaks, who had held themselves in reserve, buckled on their dull and bronzed cuirasses and stood it out stiffly to the last blown leaf, till nothing remained but pencil shading of bare boughs, and one could see into the most private heart of the woods.

Frost may be looked for till the middle of May and after the middle of September, so Summer has little time for enamel-work or leaf-embroidery. Her sisters bring the gifts. Spring, wind-flowers, Solomon's-seal, Dutchman's-breeches, Quaker-ladies, and trailing arbutus, that smells as divinely as the true May. Autumn has golden-rod and all the tribe of the asters, pink, lilac, and creamy white, by the double armful. When these go the curtain comes down, and whatever powers shift the scenery behind work without noise. In tropic lands you can hear the play of growth and decay at the back of the night silences. Even in England the tides of the winter air have a set and a purpose; but here they are dumb altogether. The very last piece of bench-work this season was the trailed end of a blackberry-vine, most daringly conventionalized in hammered iron, flung down on the frosty grass an instant before people came to look. The blue bloom of the furnace was still dying along the central rib, and the side sprays were cherry red, even as they had been lifted from the charcoal. It was a detail, evidently, of some invisible gate in the woods; but we never found that workman, though he had left the mark of his big cloven feet as plainly as any strayed deer. In a week the heavy frosts with scythes and hammers had slashed and knocked down all the road-side growth and the kindly bushes that veil the drop off the unfenced track.

There the seasons stopped awhile. Autumn was gone, Winter was not. We had Time dealt out to us—more, clear, fresh Time—grace-days to enjoy. The white wooden farm-houses were banked round two feet deep with dried leaves or earth, and the choppers went out to get ready next year's stores of wood. Now chopping is an art, and the chopper in all respects an artist. He makes his own axe-helve, and for each man there is but one perfect piece of wood in all the world. This he never finds, but the likest substitute is trimmed and balanced and poised to that ideal. One man that I know has evolved very nearly the weapon of Umslopogaas. It is almost straight, lapped at the butt with leather, amazingly springy, and carries a two-edged blade

THE WHITE FARM HOUSES BANKED WITH LEAVES.

for splitting and chopping. If his Demon be with him—and what artist can answer for all his moods?—he will cause a tree to fall upon any stick or stone that you choose, uphill or down, to the right or to the left. Artistlike, however, he explains that that is nothing. Any fool can play with a tree in the open, but it needs the craftsman to bring a tree down in thick timber and do no harm. To see an eighty-foot maple, four feet in the butt, dropped, deftly as a fly is cast, in the only place where it will not outrage the feelings and swipe off the tops of fifty juniors, is a revelation. White pine, hemlock, and spruce share this country with maples, black and white birches, and beech. Maple seems to have few preferences, and the white birches straggle and shiver on the outskirts of every camp; but the pines hold together in solid regiments, sending out skirmishers to invade a neglected pasture on the first opportunity. There is no overcoat warmer than the pines in a gale when the woods for miles round are singing like cathedral organs, and the first snow of the year powders the rock ledges.

The mosses and lichens, green, sulphur, and amber, stud the copper floor of needles, where the feathery ground-pine runs aimlessly to and fro along the ground, spelling out broken words of half-forgotten charms. There are checkerberries on the outskirts of the wood, where the partridge (he is a ruffed grouse really) dines, and by the deserted logging-roads toadstools of all colors sprout on the decayed stumps. Wherever a green or blue rock lifts from the hill-side, the needles have been packed and matted round its base, till, when the sunshine catches them, stone and setting together look no meaner than turquoise in dead gold. The woods are full of color, belts and blotches of it, the colors of the savage—red, yellow, and blue. Yet in their lodges there is very little life, for the wood-people do not readily go into the shadows. The squirrels have their business among the beeches and hickories by the road-side, where they can watch the traffic and talk. We have no gray ones hereabouts (they are good to eat, and suffer for it), but five reds live in a hickory hard by, and no weather puts them to sleep. The woodchuck, a marmot and a strategist, makes his burrow in the middle of a field, where he must see you ere you see him. Now and again a dog manages to cut him off his base, and the battle is worth crossing fields to watch. But the woodchuck turned in long ago, and will not be out till April. The coon lives—well, no one seems to know particularly where Brer Coon lives; but when the Hunter's Moon is large and full he

descends into the corn-lands, and men chase him with dogs for his fur, which makes the finest kind of overcoat, and his flesh, which tastes like chicken. He cries at night sorrowfully, as though a child were lost.

They seem to kill, for one reason or another, everything that moves in this land. Hawks, of course; eagles for their rarity; foxes for their pelts; red-shouldered blackbirds and Baltimore orioles because they are pretty, and the other small things for sport—French fashion. You can get a rifle of a kind for twelve shillings, and if your neighbor be fool enough to post notices forbidding "hunting" and fishing, you naturally seek his woods. So the country is very silent and unalive.

There are, however, bears within a few miles, as you will see from this notice, picked up at the local tobacconist's:

JOHNNY GET YOUR GUN! BEAR HUNT.

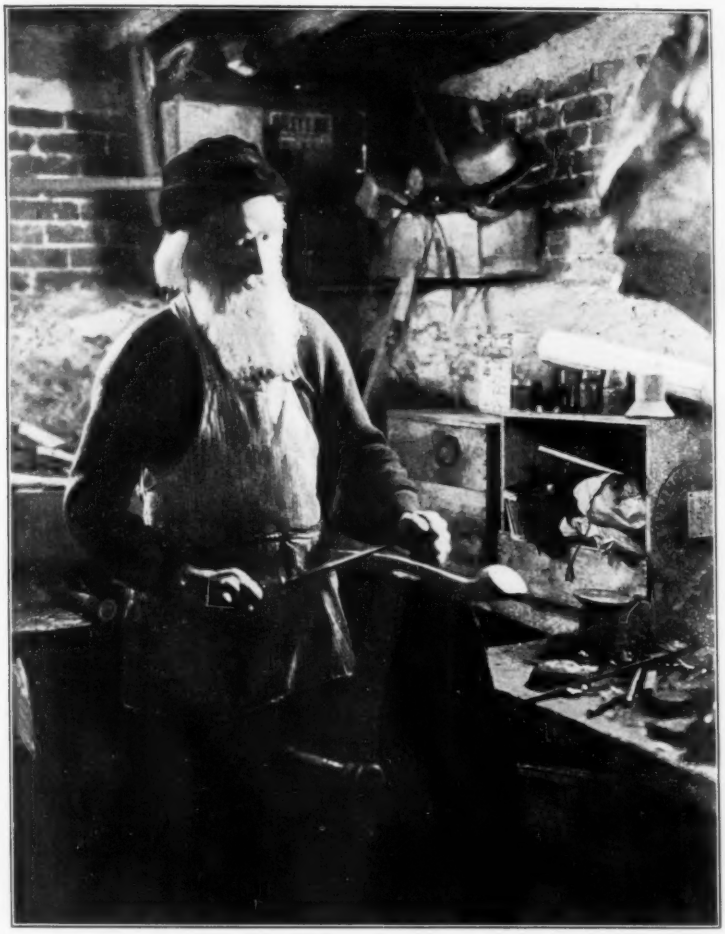
As bears are too numerous in the town of Peltyville Corners Vt. the hunters of the surrounding towns are invited to participate in a grand hunt to be held on Blue Mountain in the town of Peltyville Corners Vt. Wednesday, Nov. 8th, if pleasant. If not, the first fine day. Come one, come all!

They went, but it was the bear that would not participate. The notice was printed at somebody's Electric Print Establishment. Queer mixture, isn't it?

The bear does not run large as a rule, but he has a weakness for swine and calves which brings punishment. Twelve hours rail and a little marching take you up to the moose-country; and twenty-odd miles from here as the crow flies you come to virgin timber, where trappers live, and where there is a Lost Pond that many have found once but can never find again.

THE PINES HOLD TOGETHER IN SOLID REGIMENTS.

Men, who are of one blood with sheep, have followed their friends and the railway along the river valleys where the towns are. Across the hills the inhabitants are few, and, outside their State, little known. They withdraw from society in November if they live on the uplands, coming down in May as the snow gives leave. Not much more than a generation ago these farms made their own clothes, soap, and candles, killed their own meat thrice a year, beef, veal, and pig, and sat still between-times. Now they buy shop-made clothes, patent soaps, and kerosene; and it is among their tents that the huge red and gilt Biographies of the Presidents, and the twenty-pound family Bibles, with illuminated marriage-registers, mourning-cards, baptismal certificates, and hundreds of genuine steel-engravings, sell best. Here, too, off the main travelled roads, the wandering



THE CHOPPER MAKES HIS OWN AXE-HELVE

quack — Patent Electric Pills, nerve cures, etc. — divides the field with the seed and fruit man and the seller of cattle-boluses. They dose themselves a good deal, I fancy, for it is a poor family that does not know all about nervous prostration. So the quack drives a pair of horses and a gayly painted wagon with a hood, and sometimes takes his wife with him. Once only have I met a peddler afoot. He was an old man, shaken with palsy, and he pushed a thing exactly like a pauper's burial-cart, selling pins, tape, scents, and flavorings. You helped yourself, for his hands had no direction, and he told a long tale, in which the deeding away of a farm to one of his family was mixed up with pride at the distances he still could cover daily. As much as six miles sometimes. He was no Lear, as the gift of the farm might suggest, but sealed of the tribe of the Wandering Jew—a tremulous old giddy-gaddy. There are many such rovers, gelders of colts and the like, who work a long beat, south to Virginia almost, and north to the frontier, paying with talk and gossip for their entertainment.

Yet tramps are few, and that is well, for the American article answers almost

THE MAN WITH THE PLOUGHSHARE.

exactly to the vagrant and criminal tribes of India, being a predatory ruffian who knows too much to work. Bad place to beg in after dark—on a farm—very—is Vermont. Gypsies pitch their camp by the river in the spring, and *cooper* horses in the manner of their tribe. They have the gypsy look and some of the old gypsy names, but say that they are largely mixed with Gentile blood.

Winter has chased all these really interesting people south, and in a few weeks, if we have anything of a snow, the back farms will be unvisited save by the doctor's hooded sleigh. It is no child's play to hold a practice here through the winter months, when the drifts are really formed, and a pair can drop in up to their saddle-pads. But the doctors come and go. Four horses a day some of them use, and use up—for they are good men.

Now in the big silence of the snow is born, perhaps, not a little of New England conscience which her children write about. There is much time to think, and thinking is a highly dangerous business. Conscience, fear, undigested reading, and, it may be, not too well cooked food have full swing. A man, and more particularly a woman, can easily hear strange voices—the Word of the Lord rolling between the dead hills; may see visions and dream dreams; get revelations and an outpouring of the spirit, and end (such things have been) lamentably enough in those big houses by the Connecticut River which have been tenderly rechristened The Retreat. Hate breeds as well as religion—the deep, instriking hate between neighbors, that is born of a hundred little things added up, brooded over, and hatched by the stove when two or three talk together in the long evenings. It would be very interesting to get the statistics of revivals and murders, and find how many of them have been committed in the spring. But for undistracted people winter is one long delight of the eye. In other lands one knows the snow as a nuisance that comes and goes, and is sorely man-handled and messed at the last. Here it lies longer on the ground than any crop—from November to April sometimes—and for three months life goes to the tune of sleigh-bells, which are not, as a Southern visitor once hinted, ostentation, but safeguards. The man who drives without them is not loved.

The snow is a faithful barometer, foretelling good sleighing or stark confinement to barracks. It is all the manure the stony pastures receive; it cloaks the ground and prevents the frost bursting pipes; it is the best—I had almost written the only—road-maker in the States. On the other side, it can rise up in the night and bid the people sit still as the Egyptians. It can stop the mails; wipe out all time-tables; extinguish the lamps of twenty towns, and kill man within sight of his own door-step or hearing of his cattle unfed. No one who has been through even so modified a blizzard as New England can produce talks lightly of the snow. Imagine eight-and-forty hours of roaring wind, the thermometer well down towards zero, scooping and gouging across a hundred miles of newly fallen snow. The air is full of stinging shot, and at ten yards the trees are invisible. The foot slides on a reef, polished and black as obsidian, where the wind has skinned an exposed corner of road down to the dirt ice of early winter. The next step ends hip-deep and over, for here an unseen wall is banking back the rush of the singing drifts. A scarped slope rises sheer across the road. The wind shifts a point or two, and all sinks down, as sand in the hour-glass, leaving a pot-hole of whirling whiteness. There is a lull, and you can see the surface of the fields setting furiously in one direction—a tide that spurts foam between the tree-boles. The hollows of the pasture fill while you watch; empty, fill, and discharge anew. The rock ledges show the bare flank of a storm-chased liner for a moment, and whitening, duck under. Irresponsible snow devils dance by the lee of a barn where three gusts meet, or stagger out into the open till they are cut down by the main wind. At the worst of the storm there is neither Heaven nor Earth, but only swizzle into which a man may be brewed. Distances grow to nightmare scale, and that which in the summer was no more than a minute's bareheaded run, is half an hour's gasping struggle, each foot won between the lulls. Then do the heavy-timbered barns talk like ships in a cross-sea, beam working against beam. The winter's hay is ribbed over with long lines of snow dust blown between the boards, and far below in the byre the oxen clash their horns and moan uneasily.

The next day is blue, breathless, and most utterly still. The farmers shovel a way to their beasts, bind with chains their large ploughshare to their heaviest wood-sled, and take of oxen as many as Allah has given them. These they drive, and the dragging share makes a furrow in which a horse can walk, and the oxen, by force of repeatedly going in up to their bellies, presently find foothold. The

THE DESERTED LOGGING-ROAD.

WHERE THE TRAPPERS LIVE.

finished road is a deep double gutter between three-foot walls of snow, where, by custom, the heavier vehicle has the right of way. The lighter man when he turns out must drop waist-deep and haul his unwilling beast into the drift, leaving Providence to steady the sleigh.

In the towns, where they choke and sputter and gasp, the big snow turns to horsepondine. With us it stays still; the wind, sun, and rain get to work upon it, lest the texture and color should not change daily. Rain makes a granulated crust over all, in which white shagreen the trees are faintly reflected. Heavy mists go up and down, and create a sort of mirage, till they settle and pack round the iron-tipped hills, and then you know how the moon must look to an inhabitant. At twilight again the beaten-down ridges and laps and folds of the uplands take on the likeness of wet sand—some huge and melancholy beach at the world's end—and when day meets night it is all goblin country. To westward, the last of the spent day—rust-red and pearl, illimitable levels of shore waiting for the tide to turn again. To eastward, black night among the valleys, and on the rounded hill slopes a hard glare that is not so much light as snail-slime from the moon. Once or twice perhaps in the winter the Northern Lights come out between the moon and the sun, so that to the two unearthly lights is added the leap and flare of the Aurora Borealis.

In January or February come the great ice-storms, when every branch, blade, and trunk is coated with frozen rain, so that you can touch nothing truly. The spikes of the pines are sunk into pear-shaped crystals, and each fence-post is miraculously hilted with diamonds. If you bend a twig, the icing cracks like varnish, and a half-inch branch snaps off at the lightest tap. If wind and sun open the day together, the eye cannot look steadily at the splendor of this jewelry. The woods are full of the clatter of arms; the ringing of bucks' horns in fight; the stampede of mailed feet up and down the glades; and a great dust of battle is puffed out into the open, till the last of the ice is beaten away and the cleared branches take up their regular chant.

Again the mercury drops twenty and more below zero, and the very trees swoon. The snow turns to French chalk, squeaking under the heel, and their breath cloaks the oxen in rime. At night a tree's heart will break in him with a groan. According to the books, the frost has split something, but it is a fearful sound—this grunt as of a man stunned.

Winter that is winter in earnest does not allow cattle and horses to play about

the fields, so everything comes home; and since no share can break ground to any profit for some five months, there would seem to be very little to do. As a matter of fact, country interests at all seasons are extensive and peculiar, and the day is not long enough for them when you take out that time which a self-respecting man needs to turn himself round in. Consider. The solid undisturbed hours stand about one like ramparts. At a certain time the sun will rise. At another hour, equally certain, he will set. This much we know. Why in the name of Reason, therefore, should we vex ourselves with vain exertions? An occasional visitor from the Cities of the Plains comes up panting to do things. He is set down to listen to the normal beat of his own heart—a sound that very few men have heard. In a few days, when the lather of impatience has dried off, he ceases to talk of "getting there" or of "being left." He does not desire to accomplish matters "right away," nor does he look at his watch from force of habit, but keeps it where it should be—in his stomach. At the last he goes back to his beleaguered city, unwillingly, partially civilized, soon to be resavaged by the clash of a thousand wars whose echo does not reach here.

The air which kills germs dries out the very newspapers. They might be of to-morrow or a hundred years ago. They have nothing to do with to-day—the long, full, sunlit to-day. Our interests are not on the same scale as theirs, perhaps, but much more complex. The movement of a foreign power, an alien sleigh on this Pontic shore, must be explained and accounted for, or this public's heart will burst with unsatisfied curiosity. If it be Buck Davis, with the white mare that he traded his colt for, and the practically new black sleigh-robe that he bought at the Sewell auction, *why* does Buck Davis, who lives on the river flats, cross our hills, unless Murder Hollow be blockaded with snow, or unless he has turkeys for sale? *But* Buck Davis with turkeys would surely have stopped here, unless he were selling a large stock in town. A wail from the sacking at the back of the sleigh tells the tale. It is a winter calf, and Buck Davis is going to sell it for one dollar to the Boston Market, where it will be turned into potted chicken. This leaves the mystery of his change of route unexplained. After two days' sitting on tenter-horns it is discovered, obliquely, that Buck went to pay a door-yard call on Orson Butler, who lives on the saeter where the wind and the bald granite scaurs fight it out together. Kirk Demming has brought Orson news of a fox at the back of Black Mountain, and Or-

THE FARMERS SHOVEL A WAY TO THEIR BEASTS.

son's eldest son, going to Murder Hollow with wood for the new barn floor that the widow Amidon is laying down, told Buck that he might as well come round to talk to his father about the pig. *But* old man Butler meant fox-hunting from the first, and what he wanted to do was to borrow Buck's dog, who had been duly brought over with the calf, and left on the mountain. No, old man Butler did *not* go hunting alone, but waited till Buck came back from town. Buck sold the calf for a dollar and a quarter, and not for seventy-five cents, as was falsely asserted by interested parties. *Then* the two went after the fox together. This much learned, everybody breathes freely, if life has not been complicated in the mean time by more strange counter-marchings.

Five or six sleighs a day we can understand, if we know why they are abroad; but a metropolitan rush of traffic disturbs and excites.

GOING OUT FOX HUNTING.

Father and Mother
A Mystery

W. D. Howells

The parlor of a village house, with open doors and windows; the Father and the Mother sitting alone among the chairs in broken rows; a piano with lifted lid; dust tracked about the floor.

The Father. "Now it is over."
The Mother: "It is over, now,
And we shall never see her any more."
The Father: "Have you put everything of hers away?
If I found anything that she had worn,
Or that belonged to her, I think the sight
Would kill me."
The Mother: "Oh, you need not be afraid;
I have put everything away."
The Father: "Oh, me!
How shall we do without her! It is as if
One of my arms had been lopped off, and I
Must go through life a mutilated man.
This morning when I woke there was an instant,
A little instant, when she seemed alive,
Before the clouds closed over me again,
And death filled all the world. Then came that stress,
That horrible impatience to be done
With what had been our child. As if to hide
The cold white witness of her absence were
To have her back once more!"
The Mother: "I felt that, too.
I thought I could not rest till it was done;
And now I cannot rest, and we shall rest
Never again as long as we shall live.
Our grief will drug us, yes, and we shall sleep,
As we have slept already; but not rest."
The Father: "We must, I cannot help believing it,
See her again some time and somewhere else."
The Mother: "Oh, never, any time or anywhere!"
The Father: "You used to think we should."
The Mother: "I know I did.
But that is gone forever, that fond lie

With which we used to fool our happiness,
When we had no need of it. When we had
Each other safe we could not even imagine
Not having one another always."

The Father: "Yes,
It was a lie, a cruel, mocking lie!"

The Mother: "Why did you ask me, then?
Do you suppose
That if the love we used to make believe
Would reunite us, really had the power,
It would not, here and now, be doing it,
Now, when we need her more than we shall need her
Even in all eternity, and she—
If she is still alive, which I deny—
Is aching for us both as we for her?
You know how much she loved her home, and how
She suffered if she left it for a week;
You know how lost and heart-sick she must be,
Wherever she is, if she is anywhere;
And if her longing and if ours could bring us
Together as we used to dream 't could,
How soon she would be here!"

The Father: "I cannot bear it!"

The Mother: "I shall not care, when you and I are old,
Years hence, and we shall have begun to be
Forgetful, as old people are, about her,
And all her looks and ways—I shall not care
To see her then. I want to see her now,
Now while I still remember everything,
And she remembers, and has all her faults,
Just as we have our own, to be forgiven.
But if we have to wait till she is grown
Some frigid, perfect angel, in some world
Where she has other ties, I shall not care
To see her; I should be afraid of her."

The Father: "She would not then be she, nor we be we."

The Mother: "I want to tell her how I grieve for all
I ever did or said that was unkind
Since she was born. But if we met above,
In that impossible heaven, she would not care."

The Father: "If she knows anything she knows that now
Without your telling."

The Mother: "I want *her* to say
She knows it."

The Father: "Yet, somehow she seems alive.
The whole way home she seemed to be returning
Between us, as she used when we came home
From walking and she was a child."

The Mother: "Oh, that
Was nothing but the habit of her: just
As if you really had lost an arm
You would have felt it there."

The Father: "Oh, yes, I know.

[*He lets his head hang in silence; then he looks up at the window opening on the porch.*

This honeysuckle's sweetness sickens me.

[*He rises and shuts the window.*

I never shall smell that sweetness while I live
And not die back into this day of death.

[*He remains at the window staring out.*

How still it is outside! The timothy
Stands like a solid wall beside the swath
The men have cut. The clover heads hang heavy
And motionless."

The Mother: "I wish that it would rain,
And lay the dust. The house is full of dust
From the road yonder. They have tracked it in
Through all the rooms, and I shall have enough
To do getting it out again."

The Father: "The sun
Pours down its heat as if it were raining fire.
But she that used to suffer so with cold,
She cannot feel it. Did you see that woman,
That horrible old woman, chewing dill
All through the services?"

The Mother: "Oh, yes, I saw her.
You know her: Mrs. Jayne, that always comes
To funerals."

The Father: "I remember. She should be
Prevented, somehow."

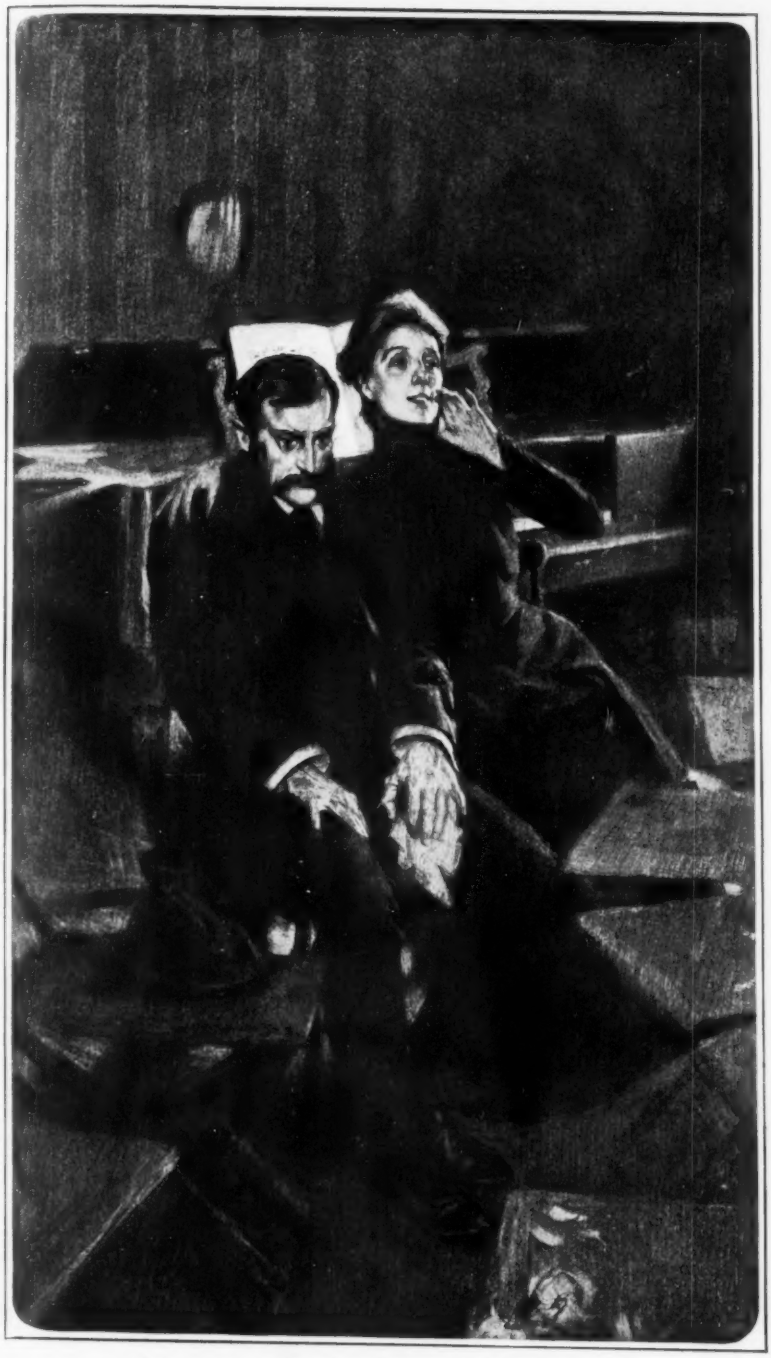
The Mother: "Why, she did no harm."

The Father: "I could not bear to have them stand and stare
So long at her dead face. I hate that custom."

The Mother: "I wonder that you cared. It was not *her* face,
Nor the form hers; only a waxen image
Of what she had been. Nothing now is she!
There is no place in the whole universe
For her whose going takes all from the earth
That ever made it home."

The Father: "Yes, she is gone,
And it is worse than if she had not been....
Hark!

The Mother: "How you startle me! You are so nervous!"



"IT WAS LIKE SOMETHING HEARD WITHIN MY BRAIN."

The Father: "I thought I heard a kind of shuddering noise!"

The Mother: "It was a shutter shaking in the wind."

The Father: "There is no wind."

The Mother (after a moment): "Go and see what it was.

It seemed like something in the room where she—"

The Father: "It sounded like the beating of birds' wings.

There! It has stopped."

The Mother: "I must know what it was.

If you will not go, I will. I shall die

Unless you go at once."

The Father: "Oh, I will go."

[*He goes out and mounts the stairs, which creak under his tread. His feet are heard on the floor above. After a moment comes the sound of opening and closing shutters.*

The Mother (calling up): "What is it? Quick!"

The Father (calling down): "It was some kind of bird

Between the shutters and the sash. I cannot

Imagine how it got there."

[*He descends the stairs slowly and comes into the room where the Mother sits waiting.*

The Mother: "What bird was it?"

The Father: "Some kind I did not know. I wish that I

Had let it in."

The Mother: "What do you mean by that?

Everything living tries to leave the house;

We stay because we are part of death,

And cannot go."

The Father: "It did not wish to go;

It was not trying to get out, but in.

I put it out once and it came again;

And now I wish that I had let it stay."

The Mother: "You are so superstitious; and you think...."

[*She stops, and they both sit silent for a time.*

The Father: "It may be our despair that keeps her from us."

The Mother: "You think, then, that our hope could bring her to us?"

The Father: "Not that, no."

The Mother: "Or, that we could make her live

Again by willing it sufficiently?"

The Father: "Oh no,

Not by our willing; by our loving, yes!

Not through our will, which is a part of us,

And filled full of ourselves, but through our love,

Which is a part of some life else, and filled

With something not ourselves, but better, purer."

The Mother: "Well, try."

The Father: "I cannot. Your doubt palsies me."

The Mother: "I cannot help it. If she cannot come

Unto my doubt, she cannot to my faith....

Oh! What was that?"

The Father: "The wind among the chords

Of the piano. They have left it open

After the singing."

The Mother: "But there is no wind!

You said yourself, just now, there was no wind."

The Father: "Perhaps it was our voices jarred the strings."

The Mother: "They could not do it; and it was not like

Anything that I ever heard before.

It was like something heard within my brain.

And there is something that I see within!

Hark! Look! Do your hear nothing? Do you see

Nothing? Or am I going wild?"

The Father: "No, no!

I hear and see it too. Are you afraid?"

The Mother: "No, not the least. But, oh, how strange it is!

What is it like to you?"

The Father: "I dare not say,

For fear that it should cease to be at all."

The Mother: "Do you believe that we are dreaming it?

That we are sleeping and are dreaming it?"

The Father: "He could not be so cruel!"

The Mother: 'He made death."

The Father: "There! You have hurt it, and it will not speak;

You have offended it. Speak to it!"

The Mother: "Child,

I did not mean to grieve you. Oh, forgive

Your poor old mother! Is she here yet, dearest?"

The Father: "Yes, she is here! Yes, I am sure of it—"

The Mother: "I seemed to have lost her—No, she is here again!

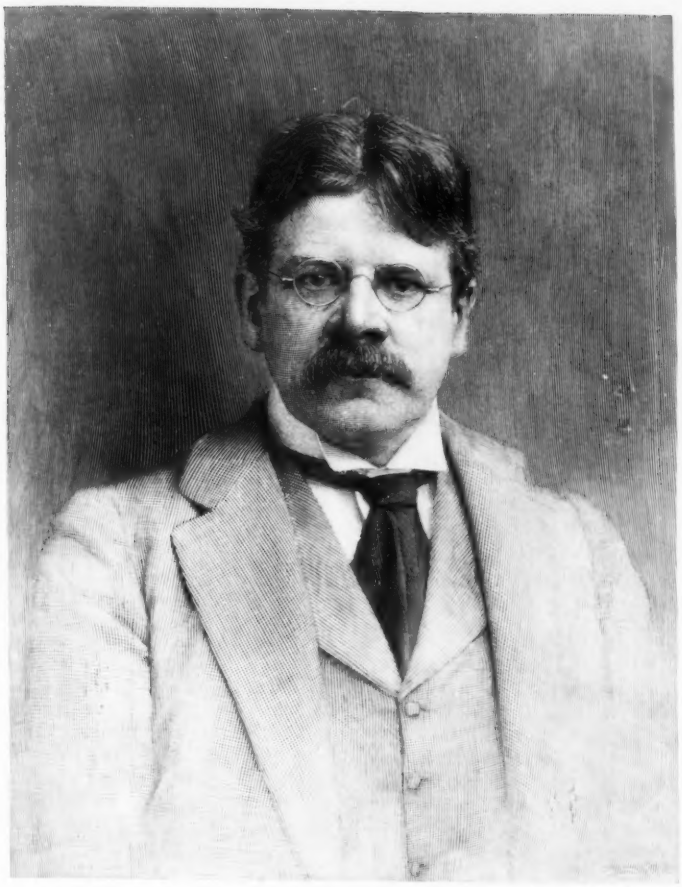
How natural she is! How strong and bright,

And all that sick look gone! It must be true

That it is she, but how shall we be sure

After it passes? Where is it you see her?
Where is it that you hear her speak?"
The Father: "Within.
Within my brain, my heart, my life, my love!"
The Mother: "Yes, that is where I see and hear her too.
And oh, I feel her! This is her dear hand
In mine! How warm and soft it is once more,
After that sickness! Yes, we have her back,
Dearest, we have our child again! But still
How strange it is that she is all within,
And nowhere outside of our minds! Can you
Make her nowhere but in yourself?"
The Father: "In you—"
The Mother: "And I in you! I see her in your mind;
I hear her speaking in your mind. That shows
How wholly we are one. Our love has done it,
And we must never quarrel any more.
It was your faith; I will say that for you!
But are you sure we are not dreaming it?"
The Father: "How could we both be dreaming the same thing?"
The Mother: "We could if we are both so wholly one."
The Father: "We must not doubt, or it will cease to be.
See! It is growing faint!"
The Mother: "Oh, no, my child!
I do believe that it is really you.
And, father, you must not keep saying *It*,
As if she were not living. Now she smiles,
And now she is speaking! Can you understand
What she is saying?"
The Father: "It is not in words,
And yet I understand."
The Mother: "And so do I.
I wish that you could put it into words
So that we might remember it hereafter."
The Father: "But what she says cannot be put in words.
It is enough that we can understand
Better than if it were in words."
The Mother: "No, no!
Unless it is in words I am not sure.
Unless she calls you Father and me Mother—
Hush! Did you hear her?"
The Father: "Yes, I thought I heard her."
The Mother: "I am sure I heard her call us both, and now
I know it is not a hallucination.
Oh, I believe, and I am satisfied!
But, child, I wish that you could tell me something
About it, where you are! Is it like this?
In everything that I have read about it,
It seemed so vague—"
The Father: "She answers hesitating,
As we used, when she was a little thing,
To answer her in something that we thought
She would be none the happier for knowing.
Now we are as the children with her, and she is
As father and mother to us, and we must not
Question her."
The Mother: "Yes, I must; I will, I will!"
The Father: "There, she is gone! No; she is here again!"
The Mother: "No; we are somewhere else. What place is this?
Is this where she was? Did she bring us here?
It seems as if we now were merged in her
As she was merged in us before *we* came.
But all our wills are one. Oh, mystery!
I am so lost in this strange unity;
Help me to find myself, if you are here!
You *are* here, are not you?"
The Father: "Yes, I am here,
But not as I was there. I seem a part
Of all that was and is and shall be. This is life,
And that was only living yonder! I can find you,
I can find her, but not myself in it,
Or only as a drop of water may
Find itself in the indiscriminate sea."
The Mother: "I cannot bear it; I was not prepared!
Oh, save me, dearest! Save me, oh my child!
Speak to me, father, in the words we know,
And not in these intolerable rays
That leave the thought no refuge from itself.
I have not yet the strength to yield my own
Up to this universal happiness.
I still must dwell apart in my own life,
A prison if it need be, or a pang.
Come back with me, both of you, for a while. . . .
Why, I am here again, and you are here!
This is our house, with dust in it and death,
This is dear, dear earthly home! But where is she?
Call to her—tell her we are here again!"
The Father: "We could not make her come.
I am bewildered;
I scarcely know if I am here myself."

The Mother: "Perhaps she never came at all, and we
Have only dreamed that we were somewhere else.
I feel as if I had awaked from sleep.
How long were we gone?"
The Father: "I cannot tell:
As long as life, or only for an instant."
The Mother: "It could not have been long, for there I see
The humming-bird poised at the honeysuckle
Still, that I noticed when we seemed to go.
Nothing has really happened! yet, somehow. . . .
I wonder what it was she said to us
That satisfied us so? Can you remember?"
The Father: "Not in words, no. It did not seem in words,
And if we tried to put it into words—"
The Mother: "They would be such as mediums use to cheat
Their dupes with, or to make them cheat themselves.
No, no! We ought not to be satisfied.
It is a trick our unstrung nerves have played us.
The selfsame trick has cheated both; or we
Have hypnotized each other. It is the same
As such things have been always from the first:
Our sorrow has made fools of us; we have seen
A phantom that our longing conjured up;
And heard a voice that had no sound; and thought
A meaning into mocking emptiness!"
The Father: "Then, how could it have satisfied us so?"
The Mother: "That was a part of the hallucination.
Nothing has happened, nothing has been proved!"
The Father: "Not to our reason, no, but to our love
Everything."
The Mother: "Then, let her come back again!"
The Father: "Twice would prove nothing more if once proved nothing.
We have had our glimpse of life beyond the veil;
As every one who sorrows somehow has.
The world is not so hollow as it was.
There still is meaning in the universe;
But if it ever is as waste and senseless
As only now it seemed, and the time comes
When we shall need her as we needed her,
We shall be with her again, or she with us,
Whether the time is somewhere else or here.
Come, mother—mother for eternity!—
Come, let us go, each of us, to our work.
I have been to blame for breaking you with grief
Which I should have supported you against.
Forgive me for it!"
The Mother: "Oh, what are you saying?
There is no blame, and no forgiveness for it
Between us two, nothing but only love."
The Father: "The love in which she lives."
The Mother: "I will believe it
If you believe it."
The Father: "Help me to believe!"



Photograph by Bassano.

E. A. ABBEY.

THE ART OF E. A. ABBEY, R.A.

BY HENRY STRACHEY

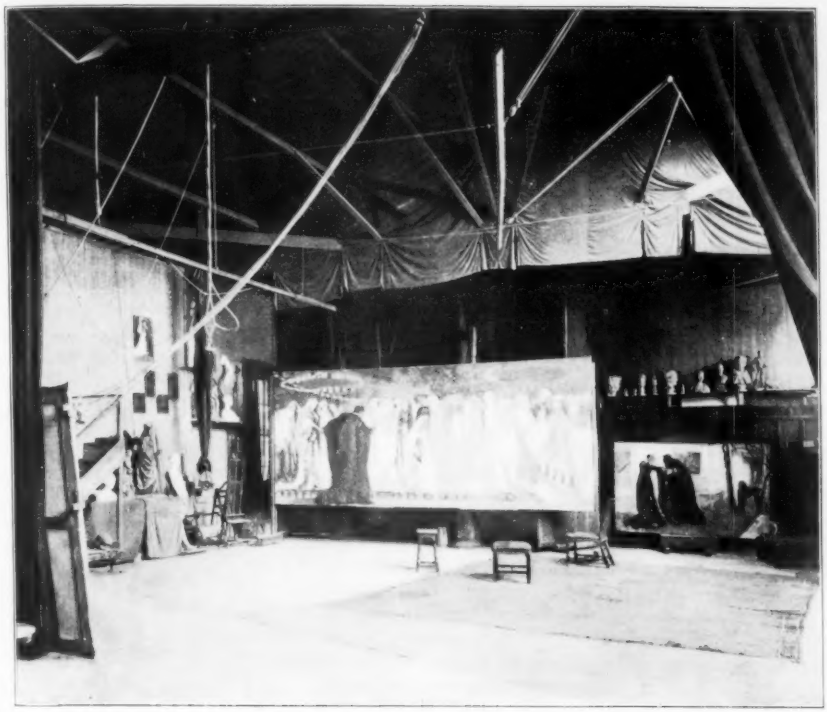
TO describe Mr. Abbey as a "costume-painter" would be as essentially false as it would be superficially correct. The "costume-painter" is he who delights in the quaint fashions and lovely materials of our ancestors' clothes. His aim is to construct a picture which will bring in a curious and beautiful bit of armor and gorgeously colored slashed doublet which he happens to have about him, and which, being pretty to look at, are nice to paint. If any little incident, such as a Cavalier lover or a Puritan rival, can be thrown in, so much the better. The Academy-going public will be pleased, and so the chances increased of the picture being favorably hung. An archæological sauce is not without its uses: it attracts all the learned who like pictures, but who have no feeling for art. Now all these ingredients of a typical costume picture by themselves will not

make a work of serious art, however good may be the execution of the painting. Something else must be present. What this something else is has been the aim of writers on art to define. Each critic considers that he has arrived at the truth, and often the result is plausible enough, till the next prophet demonstrates the falsity of the theory, and proposes a new one of his own instead. It is sad that this soul of art should be so indefinite, for people are led to disbelieve in its existence. But really it is intangible only when verbal description is attempted. People who possess the appreciation of art are seldom in doubt when confronted by an example; the doubts arise when they try to give reasons. Mr. Ruskin was sometimes driven to prove that pictures he sincerely admired were false in principle because they did not fit his last gospel. How many of his irritating paradoxes would have been unnecessary if he had recognized that true art cannot be forced into a formula! The best thing ever said on this subject is a sentence by Jean François Millet: "*L'art ne vit que de passion, et on ne peut pas de passionner pour rien.*"* Here is no hard-and-fast definition, but the recognition of the larger meanings of art. Neither costumes, nor mountains and trees, nor lovely faces alone will make real pictures; the "consecration and the poet's dream" must be there as well. How this consecration shall manifest itself must be left to the genius of each different painter.

To understand Mr. Abbey's pictures we must realize his mental stand-point. It is an entire misapprehension of his art if we assume, because he works through the medium of costume, that costume is his inspiration or his end. The vague poetic impulse at the back of an artist's mind has to find a concrete form to express itself. In the present instance the expression of Mr. Abbey's matured art has been by means of the dresses of the Middle Ages. But because the painter has shown such delight in the various garments of man, we must not say, with the Quaker lady whose husband had left off knee-breeches with a change of opinions, "Friend, does thy religion consist of trousers?" Rather we must consider what motive has guided Mr. Abbey into his present course.

* Art lives by passion alone, and one cannot become impassioned about nothing.

Mr. Berenson, in his book on the *Central Italian Painters*, in a most interesting chapter on "Illustration," sums up in the following words what he means by the term: "Illustration is everything which in a work of art appeals to us, not for any intrinsic quality, as of color or form or composition, contained in the work of art itself, but for the value the thing represented has elsewhere, whether in the world outside or in the mind within." And again: "Great art would be defined not as the blind imitation of nature, but as the reproduction of visual images haunting great minds." Images haunt most minds when they read literature or history, but the interest of these images depends on the quality of the mind that calls them up. Therefore Mr. Abbey's picture of Richard III. wooing the Lady Anne is not in the least made a work of art because of the elaborate setting of the stage, and the accuracy of the dresses and heraldry, and all the trappings of a mediæval state funeral. It is interesting because the scene in Shakspere's play called up, in a mind of exceptional visualizing power, images which were beautiful and expressive in themselves. Add to this, great capacity of form and color, and also of execution, and the result is the striking picture we saw at the Academy in 1896. Mr. Abbey is an illustrator of the greatest power and originality. Of course the word illustrator is here used in the special sense of Mr. Berenson, and not in the ordinary way, which means that a picture or drawing has direct reference to a book. Mr. Abbey has the power of calling up an endless series of mental pictures, and these he puts on canvas, and thus lets the world share in his visions. And what visions this painter has given us! The black procession attending the bier of Henry VI. in the *Richard III.* picture is one of those things which the ordinary imagination is dimly conscious of when fired by romantic poetry, but which is too vague to leave any distinct impression. But the painter not only sees the vision, but can make us see it too. And here we come to the question of the presentment. The object of primary importance is that the spectator's imagination should be fired; but to do this the painter's also must be kindled. He must choose shapes and colors that are intensely interesting to him, or else his work will be cold.



ABBEY'S STUDIO.

Practically it matters very little to the right-minded spectator what the nature of the objects is out of which the painter chooses to fashion the conduit-pipe for his imagination. If mediæval costume touches the painter deeply enough to heat his imagination to that point at which it communicates warmth to others, the desired result has been attained. He who looks at the picture receives pleasurable sensations, not from the costumes, be they never so accurately studied, but from the contact with a mind which has the power of communicating the warmth with which it glowed when under the enthusiasm of visualized forms of beauty. Pictures such as Mr. Abbey's are often a stumbling-block to those who really possess the artistic sense, and for like reason too often, alas, to those who have no pictorial appreciation, but whose delight in painting is merely that of archæological studies and museum reminiscences. These people, when they find their favorite things represented, judge of the picture merely by its accuracy. So it happens that when the experts in mediæval tailoring and armory rejoice over a picture, the lover of art is apt to pass by, because these museum qualities are generally found in works in which learning has stifled the spirit. But to treat Mr. Abbey so would be to do a great injustice. His mind works in a particular way, and if he finds that the reconstruction of past ages gives scope to his imagination, it is neither a reason for praise nor for blame. What is essentially interesting is not the outward form, but "the passion and the life, whose fountains are within."

> "O lady, we receive but what we give,
> And in our life alone does nature live."

It is because Mr. Abbey puts this passion and life into his pictures that they are true works of art, and not because they are monuments of careful study.

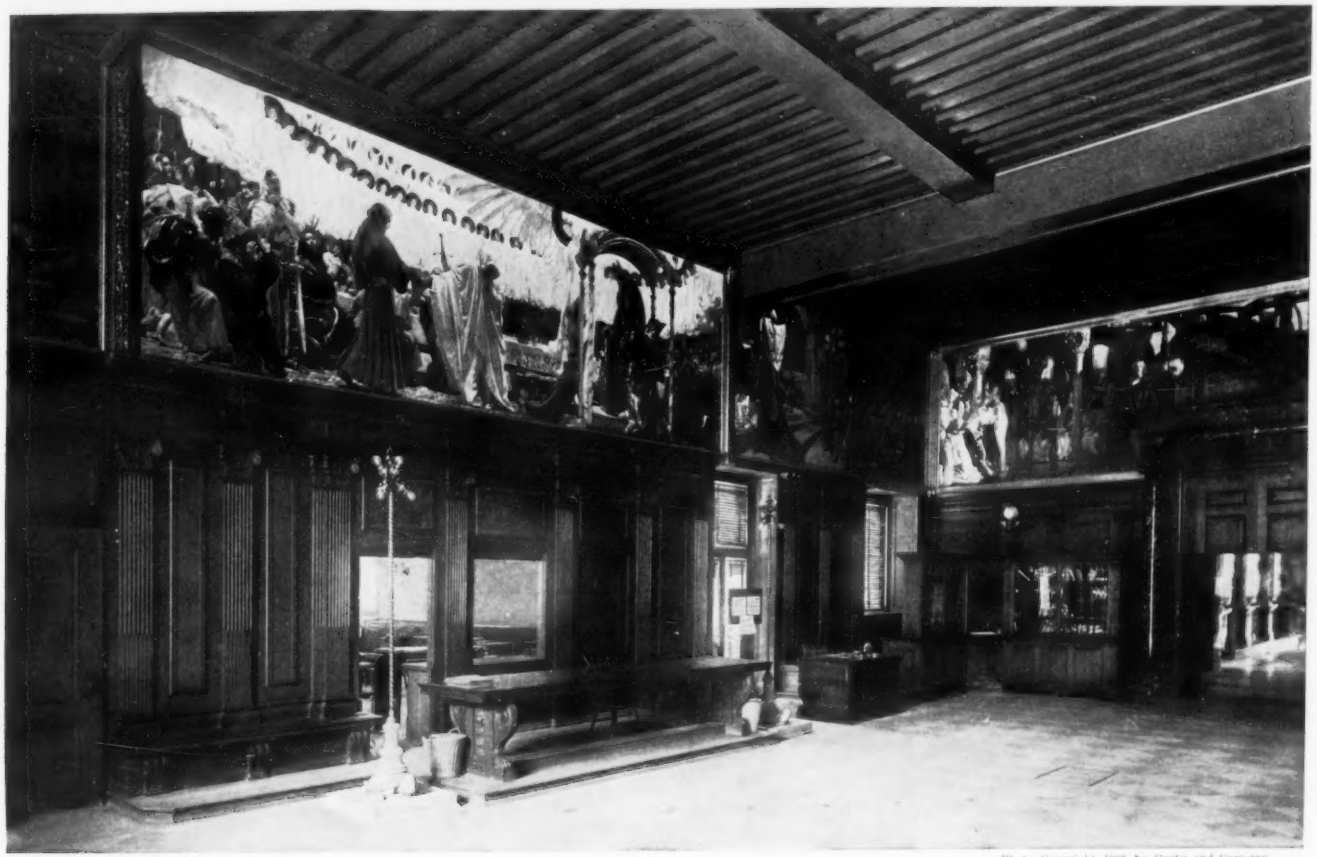
This careful study is, no doubt, to some pictorially right-minded people, a great charm, and there is no reason why it

should not be, just as other people will be interested in the actual manipulation of the paint. To the present writer the question of what paints and ground were employed to produce the beautiful red of the Duke of Gloster's cloak is of more interest than whether the cloak is cut exactly to the fashion of 1483. But these are personal matters, and wholly outside the region of art. Not so, however, is the question of the actual painting of pictures—the finished surface of paint which meets the eye. This question of the painting, the technique, is of the utmost importance, for by it the painter speaks to us in a more subtle language than that of reason. The arguments, the incidents, and the imagery of "Paradise Lost" might all be reproduced in different language from that which was used by the poet. But what a difference! Take away from the argument the incomparable splendor and beauty of the Miltonic verse, and how different would be its effect! The verbal harmonies of the lines are needed to make us feel the greatness and majesty of the thoughts. So in a picture we must, to appreciate it truly, be mindful of the way in which the painter has expressed himself in his painting.

The world was for long accustomed to think of Mr. Abbey only as a master of black and white, and especially of pen drawing, and in this branch of art his technical power was conspicuous. His most important works in this direction were the illustrations of Shakspere's comedies, which appeared in *Harper's Magazine*. The originality of these illustrations was great—the artist visualized the familiar scenes of the plays in quite a different way from anything that had gone before. Instead of the conventional stage costume founded on Elizabethan dress, we saw Shakspere's people put back into an earlier time. The style of the clothes and accessories was much less familiar. The fantastic dresses of the period chosen by the artist—that of pre-Tudor times—gave scope for the marvellous ingenuity of the designer. For Mr. Abbey is remarkable for the wealth of his invention and research in details. These illustrations are undoubtedly of great charm; they are revelations of character, and they show insight into the plays. Yet somehow they do not entirely convince us that we are looking at the real people we have always known. Somehow the deep humanity does not seem to be there. There is almost an air of masquerade. The grace, the energy, and the vivacity are there, but not quite the depth of feeling. The illustrations of the *Tempest* may be quoted as an example; in them Prospero is too much the wizard and too little the philosopher. If one were inclined to push such objections, it would be possible to point out that in the picture of *King Lear*, hung in the Academy of 1898, Regan and Goneril are more impish demons of mischief than tragic incarnations of evil. But it would be going too far not to admit that Mr. Abbey has in this really splendid work created two figures of extraordinarily active malice, even if we feel that they have not quite the weight we are accustomed to expect in the two most terrible of Shakspere's creations. With the figure of Cordelia, who wishes to find fault? In it Mr. Abbey has corrected a common fault in our visual conception of this heroine. Too often people are wont to consider her to be Ophelia's twin sister. But Cordelia was made of sterner stuff, and it is difficult to conceive of a more appropriate figure than the one in the picture we are discussing. Admirable, too, is the figure of Lear; only his back is seen, but the bent form tells of the collapse after the cyclone of denunciation of his favorite daughter.

Mr. Abbey devoted himself for long to black and white work, but it was not on account of any lack of color sense that he did so. Few things are more remarkable about this artist than his sudden transition from an able black and white draughtsman to a painter of unusual accomplishment.

To paint in oils is easy; but to be able to use oil paint so as to get out of it the peculiar power of expression the medium is capable of comes to few artists. Young ladies generally paint in oils, believing that it is easier to do so than to paint in water-colors. There is a certain truth in this, as in most fallacies. It is easy to bury preliminary blunders under thick coats of sticky paint. But this is not oil-painting in the sense of Titian. If we look attentively at the surface of a picture by Titian, we find a wonderful variety in the way in which the actual paint is varied in its application to the canvas. This prince of painters did not consider that it was enough to color his canvas to the



Copyright, 1895, by E. A. Abbey.

Photo. Copyright, 1898, by Curtis and Cameron.

A SECTION OF MR. ABBEY'S "HOLY GRAIL" IN THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.

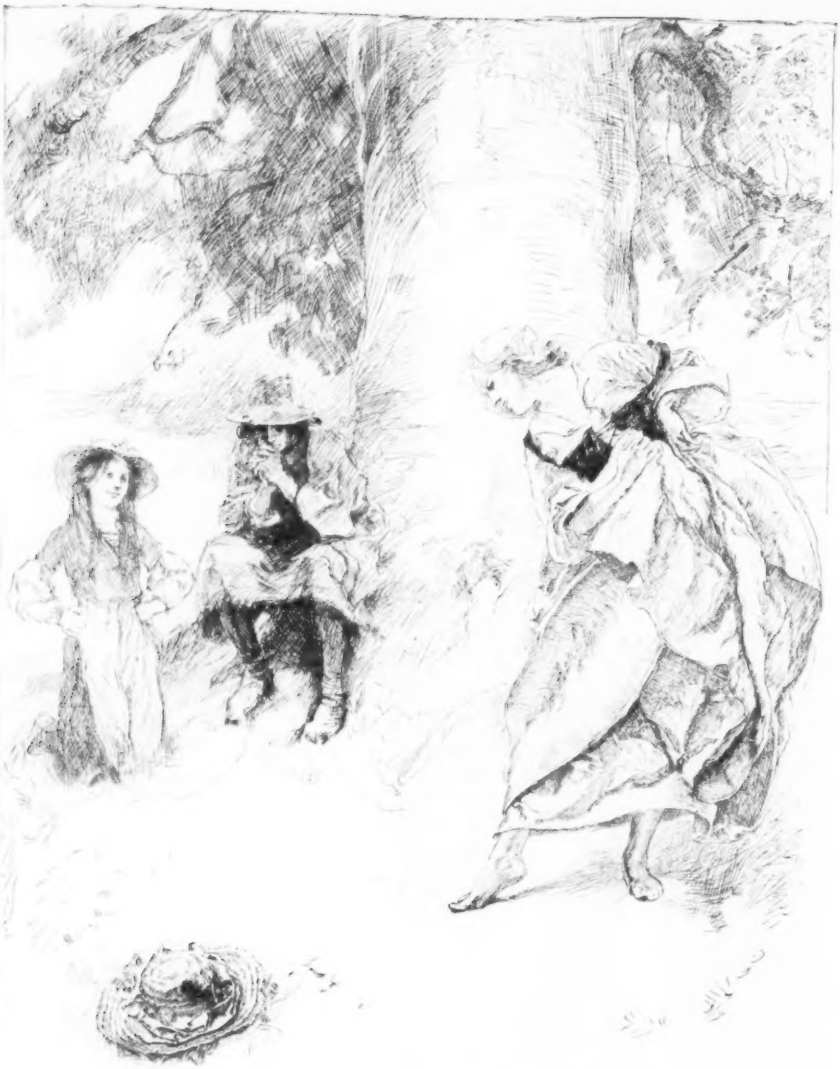
right hue in patches of given shapes. Rather he sought and found the right kind of touch necessary for every part of the picture, so that such a part might have its full and proper effect. Hazlitt said that words should be so chosen as to produce the "exact extreme characteristic impression." So it was with Titian. He was not satisfied merely to paint the flesh of Bacchus of a different color from that of the man with the snakes round his body on the right of the picture in the National Gallery. He gave a completely different consistency to the paint as well; its substance, as well as its color and shape, he made expressive. It must not be thought that mere differentiation of surface is all that is required, or else most of the Academicians would have to be pronounced painters in this highest sense. There are many people who can draw well, have a good feeling for color, can suggest the surfaces of the objects they represent, but still are not painters in this special application of the word. In no school of painting was the possession of this gift so common as in the Venetian. The Florentines rarely attained it. Velasquez, of course, was a master of this art, and so were Rembrandt and Holbein. If the reader has realized the significance of this subtle quality, he will also realize that it may exist in styles which in every other quality are wide asunder.

Mr. Abbey is conspicuous by the possession of this gift; he knows how to wield the magic of the brush so that his painting, apart from its color or form, is eloquent. Without this power the characterization of Cordelia would not have been as impressive as it is. There is something in the very way her figure and those of Regan and Goneril are painted that makes us realize the absolute division between her and her sisters. The miracle is that mere oil paint should be capable of such power of expression. William Hunt, in his admirable talks on art, says:

"Then the material in which they work is of a nature so impossible! Imagine! You have never tried it?—this undertaking to render sunlight, life, air, flowers, with the same tarry, unguent substance which you employ to keep wood from water-soak, or which you avoid for fear of having clothes soiled. For the sign 'Look out for PAINT' is hung up with the same universal conscience and has almost as much power as the sign 'Small-pox here.'"

No doubt many pictures, in spite of other qualities, always keep something of this freshly painted railings effect. But the true painter is he who can transmute the "tarry substance" into something which is in itself a joy to behold. From this question of paint to that of color is but a step. What is a colorist? He may use the most sober hues and yet be one; or, on the contrary, he may employ all the brilliant colors at once and still be one. Probably the least inaccurate definition of a colorist is this: he who so arranges colors that they shall be at once harmonious and effective. A number of sober grays may be put together by one who has no color sense so that they will look merely dull. But a colorist will arrange equally sober grays so that the beauty of their sobriety strikes us at once. But the test of a painter's capacity for harmony is when he comes to deal with strong and even violent colors. A master will place the most glaring hue so that it melts into the general scheme, and although it may dominate the picture, it is never isolated. Many painters use bright colors and yet do not produce that glowing effect which delights us in some works. Their colors seem hard and stiff; there is no reaction one upon another. But in such a work as the matchless "Concert," by Giorgione, in the Louvre, every color seems to belong to and be in harmony with every other, so that from top to bottom the picture glows as with golden sunlight. Mr. Abbey is too fond of accentuating individual patches of color to ever reach the supreme point of the art achieved by Giorgione and Titian. Nevertheless, in his own way, he is a remarkable colorist; for it seems an easy thing for him to assemble together all the colors which usually are looked upon as jarring, and then by the alchemy of his art turn them into harmony. This was notably the case in the picture of *Hamlet*, where, surrounded by red, dull green, and black, a purple flashed out with startling daring and success. It was in the background of this picture, which represents the King and Queen looking on at the play, that Mr. Abbey perhaps nearest approached to the ideal of coloring—that is, the perfect union of colors which presents to the eye a resplendent effect without the prominence

OPHELIA.
From Mr. Abbey's Painting of "Hamlet."



THOUGH Amaryllis dance in green
Like Fairy Queen,
And sing full clear,
Corinna can with smiling cheer,
Yet since their eyes make heart so sore,
Hey ho! chil love no more.

My sheep are lost for want of food,
And I so wood
That all the day
I sit and watch a herdmaid gay.
Who laughs to see me sigh so sore,
Hey ho! chil love no more.

Her loving looks, her beauty bright,
Is such delight,
That all in vain
I love to like, and lose my gain
For her, that thanks me not therefore.
Hey ho! chil love no more.

Ah, wanton eyes! my friendly foes,
And cause of woes!
Your sweet desire
Breeds flames of ice, and freeze in fire!
Yet scorn to see me weep so sore!
Hey ho! chil love no more.

Love ye who list, I force him not.
Since God is wot,
The more I wail,
The less my sighs and tears prevail.
What shall I do? but say therefore,
Hey ho! chil love no more.

of any particular hue. In this background green, red, and black were welded into a perfectly satisfactory harmony. It would be quite unjust to say that Mr. Abbey's pictures were anything but extremely harmonious; yet it is the salience of the colors that first strikes us, and after we have realized their brightness we recognize their harmony. The opposite is the case with the great Venetians. We are struck by the harmony first and the brightness of the colors afterwards.

When Mr. Abbey turned his attention from black and white to painting, he began a no less ambitious work than the decoration of a room in the Boston Library. The subject chosen, that of the Holy Grail, was one admirably adapted to the artist's special faculty of illustration—using this word in the special sense referred to at the beginning of this article. Of the finished half of the decorations the present writer can only judge from photographs, never having seen the originals, though he has seen the second half of the series now awaiting the finishing-touches in the artist's studio. This great series of wall-paintings reveals qualities of design which the artist had not made use of before he embarked on this work. There is a largeness of style combined with the wealth of detail that is new. This breadth of style, which, it may be said, might have been pushed still further without hurt, is indeed the essential quality of wall-decoration. Foremost among the modern masters of this noble branch of art stands Puvis de Chavannes, whose death in the plenitude of his powers European art deplores. The whole secret of the art of this great man, as he has told us himself, consists in elimination. In some autobiographical notes he has said, in reference to the difference between his system of wall-decoration and that usually practised in France:

"I have striven that every gesture should express something, and that the color, instead of contrasting, as in the past, with the whiteness of its frame, should harmonize with it. Instead of making holes in the wall, as do pictures which are too much forced, I have contented myself with simply decorating it."

Perhaps when Mr. Abbey undertakes another scheme of wall-decoration he will add still greater severity to his style; if he does, we need not fear that he will do so at the sacrifice of charm. In the designs of the Holy Grail decorations one cannot help being struck with the wonderful felicity and appropriateness of the artist's invention. What could be happier in its arrangement than the first of the series, where the kneeling nun holds up the baby Galahad before the angel bearing the Grail? The design of this angel is of the greatest beauty; in no other single figure has the artist exceeded the grace and felicity of arrangement of this "divine bird." The angel floats in the air; the bottom of its long white drapery is supported by fluttering doves, while the great wings, seen only in part, make an aureole to this bearer of the Holy Grail. Throughout this series Mr. Abbey has been at enormous pains to hunt up archæological details, and has laid the round-arched architecture of southern France under contribution. If contact with actual monuments and relics of the past stimulates the painter's imagination, let him be as learned as he pleases. But those who look on painting as a language of the emotions, and not as a means of conveying information as to actual things, will pay more attention to the striking effect produced by the assemblage of upright lances of the knights as they kneel in the chapel than to the date of the round arches. It must not be supposed for a moment that Mr. Abbey attaches any undue importance to the learned details of his work; he is much too sound a critic and true an artist to make any confusion between the flesh and the spirit of a picture. Mr. Abbey is by nature a scholar; he has a wide and at the same time a minute acquaintance with art, and his taste is of the most catholic description. While he occupies himself with the intricacies of form revealed in the elaborate mediæval dresses he loves to paint, he is keenly alive to the grandeur and severe majesty of Byzantine art. He can appreciate to the full those glowing Venetian idyls of which the Giorgione "Concert" in the Louvre is the archetype, while he is no less sensitive to the subtleties of a profile by Piero della Francesca. It is always interesting to speculate as to who were the artistic ancestors of a painter. Probably it would not be far wrong to trace many of Mr. Abbey's predilections in form and style to Holbein, Botticelli, and Carpaccio. It is to their love of grace, fancy, and exquisite taste that the modern paint-

er is akin, more than to the deeply reflective poetry and passionate inspiration of such men as Michelangelo and Tintoretto. This may be exemplified in the peculiarities of form noticeable in the work of Mr. Abbey. He inclines to thin, supple bodies, and delicate, sensitive faces and hands, rather than to statuesque or monumental ideals of form. His draperies, too, wind and twist into endless graceful folds, and are curious in pattern and rich in material. A heraldic feeling is often present, giving at once a quaintness and decorative charm not easy to describe, but easy to feel. These leanings show that the artist is more in accord with the joyous poetry of the early Renaissance than with the passion of the latter part of that period, more in sympathy with the May morning of Benozzo Gozzoli than with the dawn of Giotto or the sunset of Titian. It is without the slightest wish to depreciate that these comparisons have been made, but simply with the desire to understand. It is not the business of the writer on art to be a judge who sets up a standard and then condemns all who do not come up to it. Better that the critic should try to enter into the mind of him he writes about. His work of criticism is best accomplished by trying to realize what is the peculiar nature and bent of the mind of the man whose art is under consideration. If the point of view of the artist is truly set forth, the judgment will come of itself. It is in this spirit that the present study of the art of Mr. Abbey has been written, and its work will have been accomplished if the reader by its means may be brought to what De Quincey called the sympathy of comprehension; for this is the true road to the higher sympathy of approbation.

THE GAME AND THE NATION

BY OWEN WISTER

I.

ALL America is divided into two classes—the Quality and the Equality. The latter will always recognize the former when mistaken for it. Both will be with us until our women bear nothing but kings. This is a story about both, and it begins in Colonel Cyrus Jones's Eating Palace, where I came upon the Virginian one morning.

Did you know the Palace? It stood in Omaha near the trains, and it was ten years old (which is middle-aged in Omaha) when I first saw it. It was a shell of wood, painted with golden emblems—the steamboat, the eagle, the Yosemite—and a live bear ate gratuities at its entrance. Weather permitting, it opened upon the world as a stage upon the audience. You sat in Omaha's whole sight and dined, while Omaha's dust came and settled upon the refreshments. It is gone the way of the Indian and the buffalo, for the West is growing old. You should have seen the Palace, and sat there. In front of you passed rainbows of men—Chinese, Indian chiefs, Africans, General Miles, younger sons, Austrian nobility, wide females in pink. Our continent drained prismatically through Omaha once. So I was passing that way also, walking, for the sake of ventilation, from a sleeping-car toward a bath, when the language of Colonel Cyrus Jones came out to me. The actual Colonel I had never seen before. He stood at the rear of his Palace in gray flowery mustaches and a Confederate uniform, telling the wishes of his guests to the cook through a hole. You always bought meal-tickets at once, else you became unwelcome. Guests here had foibles at times, and a rapid exit was too easy. Therefore I bought a ticket. It was a spring and summer since I had heard anything like the Colonel. The Missouri had not yet flowed into New York dialect freely, and his vocabulary met me like the breeze of the plains. So I went in to be fanned by it, and there sat the Virginian at a table, alone. Now this unexpected cow-puncher belonged a thousand miles beyond Omaha. I was looking to ride with him before long among the clean hills of Wyoming. His greeting was up to the code of indifference proper on the plains; but he presently remarked, "I'm right glad to see somebody," which was a good

deal to say. "Them that comes hyeh," he observed next, "don't eat. They feed." And he considered the guests with a sombre attention. "D'yu' reckon they find joyful di-gestion in this swallo'-an'-get-out trough?"

"What are you doing here, then?" said I.

"Oh, pshaw! When yu' can't have what yu' choose, yu' just choose what yu' have." And he took the bill of fare. I began to know that he had something on his mind, so I did not trouble him further.

Meanwhile he sat studying the bill of fare.

"Ever heard o' them?" he inquired, shoving me the spotted document.

Most improbable dishes were there—salmis, canapés, suprêmes—perfectly spelt and absolutely transparent. It was the old trick of copying some metropolitan menu to catch travellers of the third and last dimension of innocence; and whenever this is done the food is of the third and last dimension of awfulness, which the cow-puncher knew as well as anybody.

"So they keep that up here still," I said.

"But what about them?" he repeated. His finger was at a special item, *Frogs' legs à la Delmonico.* "Are they true anywheres?" he asked. And I told him, certainly. I also explained to him about Delmonico.

"There's not a little bit o' use in lyin' to me this mawning," he said, with his engaging smile. "I ain' goin' to awdeh anything's laigs."

"Well, I'll see how he gets out of it," said I, remembering the old Texas legend. (The traveller read the bill of fare, you know, and called for a *vol-au-vent.* And the proprietor looked at the traveller, and running a pistol into his ear, observed, "You'll take hash.") I was thinking of this, and wondering what would happen to me. So I took the step.

"Wants frogs' legs, does he?" said Colonel Cyrus Jones. He fixed his eye upon me, and it narrowed to a slit. "Too many brain-workers breakfasting before yu' come in, professor," said he. "Missionary ate the last leg off me just now. Brown the wheat!" he commanded through the hole to the cook, for some one had ordered hot cakes.

"I'll have fried aiggs," said the Virginian. "Cooked both sides."

"White wings!" sang the Colonel through the hole. "Let 'em fly up and down."

"Coffee an' no milk," said the Virginian.

"Draw one in the dark!" the Colonel roared.

"And beefsteak, rare."

"One slaughter in the pan, and let the blood drip!"

"I should like a glass of water, please," said I.

The Colonel threw me a look of pity. "One Missouri and ice for the professor!" he said.

"That fello's a right live man," commented the Virginian. But he seemed thoughtful. Presently he inquired, "Yu' say he was a foreigner, an' learned fancy cookin' to New York?"

That was this cow-puncher's way. Scarcely ever would he let drop a thing new to him until he had got from you your whole information about it. So I told him the history of Augustine of Philadelphia, and of Lorenzo Delmonico and his pioneer work, as much as I knew, and the Southerner listened intently.

"Mighty inter-estin'," he said—"mighty. He could just take little old or'n'ry frawgs, an' dandy 'em up to suit the bloods. Mighty inter-estin'. I expaict, though, his cookin' would give an out-raiged stomach to a plain-raised man."

"If you want to follow it up," said I, by way of sudden experiment, "Miss Molly Wood might have some book about French dishes." I knew the Bear Creek schoolmarm lent him books.

But the Virginian did not turn a hair. "I reckon she wouldn't," he answered. "She was raised in Vermont. They don't bother overly about their eatin' up in Vermont." If you have a heart secret, speaking the precise truth does about as well as the Sphinx. "Hyeh's what Miss Wood recommended las' time I was seein' her," the cow-puncher added, bringing *Kenilworth* from his pocket. "Right fine story. That Queen Elizabeth must have cert'nly been a competent woman."

"She was," said I. But talk came to an end here. A dusty crew, most evidently from the plains, now entered and drifted to a table; and each man of them gave the Virginian about a quarter of a slouchy nod. His greeting to them was very serene. Only, *Kenilworth* went

back into his pocket, and he breakfasted in silence. Presently we went together to the railway-yard.

"The Judge is doing a right smart o' business this year," he began, very casually indeed; so that I knew this was important. Besides bells and coal smoke, the smell and crowded sounds of cattle rose in the air around us. "Hyeh's our first gather o' beeves on the ranch," continued the Virginian. "The whole lot's shipped through to Chicago in two sections over the Burlington. The Judge is fighting the Elkhorn road." We passed slowly along the two trains—twenty cars, each car packed with huddled, round-eyed, gazing steers. He examined to see if any animals were down. "They 'ain't ate or drank anything to speak of," he said, while the terrified brutes stared at us through their slats. "Not since they struck the railroad they've not drank. Yu' might suppose they know somehow what they're travellin' to Chicago for." And casually, always casually, he told me the rest. Judge Henry could not spare his foreman away from the second gather of beeves. Therefore these two ten-car trains with their double crew of cowboys had been given to the Virginian's charge. After Chicago, he was to return with the men by St. Paul over the Northern Pacific; for the Judge had wished him to see the authorities in St. Paul, and explain to them how good a thing it would be for them to allow especially cheap rates to the Sunk Creek outfit henceforth. This was all the Virginian told me; and it contained the whole matter, to be sure.

"So you're acting foreman," said I.

"Why, somebody has to have the say, I reckon."

"And of course you hated the promotion."

"I don't know about promotion," he replied. "The boys have been used to seein' me one of themselves. Why don't yu' come along with us far as Plattsmouth?" Thus he shifted the subject from himself, and called to my notice the locomotives backing up to his cars, and reminded me that from Plattsmouth I had the choice of two trains returning. But he could not hide or belittle this confidence of his employer in him. It was the care of several thousand perishable dollars, and the control of men. It was a compliment. There were more steers than men to be responsible for; but none of the steers had been suddenly picked from the herd and set above his fellows. Moreover, Chicago finished up the steers; but the new-made deputy-foreman had then to lead his six highly unoccupied brethren away from towns, and back in peace to the ranch—or disappoint the Judge, who needed their services. These things sometimes go wrong in a land where you are all born free and equal; and that quarter of a nod in Colonel Cyrus Jones's Eating Palace held more equality than any whole nod you could see. But the Virginian did not see it, there being a time for all things.

We trundled down the flopping, heavy-eddied Missouri to Plattsmouth, and there they backed us aside—the Christian Endeavor being expected to pass that way. And while the equality absorbed themselves in a deep but harmless game of poker by the side of the railway line, the Virginian and I sat on the top of a car contemplating the sandy shallows of the Platte.

"I should think you'd take a hand," said I.

"Poker? With them kittens?" One flash of the inner man lightened in his eyes and died away; and he finished in his gentle drawl, "When I play I want it to be interestin'." He took out Sir Walter's *Kenilworth* once more, and turned the volume over and over slowly, without opening it. You cannot tell if in spirit he wandered on Bear Creek with the girl whose book it was. The spirit will go one road, and the thought another, and the body its own way sometimes. "Queen Elizabeth would have played a mighty pow'ful game," was his next remark.

"Poker?" said I.

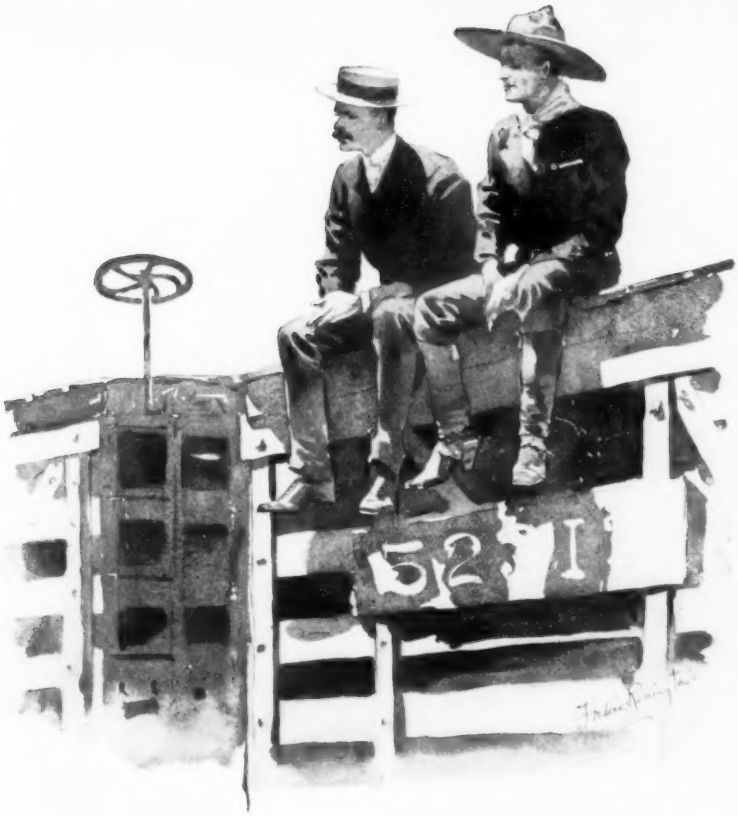
"Yes, seh. Do you expaict Europe has got any queen equal to her at present?"

I doubted it.

"Victoria 'd get pretty nigh slain sliding chips out agaynst Elizabeth. Only mos' prob'ly Victoria she'd insist on a half-cent limit. You have read this hyeh *Kenilworth?* Well, deal Elizabeth ace high, an' she could scare Robert Dudley and a full house plumb out o' the bettin'."

I said that I believed she unquestionably could.

"And," said the Virginian, "if Essex's play got next her too near, I reckon she'd



"POKER? WITH THEM KITTENS?"

have stacked the cyards. Say, Shakspere—he wrote about that fat man?"

"Falstaff? He did."

"I saw that in San Francisco las' time. I've saw that in Denver, Chicago, Saynt Paul—I always go to see that. It's a right down shame Shakspere couldn't know about poker. He'd have had Falstaff playing all day at that Tearsheet outfit. And the Prince would have beat him."

"The Prince had the brains," said I.

"Brains?"

"Well, didn't he?"

"I neveh thought to notice. Like as not he did."

"And Falstaff didn't, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, seh! Falstaff could have played whist."

"I suppose you know what you're talking about. I don't," said I. For he was drawling again.

The cow-puncher's eye rested a moment amiably upon me. "You can play whist with your brains," he mused. "Brains and cyards. Now cyards are only one o' the manifestations of poker in this hyeh world. One o' the shapes yu' fool with it in when the day's work is oveh. If a man is built like that Prince boy was built (an' it's away down deep beyond brains), he'll play winnin' poker with whatever hand he's holdin' when the trouble begins. Maybe it will be a mean, triflin'

army, or an empty six-shooter, or a lame hawss, or maybe just nothing but his natural countenance. 'Most any old thing will do for a fellow like that Prince boy to play poker with."

"Then I'd be grateful for your definition of poker," said I.

Again the Virginian looked me over amiably. "You put up a mighty pretty game o' whist yourself," he remarked. "Don't that give yu' the contented spirit?" And before I had any reply to this, the Christian Endeavor began to come over the bridge. Three instalments crossed the Missouri from Pacific Junction, bound for Pikes Peak, every car in bright bunting, and at each window a Christian with a handkerchief, joyously shrieking. Then the cattle trains got the open signal, and I jumped off.

"Tell the Judge the steers was all right this far," said the Virginian.

That was the last of the deputy-foreman for a while.

II.

My road to Sunk Creek lay in no straight line. By rail I diverged northwest to Fort Meade, and thence, after some stay with the kind military people, I made my way on a horse. Up here in the Black Hills it sluiced rain most intolerably. The horse and I enjoyed the country and ourselves but little; and when finally I changed from the saddle into a stage-coach, I caught a thankful expression upon the animal's face, and returned the same.

"Six legs inside this jerky to-night?" said somebody, as I climbed the wheel. "Well, we'll give thanks for not havin' eight," he added, cheerfully. "Clamp your mind on to that, Shorty." And he slapped the shoulder of his neighbor. Naturally I took these two for old companions. But we were all total strangers. They told me of the new gold excitement at Rawhide, and supposed it would bring up the Northern Pacific; and when I explained the millions owed to this road's German bondholders, they were of opinion that a German would strike it richer at Rawhide. We spoke of all sorts of things, and in our silence I gloated on the autumn holiday promised me by Judge Henry. His last letter had said that an outfit would be starting for his ranch from Billings on the seventh, and he would have a horse for me. This was the fifth. So we six legs in the jerky travelled harmoniously on over the rain-gutted road, getting no deeper knowledge of each other than what our outsides might imply.

Not that we concealed anything. The man who had slapped Shorty introduced himself early. "Scipio Le Moyne, from Gallipolice, Ohio," he said. "The eldest of us always gets called Scipio. It's French. But us folks have been white for a hundred years." He was limber and light-muscled, and fell skilfully about, evading bruises when the jerky reeled or rose on end. He had a strange long jocular nose, very wary-looking, and a bleached blue eye. Cattle was his business, as a rule, but of late he had been "looking around some," and Rawhide seemed much on his brain. Shorty struck me as "looking around" also. He was quite short, indeed, and the jerky hurt him almost every time. He was light-haired and mild. Think of a yellow dog that is lost, and fancies each new-comer in sight is going to turn out his master, and you will have Shorty.

It was the Northern Pacific that surprised us into intimacy. We were nearing Medora. We had made a last arrangement of our legs. I lay stretched in silence, placid in the knowledge it was soon to end. So I drowsed. I felt something sudden, and waking, saw Scipio passing through the air. As Shorty next shot from the jerky I beheld smoke and the locomotive. The Northern Pacific had changed its schedule. A valise is a poor companion for catching a train with. There were rutted sand and lumpy, knee-high grease-wood in our short-cut. A piece of stray wire sprang from some hole and hung caracoling about my ankle. Tin cans spun from my stride. But we made a conspicuous race. Two of us waved hats, and there was no moment that some one of us was not screeching. It meant twenty-four hours to us.

Perhaps we failed to catch the train's attention, though the theory seems monstrous. As it moved off in our faces, smooth and easy and insulting, Scipio dropped instantly to a walk, and we two others outstripped him and came desperately to the empty track. There went the train. Even still its puffs were the separated puffs of starting, that bitten-off, snorty kind, and sweat and our true natures broke freely forth.

I kicked my valise, and then sat on it, dumb.

Shorty yielded himself up aloud. All his humble secrets came out of him. He walked aimlessly round, lamenting. He had lost his job, and he mentioned the ranch. He had played cards, and he mentioned the man. He had sold his horse and saddle to catch a friend on this train, and he mentioned what the friend had been going to do for him. He told a string of griefs and names to the air, as if the air knew.

Meanwhile Scipio arrived with extreme leisure at the rails. He stuck his hands into his pockets and his head out at the very small train. His bleached blue eyes shut to slits as he watched the rear car in its smoke blur ooze away westward among the mounded bluffs. "Lucky it's out of range," I thought. But now Scipio spoke to it.

"Why, you seem to think you've left me behind," he began, easily, in fawning tones. "You're too much of a kid to have such thoughts. Age some." His next remark grew less wheedling. "I wouldn't be a bit proud to meet yu'. Why, if I was seen travellin' with yu', I'd have to explain it to my friends! Think yu've got me left, do yu'? Just because yu' ride through this country on a rail, do yu' claim yu' can find your way around? I could take yu' out ten yards in the brush and lose yu' in ten seconds, you spangle-roofed hobo! Leave *me* behind! you recent blanket-mortgage yearlin'? You plush-lined, nickel-plated, whistlin' wash-room, d'yu' figure I can't go east just as soon as west? Or I'll stay right here if it suits me, yu' dude-inhabited hot-box. Why, yu' coon-bossed face-towel—" But from here he rose in flights of novelty that appalled and held me spellbound, and which are not for me to say to you. Then he came down easily again, and finished with expressions of sympathy for it because it could never have known a mother.

"Do you expaict it could show a male parent off-hand?" inquired a slow voice behind us. I jumped round, and there was the Virginian.

"Male parent!" scoffed the prompt Scipio. "'Ain't you heard about *them* yet?"

"Them? Was there two?"

"Two? The blamed thing was sired by a whole doggone Dutch syndicate."

"Why, the piebald son of a gun!" responded the Virginian, sweetly. "I got them steers through all right," he added, to me. "Sorry to see yu' get so out o' breath afteh the train. Is your valise sufferin' any?"

"Who's he?" inquired Scipio, curiously, turning to me.

The Southerner sat with a newspaper on the rear platform of a caboose. The caboose stood hitched behind a mile or so of freight-train, and the train was headed west. So here was the deputy-foreman, his steers delivered in Chicago, his men (I could hear them) safe in the caboose, his paper in his lap, and his legs dangling at ease over the railing. He wore the look of a man for whom things are going smooth. And for me the way to Billings was smooth now, also.

"Who's he?" Scipio repeated.

But from inside the caboose loud laughter and noise broke on us. Some one was reciting "And it's my night to howl."

"We'll all howl when we get to Rawhide," said some other one; and they howled now.

"These hyeh steam-cyars," said the Virginian to Scipio, "make a man's language mighty nigh as speedy as his travel." Of Shorty he took no notice whatever—no more than of the manifestations in the caboose.

"So yu' heard me speakin' to the express," said Scipio. "Well, I guess, sometimes I— See here," he exclaimed, for the Virginian was gravely considering him, "I may have talked some, but I walked a whole lot. You didn't catch *me* squandering no speed. Soon as—"

"I noticed," said the Virginian. "Thinkin' came quicker to yu' than runnin'."

I was glad I was not Shorty, to have my measure taken merely by my way of missing a train. And of course I was sorry that I had kicked my valise.

"Oh, I could tell yu'd been enjoying us!" said Scipio. "Observin' somebody else's scrape always kind o' rests me too. Maybe you're a philosopher, but maybe there's a pair of us drawd in this deal."

Approval now grew plain upon the face of the Virginian. "By your laigs," said he, "you are used to the saddle."

"I'd be called used to it, I expect."

"By your hands," said the Southerner, again, "you 'ain't roped many steers lately. Been cookin' or something?"

"Say," retorted Scipio, "tell my future

"HAVE YOUR BOTTLE, THEN."

some now. Draw a conclusion from my mouth."

"I'm right distressed," answered the gentle Southerner. "We've not a drop in the outfit."

"Oh, drink with me uptown!" cried Scipio. "I'm pleased to death with yu'."

The Virginian glanced where the saloons stood just behind the station, and shook his head.

"Why, it ain't a bit far to whiskey from here!" urged the other, plaintively. "Step down, now. Scipio Le Moyne's my name. Yes, you're lookin' for my brass ear-rings. But there ain't no ear-

rings on me. I've been white for a hundred years. Step down. I've a forty-dollar thirst."

"You're certainly white," began the Virginian. "But—"

Here the caboose resumed:

"I'm wild, and woolly, and full of fleas;
I'm hard to curry above the knees;
I'm a she-wolf from Bitter Creek, and
It's my night to ho-o-wl—"

And as they howled and stamped, the wheels of the caboose began to turn gently and to murmur.

The Virginian rose suddenly. "Will yu' save that thirst and take a forty-dollar job?"

"Missin' trains, profanity, or what?" said Scipio.

"I'll tell yu' soon as I'm sure."

At this Scipio looked hard at the Virginian. "Why, you're talking business!" said he, and leaped on the caboose, where I was already. "I *was* thinkin' of Rawhide," he added, "but I ain't any more."

"Well, good luck!" said Shorty, on the track behind us.

"Oh, say!" said Scipio. "He wanted to go on that train, just like me."

"Get on," called the Virginian. "But as to getting a job, he ain't just like you." So Shorty came.

Our wheels clucked over the main-line switch. A train-hand threw it shut after us, jumped aboard, and returned forward over the roofs. Inside the caboose they had reached the third howling of the she-wolf.

"Friends of yourn?" said Scipio.

"My outfit," drawled the Virginian.

"Do yu' always travel outside?" inquired Scipio.

"It's lonesome in there," returned the deputy-foreman. And here one of them came out, slamming the door.

"Hell!" he said at sight of the distant town. Then, truculently, to the Virginian, "I told you I was going to get a bottle here."

"Have your bottle, then," said the deputy-foreman, and kicked him off into Dakota. (It was not North Dakota yet; they had not divided it.) The Virginian had aimed his pistol at about the same time with his boot. Therefore the man sat in Dakota quietly, watching us go away into Montana, and offering no objections. Just before he became too small to make out, we saw him rise and remove himself back toward the saloons.

III.

"That is the only step I have had to take this whole trip," said the Virginian. He holstered his pistol with a jerk. "I have been fearing he would force it on me." And he looked at empty, receding Dakota with disgust. "So nyeh back home!" he muttered.

"Known your friend long?" whispered Scipio to me.

"Fairly," I answered.

Scipio's bleached eyes brightened with admiration as he considered the Southerner's back. "Well," he stated, judicially, "start awful early when yu' go to fool with him, or he'll make you feel onpunctual."

"I expaict I've had them almost all of three thousand miles," said the Virginian, tilting his head toward the noise in the caboose. "And I've strove to deliver them back as I received them. The whole lot. And I would have. But he has spoiled my hopes." The deputy-foreman looked again at Dakota. "It's a disappointment," he added. "You may know what I mean."

I had known a little, but not to the very deep, of the man's pride and purpose in this trust. Scipio gave him sympathy. "There must be quite a balance of 'em left with yu' yet," said Scipio, cheeringly.

"I had the boys plumb contented," pursued the deputy-foreman, hurt into open talk of himself. "Away along as far as Saynt Paul I had them reconciled to my authority. Then this news about gold had to strike us."

"And they're a dreamin' nuggets and Parisian bowleyvards," suggested Scipio.

The Virginian smiled gratefully at him. "Fortune is shining bright and blindin' to their delicate young eyes," he said, regaining his usual self.

We all listened a moment to the rejoicings within.

"Energetic, ain't they?" said the Southerner. "But none of 'em was whelped savage enough to sing himself bloodthirsty. And though they're straining mighty earnest not to be tame, they're going back to Sunk Creek with me according to the Judge's awdehs. Never a calf of them will desert to Rawhide, for all their dangerousness; nor I ain' goin' to have any fuss over it. Only one is left now that don't sing. Maybe I will have to make some arrangements about him. The man I have parted with," he said,

with another glance at Dakota, "was our cook, and I will ask yu' to replace him, Colonel."

Scipio gaped wide. "Colonel! Say!" He stared at the Virginian. "Did I meet yu' at the Palace?"

"Not exackly meet," replied the Southerner. "I was praisent one mawnin' las' month when this gentleman awdehed trawgs' laigs."

"Sakes and saints but that was a mean position!" burst out Scipio. "I had to tell all comers anything all day. Stand up and jump language hot off my brain at 'em. And the pay don't near compensate for the drain on the system. I don't care how good a man is, you let him keep a-tapping his presence of mind right along, without takin' a lay-off, and you'll have him sick. Yes, sir. You'll hit his nerves. So I told them they could hire some fresh man, for I was going back to punch cattle or fight Indians, or take a rest somehow, for I didn't propose to get jaded, and me only twenty-five years old. There ain't no regular Colonel Cyrus Jones any more, yu' know. He met a Cheyenne telegraph pole in seventy-four, and was buried. But his Palace was doin' big business, and he had been a kind of attraction, and so they always keep a live bear outside, and some poor fello', fixed up like the Colonel used to be, inside. And it's a turruble mean position. Course I'll cook for yu'. Yo've a dandy memory for faces!"

"I wasn't right convinced till I kicked him off and you gave that shut to your eyes again," said the Virginian.

Once more the door opened. A man with slim black eyebrows, slim black mustache, and a black shirt tied with a white handkerchief was looking steadily from one to the other of us.

"Good-day!" he remarked, generally, and without enthusiasm; and to the Virginian, "Where's Schoffner?"

"I expaict he'll have got his bottle by now, Trampas."

Trampas looked from one to the other of us again. "Didn't he say he was coming back?"

"He reminded me he was going for a bottle, and afteh that he didn't wait to say a thing."

Trampas looked at the platform and the railing and the steps. "He told me he was coming back," he insisted.

"I don't reckon he has come, not without he clumb up ahaid somewhere. An' I mus' say, when he got off he didn't look like a man does when he has the intention o' returnin'."

At this Scipio coughed, and pared his nails attentively. We had already been avoiding each other's eye. Shorty did not count. Since he got aboard, his meek seat had been the bottom step.

The thoughts of Trampas seemed to be in difficulty. "How long's this train been started?" he demanded.

"This hyeh train?" The Virginian consulted his watch. "Why, it's been fanning it a right smart little while," said he, laying no stress upon his indolent syllables.

"Huh!" went Trampas. He gave the rest of us a final unlovely scrutiny. "It seems to have become a passenger-train," he said. And he returned abruptly inside the caboose.

"Is he the member who don't sing?" asked Scipio.

"That's the specimen," replied the Southerner.

"He don't seem musical in the face," said Scipio.

"Pshaw!" returned the Virginian. "Why, you surely ain't the man to mind ugly mugs when they're hollow!"

The noise inside had dropped quickly to stillness. You could scarcely catch the sound of talk. Our caboose was clicking comfortably westward, rail after rail, mile upon mile, while night was beginning to rise from earth into the clouded sky.

"I wonder if they have sent a search party forward to hunt Shoffner?" said the Virginian. "I think I'll maybe join their meeting." He opened the door upon them. "Kind o' dark hyeh, ain't it?" said he. And lighting the lantern, he shut us out.

"What do yu' think?" said Scipio to me. "Will he take them to Sunk Creek?"

"He evidently thinks he will," said I. "He says he will, and he has the courage of his convictions."

"That ain't near enough courage to have!" Scipio exclaimed. "There's times in life when a man has got to have courage *without* convictions—without them—or he is no good. Now your friend is that deep constitooted that you don't know and I don't know what he's thinkin' about all this."

"If there's to be any gun-play," put in the excellent Shorty, "I'll stand in with him."

"Ah, go to bed with your gun-play!" retorted Scipio, entirely good-humored. "Is the Judge paying for a car-load of dead punchers to gather his beef for him? And this ain't a proposition worth a man's gettin' hurt for himself, anyway."

"That's so," Shorty assented.

"No," speculated Scipio, as the night drew deeper round us and the caboose click-clucked and click-clucked over the rail joints; "he's waitin' for somebody else to open this pot. I'll bet he don't know but one thing now, and that's that nobody else shall know he don't know anything."

Scipio had delivered himself. He lighted a cigarette, and no more wisdom came from him. The night was established. The rolling bad-lands sank away in it. A train-hand had arrived over the roof, and hanging the red lights out behind, left us again without remark or symptom of curiosity. The train-hands seemed interested in their own society and lived in their own caboose. A chill wind with wet in it came blowing from the invisible draws, and brought the feel of the distant mountains.

"That's Montana!" said Scipio, snuffing. "I am glad to have it inside my lungs again."

"Ain't yu' getting cool out there?" said the Virginian's voice. "Plenty room inside."

Perhaps he had expected us to follow him; or perhaps he had meant us to delay long enough not to seem like a re-enforcement. "These gentlemen missed the express at Medora," he observed to his men, simply.

What they took us for upon our entrance I cannot say, or what they believed. The atmosphere of the caboose was charged with voiceless currents of thought. By way of a friendly beginning to the three hundred miles of caboose we were now to share so intimately, I recalled myself to them. I trusted no more of the Christian Endeavor had delayed them. "I am so lucky to have caught you again," I finished. "I was afraid my last chance of reaching the Judge's had gone."

Thus I said a number of things designed to be agreeable, but they met my small-talk with the smallest talk you can have. "Yes," for instance, and "Pretty well, I guess," and grave strikings of matches and thoughtful looks at the floor. I suppose we had made twenty miles to the imperturbable clicking of the caboose when one at length asked his neighbor had he ever seen New York.

"No," said the other. "Flooded with dudes, ain't it?"

"Swimmin'," said the first.

"Leakin', too," said a third.

"Well, my gracious!" said a fourth, and beat his knee in private delight. None of them ever looked at me. For some reason I felt exceedingly ill at ease.

"Good clothes in New York," said the third.

"Rich food," said the first.

"Fresh eggs, too," said the third.

"Well, my gracious!" said the fourth, beating his knee.

"Why, yes," observed the Virginian, unexpectedly; "they tell me that aiggs there ain't liable to be so rotten as yu'll strike 'em in this country."

None of them had a reply for this, and New York was abandoned. For some reason I felt much better.

It was a new line they adopted next, led off by Trampas.

"Going to the excitement?" he inquired, selecting Shorty.

"Excitement?" said Shorty, looking up.

"Going to Rawhide?" Trampas repeated. And all watched Shorty.

"Why, I'm all adrift missin' that express," said Shorty.

"Maybe I can give you employment," suggested the Virginian. "I am taking an outfit across the basin."

"You'll find most folks going to Rawhide, if you're looking for company," pursued Trampas, fishing for a recruit.

"How about Rawhide, anyway?" said Scipio, skilfully deflecting this missionary work. "Are they taking much mineral out? Have yu' seen any of the rock?"

"Rock?" broke in the enthusiast who had beaten his knee. "There!" And he brought some from his pocket.

"You're always showing your rock," said Trampas, sulkily; for Scipio now held the conversation, and Shorty returned safely to his dozing.

"Hm!" went Scipio at the rock. He turned it back and forth in his hand,

"'AFRAID!' HE SNEERED."

looking it over; he chucked and caught it slightingly in the air, and handed it back. "Porphyry, I see." That was his only word about it. He said it cheerily. He left no room for discussion. You could not damn a thing worse. "Ever been in Santa Rita?" pursued Scipio, while the enthusiast slowly pushed his rock back into his pocket. "That's down in New Mexico. Ever been to Globe, Arizona?" And Scipio talked away about the mines he had known. There was no getting at Shorty any more that evening. Trampas was foiled of his fish, or of learning how the fish's heart lay. And by morning Shorty had been carefully instructed to change his mind about once an hour. This is apt to discourage all but very superior missionaries. And I too escaped for the rest of this night. At Glendive we had a dim supper, and I bought some blankets; and after that it was late, and sleep occupied the attention of us all.

We lay along the shelves of the caboose, a peaceful sight I should think, in that smoothly trundling cradle. I slept almost immediately, so tired that not even our stops or anything else waked me, save once, when the air I was breathing grew suddenly pure, and I roused. Sitting in the door was the lonely figure of the Virginian. He leaned in silent contemplation of the occasional moon, and beneath it the Yellowstone's swift ripples. On the caboose shelves the others slept

sound and still, each stretched or coiled as he had first put himself. They were not untrustworthy to look at, it seemed to me—except Trampas. You would have said the rest of that young humanity was average rough male blood, merely needing to be told the proper things at the right time; and one big bunchy stocking of the enthusiast stuck out of his blanket, solemn and innocent, and I laughed at it. There was a light sound by the door, and I found the Virginian's eye on me. Finding who it was, he nodded and motioned with his hand to go to sleep. And this I did with him in my sight, still leaning in the open door, through which came the interrupted moon and the swimming reaches of the Yellowstone.

It has happened to you, has it not, to wake in the morning and wonder for a while where on earth you are? Thus I came half to life in the caboose, hearing voices, but not the actual words at first.

But presently, "Hathaway!" said some one more clearly. "Portland 1291."

This made no special stir in my intelligence, and I drowsed off again to the pleasant rhythm of the wheels. The little shock of stopping next brought me to, somewhat, with the voices still round me; and when we were again in motion, I heard: "Rosebud. Portland 1279." These figures jarred me awake, and I said, "It was 1291 before," and sat up in my blankets.

The greeting they vouchsafed and the sight of them clustering expressionless in the caboose brought last evening's uncomfortable memory back to me. Our next stop revealed how things were going to-day.

"Forsythe," one of them read on the station. "Portland 1266."

They were counting the lessening distance westward. That was the undercurrent of war. It broke on me as I procured fresh water at Forsythe and made some toilet in their stolid presence. We were drawing nearer the Rawhide station—the point, I mean, where you left the railway for the new mines. Now Rawhide station lay this side of Billings. The broad path of desertion would open ready for their feet when the narrow path to duty and Sunk Creek was still some fifty miles more to wait. Here was Trampas's great strength; he need make no move meanwhile, but lie low for the immediate temptation to front and way-lay them and win his battle over the deputy-foreman. But the Virginian seemed to find nothing save enjoyment in this sunny September morning, and ate his breakfast at Forsythe serenely.

That meal done and that station gone, our caboose took up again its easy trundle by the banks of the Yellowstone. The mutineers sat for a while digesting in idleness.

"What's your scar?" inquired one at length, inspecting casually the neck of his neighbor.

"Foolishness," the other answered.

"Yourn?"

"Mine."

"Well, I don't know but I prefer to have myself to thank for a thing," said the first.

"I was displaying myself," continued the second. "One day last summer it was. We come on a big snake by Torrey Creek corral. The boys got betting pretty lively that I dassent make my word good as to dealing with him, so I loped my cayuse full tilt by Mr. Snake, and swung down and catched him up by the tail from the ground, and cracked him same as a whip, and snapped his head off. You've saw it done?" he said to the audience.

The audience nodded wearily.

"But the loose head flew agin me, and the fangs caught. I was pretty sick for a while."

"It don't pay to be clumsy," said the first man. "If you'd snapped the snake away from yu' instead of towards yu', its head would have whirled off into the brush, same as they do with me."

"How like a knife-cut your scar looks!" said I.

"Don't it?" said the snake-snapper. "There's many that gets fooled by it."

"An antelope knows a snake is his enemy," said another to me. "Ever seen a buck circling round and round a rattler?"

"I have always wanted to see that," said I, heartily. For this I knew to be a respectable piece of truth.

"It's worth seeing," the man went on. "After the buck gets close in, he gives an almighty jump up in the air, and down comes his four hoofs in a bunch right on top of Mr. Snake. Cuts him all to hash. Now you tell me how the buck knows that."

Of course I could not tell him. And

again we sat in silence for a while—friendlier silence, I thought.

"A skunk 'll kill yu' worse than a snake-bite," said another, presently. "No, I don't mean that way," he added. For I had smiled. "There is a brown skunk down in Arkansaw. Kind of prairie-dog brown. Littler than our variety, he is. And he is mad the whole year round, same as a dog gets. Only the dog has a spell and dies; but this here Arkansaw skunk is mad right along, and it don't seem to interfere with his business in other respects. Well, suppose you're camping out, and suppose it's a hot night, or you're in a hurry and you've made camp late, or anyway you haven't got inside any tent, but you have just bedded down in the open. Skunk comes travelling along and walks on your blankets. You're warm. He likes that, same as a cat does. And he tramps with pleasure and comfort, same as a cat. And you move. You get bit, that's all. And you die of hydrophobia. Ask anybody."

"Most extraordinary!" said I. "But did you ever see a person die from this?"

"No, sir. Never happened to. My cousin at Bald Knob did."

"Died?"

"No, sir. Saw a man."

"But how do you know they're not sick skunks?"

"No, sir! They're well skunks. Well as anything. You'll not meet skunks in any State of the Union more robust than them in Arkansaw. And thick."

"That's awful true," sighed another. "I have buried hundreds of dollars' worth of clothes in Arkansaw."

"Why didn't yu' travel in a sponge-bag?" inquired Scipio. And this brought a slight silence.

"Speakin' of bites," spoke up a new man, "how's that?" He held up his thumb.

"My!" breathed Scipio. "Must have been a lion."

The man wore a wounded look. "I was huntin' owl eggs for a botanist from Boston," he explained to me.

"Chiropodist, weren't he?" said Scipio. "Or maybe a somnabulator?"

"No, honest," protested the man with the thumb; so that I was sorry for him, and begged him to go on.

"I'll listen to you," I assured him. And I wondered why this politeness of mine should throw one or two of them into stifled mirth. Scipio, on the other hand, gave me a disgusted look and sat back sullenly for a moment, and then took himself out on the platform, where the Virginian was lounging.

"The young feller wore knee-pants and ever so thick spectacles with a half-moon cut in 'em," resumed the narrator; "and he carried a tin box strung to a strap I took for his lunch till it flew open on him and a horn toad hustled out. Then I was sure he was a botanist—or whatever yu' say they're called. Well, he would have owl eggs—them little prairie-owl that some claim can turn their head clean around and keep a-watchin' yu', only that's nonsense. We was ridin' through that prairie-dog town used to be on the flat just after yu' crossed the south fork of Powder River on the Buffalo trail, and I said I'd dig an owl nest out for him if he was willin' to camp till I'd dug it. I wanted to know about them owls some myself—if they did live with the dogs and snakes, yu' know," he broke off, appealing to me.

"Oh, yes," I told him, eagerly.

"So while the botanist went glarin' around the town with his glasses to see if he could spot a prairie-dog and an owl usin' the same hole, I was diggin' in a hole I'd seen an owl run down. And that's what I got." He held up his thumb again.

"The snake!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, sir. Mr. Rattler was keepin' house that day. Took me right there. I hauled him out of the hole hangin' to me. Eight rattles."

"Eight!" said I. "A big one."

"Yes, sir. Thought I was dead. But the woman—"

"The woman?" said I.

"Yes, woman. Didn't I tell yu' the botanist had his wife along? Well, he did. And she acted better than the man, for he was losin' his head and shoutin' he had no whiskey and he didn't guess his knife was sharp enough to amputate my thumb and none of us chewed and the doctor was twenty miles away and if he had only remembered to bring his ammonia—well, he was screeching out 'most everything he knew in the world, and without arranging it any, neither. But she just clawed his pocket and burrowed and kep' yelling, 'Give him the stone, Augustus!' And she whipped out one of them Injun medicine-stones—first one I ever seen—and

she clapped it on to my thumb, and it started in right away."

"What did it do?" said I.

"Sucked. Like blotting-paper does. Soft and funny it was, and gray. They get 'em from elks' stomachs, yu' know. And when it had sucked the poison out of the wound, off it falls of my thumb by itself! And I thanked the woman for saving my life that capable and keeping her head that cool. I never knowed how excited she had been till afterwards. She was awful shocked."

"I suppose she started to talk when the danger was over," said I, with deep silence around me.

"No; she didn't say nothing to me. But when her next child was born it had eight rattles."

Din now rose wild in the caboose. They rocked together. The enthusiast beat his knee tumultuously. And I joined them. Who could help it? It had been so well conducted from the imperceptible beginning. Fact and falsehood blended with such perfect art. And this last, an effect so new made with such world-old material! I cared nothing that I was the victim, and I joined them; but ceased, feeling suddenly somehow estranged or chilled. It was in their laughter. The loudness was too loud. And I caught the eyes of Trampas fixed upon the Virginian with exultant malevolence. Scipio's disgusted glance was upon me from the door.

Dazed by these signs, I went out on the platform to get away from the noise. There the Virginian said to me: "Cheer up! You'll not be so easy for 'em that-a-way next season."

He said no more; and with his legs dangled over the railing, appeared to resume his newspaper.

"What's the matter?" said I to Scipio.

"Oh, I don't mind if he don't," Scipio answered. "Couldn't yu' see? I tried to head 'em off from yu' all I knew, but yu' just ran in among 'em yourself. Couldn't yu' see? Kep' hinderin' and spoilin' me with askin' those urgent questions of yourn—why, I had to let yu' go your way! Why, that wasn't the ordinary play with the ordinary tenderfoot they treated you to! You ain't a common tenderfoot this trip. You're the foreman's friend. They've hit him through you. That's the way they count it. It's made them encouraged. Can't yu' see?"

Scipio stated it plainly. And as we ran by the next station, "Howard!" they harshly yelled. "Portland 1256!"

We had been passing gangs of workmen on the track. And at that last yell the Virginian rose. "I reckon I'll join the meeting again," he said. "This filling and repairing looks like the washout might have been true."

"Washout?" said Scipio.

"Big Horn bridge, they say, four days ago."

"Then I wish it came this side Rawhide station."

"Do yu'?" drawled the Virginian. And smiling at Scipio, he lounged in through the open door.

"He beats me," said Scipio, shaking his head. "His trail is turruble hard to anticipate."

We listened.

"Work bein' done on the road, I see," the Virginian was saying, very friendly and conversational.

"We see it too," said the voice of Trampas.

"Seem to be easin' their grades some."

"Roads do."

"Cheaper to build 'em the way they want 'em at the start, a man would think," suggested the Virginian, most friendly. "There go some more I-talians."

"They're Chinese," said Trampas.

"That's so," acknowledged the Virginian, with a laugh.

"What's he monkeyin' at now?" muttered Scipio.

"Without cheap foreigners they couldn't afford all this hyeh new gradin'," the Southerner continued.

"Grading! Can't you tell when a flood's been eating the banks?"

"Why, yes," said the Virginian, sweet as honey. "But 'ain't yu' heard of the improvements west of Big Timber, all the way to Missoula, this season? I'm talkin' about them."

"Oh! Talking about them. Yes, I've heard.'

"Good money-savin' scheme, ain't it?" said the Virginian. "Lettin' a freight run down one hill an' up the next as far as she'll go without steam, an' shavin' the hill down to that point." Now this was an honest engineering fact. "Better'n settin' dudes squintin' through telescopes an' cipherin' over one-per-cent. reductions," the Southerner commented.

"It's common-sense," assented Tram-

pas. "Have you heard the new scheme about the water-tanks?"

"I ain't right certain," said the Southerner.

"I must watch this," said Scipio, "or I shall bust." He went in, and so did I.

They were all sitting over this discussion of the Northern Pacific's recent policy as to betterments, as though they were the board of directors. Pins could have dropped. Only nobody would have cared to hear a pin.

"They used to put all their tanks at the bottom of their grades," said Trampas.

"Why, yu' get the water easier at the bottom."

"You can pump it to the top, though," said Trampas, growing superior. "And it's cheaper."

"That gets me," said the Virginian, interested.

"Trains after watering can start down hill now and get the benefit of the gravity. It'll cut down operating expenses a heap."

"That's cert'nly common-sense!" exclaimed the Virginian, absorbed. "But ain't it kind o' tardy?"

"Live and learn. So they gained speed, too. High speed on half the coal this season, until the accident."

"Accident?" said the Virginian, instantly.

"Yellowstone Limited. Man fired at engine-driver. Train was flying past that quick the bullet broke every window and killed a passenger on the back platform. You've been running too much with aristocrats," finished Trampas, and turned on his heel.

"Haw, haw!" began the enthusiast, but his neighbor gripped him to silence. This was a triumph too serious for noise. Not a mutineer moved; and I felt cold.

"Trampas," said the Virginian, "I thought yu'd be afeared to try it on me."

Trampas whirled round. His hand was at his belt. "Afraid!" he sneered.

"Shorty!" said Scipio, sternly, and leaping upon that youth, took his half-drawn pistol from him.

"I'm obliged to yu'," said the Virginian to Scipio.

Trampas's hand left his belt. He threw a slight easy look at his men, and keeping his back to the Virginian, walked out on the platform and sat on the chair where the Virginian had sat so much.

"Don't you comprehend," said the Virginian to Shorty, amiably, "that this hyeh question has been discussed peaceable by civilized citizens? Now you sit down and be good, and Mr. Le Moyne will return your gun when we're across that broken bridge, if they have got it fixed for heavy trains yet."

"This train will be lighter when it gets to that bridge," spoke Trampas, out on his chair.

"Why, that's true, too!" said the Virginian. "Maybe none of us are crossin' that Big Horn bridge now, except me. Funny if yu' should end by persuadin' me to quit and go to Rawhide myself! But I reckon I'll not. I reckon I'll worry along to Sunk Creek, somehow."

"Don't forget I'm cookin' for yu'," said Scipio, gruffly.

"I'm obliged to yu'," said the Southerner.

"You were speaking of a job for me," said Shorty.

"I'm right obliged. But yu' see—I ain't exackly foreman the way this comes out, and my promises might not bind Judge Henry to pay salaries."

A push came through the train from forward. We were slowing for the Rawhide station, and all began to be busy and to talk. "Going up to the mines today?" "Oh, let's grub first." "Guess it's too late, anyway." And so forth; while they rolled and roped their bedding, and put on their coats with a good deal of elbow motion, and otherwise showed off. It was wasted. The Virginian did not know what was going on in the caboose. He was leaning and looking out ahead, and Scipio's puzzled eye never left him. And as we halted for the water-tank, the Southerner exclaimed, "They 'ain't got away yet!" as if it were good news to him.

He meant the delayed trains. Four stalled expresses were in front of us, besides several freights. And two hours more at least before the bridge would be ready.

Travellers stood and sat about forlorn, near the cars, out in the sage-brush, anywhere. People in hats and spurs watched them, and Indian chiefs offered them painted bows and arrows and shiny horns.

"I reckon them passengers would prefer a laig o' mutton," said the Virginian to a man loafing near the caboose.

"Bet your life!" said the man. "First lot has been stuck here four days."

"Plumb starved, ain't they?" inquired the Virginian.

"Bet your life! They've eat up their dining-cars and they've eat up this town."

"Well," said the Virginian, looking at the town, "I expaict the dining-cyars contained more nourishment."

"Say! you're about right there!" said the man. He walked beside the caboose as we puffed slowly forward from the water-tank to our siding. "Fine business here if we'd only been ready," he continued. "And the Crow agent has let his Indians come over from the reservation. There has been a little beef brought in, and game, and fish. And big money in it, bet your life! Them Eastern passengers has just been robbed. I wisht I had somethin' to sell!"

"Anything starting for Rawhide this afternoon?" said Trampas, out of the caboose door.

"Not until morning," said the man. "You going to the mines?" he resumed to the Virginian.

"Why," answered the Southerner, slowly and casually, and addressing himself strictly to the man, while Trampas, on his side, paid obvious inattention, "this hyeh delay, yu' see, may unsettle our plans some. But it 'll be one of two ways—we're all goin' to Rawhide, or we're all goin' to Billings. We're all one party, yu' see."

Trampas laughed audibly inside the door as he rejoined his men. "Let him keep up appearances," I heard him tell them. "It don't hurt us what he says to strangers."

"But I'm goin' to eat hearty either way," continued the Virginian. "And I ain' goin' to be robbed. I've been kind o' promisin' myself a treat if we stopped hyeh."

"Town's eat clean out," said the man.

"So yu' tell me. But all you folks has forgot one source of revenue that yu' have right close by, mighty handy. If you have got a gunny sack, I'll show you how to make some money."

"Bet your life!" said the man.

"Mr. Le Moyne," said the Virginian, "the outfit's cookin' stuff is aboard, and if you'll get the fire ready we'll try how frawgs' laigs go fried." He walked off at once, the man following like a dog. Inside the caboose rose a gust of laughter.

"Frogs!" muttered Scipio. And then turning a blank face to me, "Frogs?"

"Colonel Cyrus Jones had them on his bill of fare," I said. "'*Frogs' Legs à la Delmonico.*'"

"Shoo! I didn't get up that thing. They had it when I come. Never looked at it. Frogs?" He went down the steps very slowly, with a long frown. Reaching the ground, he shook his head. "That man's trail is surely hard to anticipate," he said. "But I must hurry up that fire. For his appearance has given me encouragement," Scipio concluded, and became brisk. Shorty helped him, and I brought wood. Trampas and the other people strolled off to the station, a compact band.

Our little fire was built beside the caboose, so the cooking things might be easily reached and put back. You would scarcely think such operations held any interest, even for the hungry, when there seemed to be nothing to cook. A few sticks blazing tamely in the dust, a frying-pan, half a tin bucket of lard, some water, and barren plates and knives and forks, and three silent men attending to them—that was all. But the travellers came to see. These waifs drew near us, and stood, a sad, lorn, shifting fringe of audience; four to begin with; and then two wandered away; and presently one of these came back, finding it worse elsewhere. "Supper, boys?" said he. "Breakfast," said Scipio, crossly. And no more of them addressed us. I heard them joylessly mention Wall Street to each other, and Saratoga; I even heard the name Bryn-Mawr, which is near Philadelphia. But these fragments of home dropped in the wilderness here in Montana beside a freight caboose were of no interest to me now.

"Looks like frogs down there, too," said Scipio. "See them marshy sloos full of weeds?" We took a little turn and had a sight of the Virginian quite active among the ponds. "Hush! I'm getting some thoughts," continued Scipio. "He wasn't sorry enough. Don't interrupt me."

"I'm not," said I.

"No. But I'd 'most caught a-hold." And Scipio muttered to himself again, "He wasn't sorry enough." Presently he swore loud and brilliantly. "Tell yu'!" he cried. "What did he say to Trampas after that play they exchanged over railroad improvements and Trampas put the josh on him? Didn't he say,

'Trampas, I thought you'd be afraid to do it'? Well, sir, Trampas had better have been afraid. And that's what he meant. There's where he was bringin' it to. Trampas made an awful bad play then. You wait. Glory, but he's a knowin' man! Course he wasn't sorry. I guess he had the hardest kind of work to look as sorry as he did. You wait."

"Wait? What for? Go on, man! What for?"

"I don't know! I don't know! Whatever hand he's been holdin' up, this is the show-down. He's played for a show-down here before the caboose gets off the bridge. Come back to the fire, or Shorty'll be leavin' it go out. Grow happy some, Shorty!" he cried on arriving, and his hand cracked on Shorty's shoulder. "Supper's in sight, Shorty. Food for reflection."

"None for the stomach?" asked the passenger who had spoken once before.

"We're figuring on that too," said Scipio. His crossness had melted entirely away.

"Why, they're cowboys!" exclaimed another passenger; and he moved nearer.

From the station Trampas now came back, his herd following him less compactly. They had found famine, and no hope of supplies until the next train from the East. This was no fault of Trampas's; but they were following him less compactly. They carried one piece of cheese, the size of a fist, the weight of a brick, the hue of a corpse. And the passengers, seeing it, exclaimed, "There's Old Faithful again!" and took off their hats.

"You gentlemen met that cheese before, then?" said Scipio, delighted.

"It's been offered me three times a day for four days," said the passenger. "Did he want a dollar or a dollar and a half?"

"Two dollars!" blurted out the enthusiast. And all of us save Trampas fell into fits of imbecile laughter.

"Here comes our grub, anyway," said Scipio, looking off toward the marshes. And his hilarity sobered away in a moment.

"Well, the train will be in soon," stated Trampas. "I guess we'll get a decent supper without frogs."

All interest settled now upon the Virginian. He was coming with his man and his gunny sack, and the gunny sack hung from his shoulder heavily, as a full sack should. He took no notice of the gathering, but sat down and partly emptied the sack. "There," said he, very businesslike, to his assistant, "that's all we'll want. I think you'll find a ready market for the balance."

"Well, my gracious!" said the enthusiast. "What fool eats a frog?"

"Oh, I'm fool enough for a tadpole!" cried the passenger. And they began to take out their pocket-books.

"You can cook yours right hyeh, gentlemen," said the Virginian, with his slow Southern courtesy. "The dining-cyars don't look like they were fired up."

"How much will you sell a couple for?" inquired the enthusiast.

The Virginian looked at him with friendly surprise. "Why, help yourself! We're all together yet awhile. Help yourselves," he repeated, to Trampas and his followers. These hung back a moment, then, with a slinking motion, set the cheese upon the earth and came forward nearer the fire to receive some supper.

"It won't scarcely be Delmonico style," said the Virginian to the passengers, "nor yet Saynt Augustine." He meant Augustine of Philadelphia, whose history I had sketched him at Omaha. Scipio now officiated. His frying-pan was busy, and prosperous odors rose from it. "Run for a bucket of fresh water, Shorty," he continued, beginning his meal. "Colonel, yu' cook pretty near good. If yu' had sold 'em as advertised, yu'd have cert'nly made a name."

Several were now eating with satisfaction, but not Scipio. It was all that he could do to cook straight. The whole man seemed to glisten. His eye was shut to a slit once more, while the innocent passengers thankfully swallowed.

"Now, you see, you have made some money," began the Virginian to his assistant.

"Bet your life!" exclaimed the man. "Divvy, won't you?" And he held out half his gains.

"Keep 'em," returned the Southerner. "I reckon we're square. But I expaict they'll not equal Delmonico's, seh?" he said to a passenger.

"Don't trust the judgment of a man as hungry as I am!" exclaimed the traveller, with a laugh. And he turned to his fellow-travellers. "Did you ever enjoy supper at Delmonico's more than this?"

"Never!" they sighed.

"Why, look here," said the traveller, "what fools the people of this town are! Here we've been all these starving days, and you come and get ahead of them!"

"That's right easy explained," said the Virginian. "I've been where there was big money in frawgs, and they 'ain't been. They're all cattle hyeh. Talk cattle, think cattle, and they're bankrupt in consequence. Fallen through. Ain't that so?" he inquired of his assistant.

"That's about the way," said the man.

"It's mighty hard to do what your neighbors ain't doin'," pursued the Virginian. "Montana is all cattle, an' these folks must be cattle, an' never notice the country right hyeh is too small for a range, an' swampy, anyway, an' just waitin' to be a frawg-ranch."

At this, all wore a face of careful reserve.

"I'm not claimin' to be smarter than you folks hyeh," said the Virginian deprecatingly to his assistant. "But travellin' learns a man many customs. You wouldn't do the business they done at Tulare, California, north side o' the lake. They cert'nly utilized them hopeless swamps splendid. Of course they put up big capital and went into it scientific, gettin' advice from the government Fish Commission, an' such like knowledge. Yu' see, they had big markets for their frawgs — San Francisco, Los Angeles, and clear to New York afteh the Southern Pacific was through. But up hyeh yu' could sell to passengers every day like yu' done this one day. They would get to know yu' along the line. Competing swamps are scarce. The dining-cyars would take your frawgs, and you would have the Yellowstone Park for four months in the year. Them hotels are anxious to please, an' they would buy off you what their Eastern patrons esteem as fine eatin'. And you folks would be sellin' something instead o' nothing."

"That's a practical idea," said a traveller. "And little cost."

"And little cost," said the Virginian.

"Would Eastern people eat frogs?" inquired the man.

"Look at us!" said the traveller.

"Delmonico doesn't give yu' such a treat!" said the Virginian.

"Not exactly!" the traveller exclaimed.

"How much would be paid for frogs?" said Trampas to him. And I saw Scipio bend closer to his cooking.

"Oh, I don't know," said the traveller. "We've paid pretty well, you see."

"You're late for Tulare, Trampas," said the Virginian.

"I was not thinking of Tulare," Trampas retorted. Scipio's nose was in the frying-pan.

"Mos' comical spot you ever struck!" said the Virginian, looking round upon the whole company. He allowed himself a broad smile of retrospect. "To hear 'em talk frawgs at Tulare! Same as other folks talks hawsses or steers or whatever they're raising to sell. Yu'd fall into it yourselves if yu' started the business. Anything a man's bread and butter depends on he's going to be earnest about. Don't care if it is a frawg."

"That's so," said the assistant. "And it paid good?"

"The only money in the county was right there," answered the Virginian. "It was a dead county, and only frawgs was movin'. But that business was a-fannin' to beat four of a kind. It made yu' feel strange at first, as I said. For all the men had been cattle-men at one time or another. Till yu' got accustomed, it would give 'most anybody a shock to hear 'em speak about herdin' the bulls in a pasture by themselves." The Virginian allowed himself another smile, but became serious again. "That was their policy," he explained. "Except at certain times o' year they kept the bulls separate. The Fish Commission told 'em they'd better, and it cert'nly worked mighty well. It or something did—for, gentlemen, hush! but there was millions. You'd have said all the frawgs in the world had taken charge at Tulare. And the money rolled in! Gentlemen, hush! 'twas a gold-mine for the owners. Forty per cent. they netted some years. And they paid generous wages. For they could sell to all them French restaurants in San Francisco, yu' see. And there was the Cliff House. And the Palace Hotel made it a specialty. And the officers took frawgs at the Presidio, an' Angel Island, an' Alcatraz, an' Benicia. Los Angeles was beginnin' its boom. The corner-lot sharps wanted something by way of varnish. An' so they dazzled Eastern investors with advertising Tulare frawgs clear to N'Yol'ans an' New York. 'Twas only in Sacramento frawgs was dull. I expaict the California Legislature was too o'rn'ry for them fine-raised luxuries. They tell

of one of them Senators that he raked a million out of Los Angeles real estate, and started in for a bang-up meal with champagne. Wanted to scatter his new gold thick an' quick. But he got astray among all the fancy dishes, an' just yelled right out before the ladies, 'Damn it! bring me forty dollars' worth of ham and aiggs.' He was a funny Senator, now."

The Virginian paused, and finished eating a leg. "Talkin' of Senators," he resumed, with the tone of new anecdotes in his voice, "Senator Wise—"

"How much did you say wages were at Tulare?" inquired one of the Trampas faction.

"How much? Why, I never knew what the foreman got. The regular hands got a hundred."

"A hundred a *month?*"

"Why, it was wet an' muddy work, yu' see. A man risked rheumatism some. He risked it a good deal. Well, I was goin' to tell about Senator Wise. When Senator Wise was speaking of his visit to Alaska—"

"Forty per cent., was it?" said Trampas.

"Oh, I must call my wife!" said the traveller behind me. "This is what I came West for." And he hurried away.

"Not forty per cent. the bad years," replied the Virginian. "The frawgs had enemies, same as cattle. I remember when a pelican got in the spring pasture, and the herd broke through the fence—"

"Fence?" said a passenger.

"Ditch, seh, and wire net. Every pasture was a square swamp with a ditch around, and a wire net. Yu've heard the mournful, mixed-up sound a big bunch of cattle will make? Well, seh, as yu' druv from the railroad to the Tulare frawg-ranch yu' could hear 'em a mile. Springtime they'd sing like girls in the organ-loft, and by August they were about ready to hire out for bass. And all was fit to be soloists, if I'm a judge. But in a bad year it might only be twenty per cent. The pelican rushed 'em from the pasture right into the San Joaquin River, which was close by the property. The big balance of the herd stampeded, and though of course they came out on the banks again, the news had went around, and folks below at Hemlen eat most of 'em just to spite the company. Yu' see, a frawg in a river is more hopeless than any maverick loose on the range. And they never struck any plan to brand their stock and prove ownership."

"Well, twenty per cent. is good enough for me," said Trampas, "if Rawhide don't suit me."

"A hundred a month!" said the enthusiast. And busy calculations began to rise among them.

"It went to fifty per cent.," pursued the Virginian, "when New York and Philadelphia got to biddin' agaynst each other. Both cities had signs all over 'em claiming to furnish the Tulare frawg. And both had 'em all right. And same as cattle-trains, yu'd see frawg-trains tearing acrosst Arizona—big glass tanks with wire over 'em—through to New York, an' the frawgs starin' out."

"Why, George," whispered a woman's voice behind me, "he's merely deceiving them! He's merely making that stuff up out of his head."

"Yes, my dear, that's merely what he's doing."

"Well, I don't see why you imagined I should care for this. I think I'll go back."

"Better see it out, Daisy. This beats the geysers or anything we're likely to find in the Yellowstone."

"Then I wish we had gone to Bar Harbor as usual," said the lady; and she returned to her Pullman.

But her husband staid. Indeed, the male crowd now was a goodly sight to see, how the men edged close, drawn by a common tie. Their different kinds of feet told the strength of the bond—yellow sleeping-car slippers planted miscellaneous and motionless near a pair of Mexican spurs. All eyes watched the Virginian and gave him beautiful sympathy. Though they could not know the reason for it, what he was doing had fallen as light upon them—all except the excited calculators. These were loudly making their fortunes at both Rawhide and Tulare, drugged by their satanically aroused hopes of gold, heedless of the slippers and the spurs. Had a man given any sign to warn them, I think he would have been lynched. Even the Indian chiefs had come to see in their show war-bonnets and blankets. They naturally understood nothing of it, yet magnetically knew that the Virginian was the great man. And they watched him with approval. He sat by the fire with the frying-pan, looking his daily self—en-

THE FROG-STORY.

gaging and saturnine. And now as Trampas declared tickets to California would be dear and Rawhide had better come first, the Southerner let loose his heaven-born imagination.

"There's a better reason for Rawhide than tickets, Trampas," said he. "I said it was too late for Tulare."

"I heard you," said Trampas. "Opinions may differ. You and I don't think alike on several points."

"Gawd, Trampas!" said the Virginian, "d' yu' reckon I'd be rotting hyeh on forty dollars if Tulare was like it used to be? Tulare is broke."

"What broke it? Your leaving?"

"Revenge broke it, and disease," said the Virginian, striking the frying-pan on his knee, for the frogs were all gone. At those lurid words their untamed child minds took fire, and they drew round him again to hear a tale of blood. The crowd seemed to lean nearer.

But for a short moment it threatened to be spoiled. A passenger came along, demanding in an important voice, "Where are these frogs?" He was president of the New York Midland, they whispered me, and out for a holiday in his private car. Reaching us and walking to the Virginian, he said, cheerily, "How much do you want for your frogs, my friend?"

"You got a friend hyeh?" said the Virginian. "That's good, for yu' need care taken of yu'." And the president of the New York Midland did not further discommode us.

"That's worth my trip," whispered a New York passenger to me.

"Yes, it was a case of revenge," resumed the Virginian, "and disease. There was a man named Saynt Augustine got run out of Domingo which is a Dago island. He come to Philadelphia, an' he was dead broke. But Saynt Augustine was a live man, an' he saw Philadelphia was full o' Quakers that dressed plain an' eat humdrum. So he started cookin' Domingo way for 'em, an' they caught right ahold. Terrapin, he gave 'em, an' croakeets, an' he'd use forty chickens to make a broth he called consommay. An' he got rich, and Philadelphia got well known, an' Delmonico in New York he got jealous. He was the cook that had the say-so in New York."

"Was Delmonico one of them Italians?" inquired a fascinated mutineer.

"I don't know. But he acted like one. Lorenzo was his front name. He aimed to cut—"

"Domingo's throat?" breathed the enthusiast.

"Aimed to cut away the trade from Saynt Augustine an' put Philadelphia back where he thought she belonged. Frawgs was the fashionable rage then. These foreign cooks set the fashion in eatin', same as foreign dressmakers do women's clothes. Both cities was catchin' and swallowin' all the frawgs Tulare could throw at 'em. So he—"

"Lorenzo?" said the enthusiast.

"Yes, Lorenzo Delmonico. He bid a dollar a tank higher. An' Saynt Augustine raised him fifty cents. An' Lorenzo raised him a dollar. An' Saynt Augustine shoved her up three. Lorenzo he didn't expaict Philadelphia would go that high, and he got hot in the collar, an' flew round his kitchen in New York, an' claimed he'd twist Saynt Augustine's Domingo tail for him and crack his ossified system. Lorenzo raised his language to a high temperature, they say. An' then quite sudden off he starts for Tulare. He buys tickets over the Santa Fe, and he goes a-fannin' and a-foggin'. But, gentlemen, hush! The very same day Saynt Augustine he tears out of Philadelphia. He travelled by the way o' Washington, an' out he comes a-fannin' and a-foggin' over the Southern Pacific. Of course Tulare didn't know nothin' of this. All it knowed was how the frawg-market was on soarin' wings, and it was feelin' like a flight o' rawckets. If only there'd been some preparation—a telegram or something—the disaster would never have occurred. But Lorenzo and Saynt Augustine was that absorbed watchin' each other—for, yu' see, the Santa Fe and the Southern Pacific come together at Mojave, an' the two cooks travelled a matter of two hundred and ten miles in the same cyar—they never thought about a telegram. And when they arruv, breathless, an' started in to screeching what they'd give for the monopoly, why, them unsuspecting Tulare boys got amused at 'em. I never heard just all they done, but they had Lorenzo singin' and dancin', while Saynt Augustine played the fiddle for him. And one of Lorenzo's heels did get a trifle grazed. Well, them two cooks quit that ranch without disclosin' their identity, and soon as they got to a safe distance they swore

eternal friendship, in their foreign way. And they went home over the Union Pacific, sharing the same state-room. Their revenge killed frawgs. The disease—"

"How killed frogs?" demanded Trampas.

"Just killed 'em. Delmonico and Saynt Augustine wiped frawgs off the slate of fashion. Not a banker in Fifth Avenue 'll touch one now if another banker's around. And if ever yu' see a man that hides his feet an' won't take off his socks in company—he has worked in them Tulare swamps an' got the disease. Catch him wadin' and yu'll find he's web-footed. Frawgs are dead, Trampas, an' so are you."

"Rise up, liars, and salute your king!" yelled Scipio. "Oh, I'm in love with you!" And he threw his arms round the Virginian.

"Let me shake hands with you," said the traveller who had failed to interest his wife in these things. "I wish I was going to have more of your company."

"Thank yu', sah," said the Virginian.

Other passengers greeted him, and the Indian chiefs came, saying "How!" because they followed their feelings without understanding.

"Don't show so humbled, boys," said the deputy-foreman to his most sheepish crew. "These gentlemen from the East have been enjoying yu' some, I know. But think what a weary wait they have had hyeh. And you insisted on playing the game with me this way, yu' see. What outlet did yu' give me? Didn't I have it to do? And I'll tell yu' one thing for your consolation. When I got to the middle of the frawgs I 'most believed it myself." And he laughed out the first laugh I had heard him give.

The enthusiast came up and shook hands. That led off, and the rest followed, with Trampas at the end. The tide was too strong for him. He was not a graceful loser; but he got through this, and the Virginian eased him down by treating him precisely like the others—apparently. Possibly the most beautiful—the most American—moment of all was when word came that the bridge was open, and the Pullman trains, with noise and triumph, began to move westward at last. Every one waved farewell to every one, craning from steps and windows, so that the cars twinkled with hilarity; and in twenty minutes the whole procession in front had moved, and our turn came.

"Last chance for Rawhide," said the Virginian.

"Last chance for Sunk Creek," said a recent mutineer; and all sprang aboard. There was no question who had won his spurs now.

Our caboose trundled on to Billings along the shingly, cottonwooded Yellowstone; and as the plains and bluffs and the distant snow began to grow well known, even to me, we turned to our baggage that was to come off, since camp would begin in the morning. Thus I saw the Virginian carefully re-wrapping *Kenilworth*, that he might bring it to its owner unharmed; and I said, "Don't you think you could have played poker with Queen Elizabeth?"

"No; I expaict she'd have beat me," he replied. "She was a lady."

IN THE HOLLOW

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

DOWN in the hollow, where lately lay the snow,
Sleeping till the bitter winds have all forgot to blow,
Waking with the day-dawn when the bud is on the thorn,
Laughing softly to herself for joy that she is born,
There I found arbutus, pink and sweet and shy,
And with it found the child I was in happy years gone by.
For the hand that holds arbutus is a child's hand to the end,
And whoever knows the darling flower knows and loves a friend.

THE CAT FORAGED TIRELESSLY.

THE CAT

BY MARY E. WILKINS

THE snow was falling, and the Cat's fur was stiffly pointed with it, but he was imperturbable. He sat crouched, ready for the death-spring, as he had sat for hours. It was night—but that made no difference—all times were as one to the Cat when he was in wait for prey. Then, too, he was under no constraint of human will, for he was living alone that winter. Nowhere in the world was any voice calling him; on no hearth was there a waiting dish. He was quite free except for his own desires, which tyrannized over him when unsatisfied as now. The Cat was very hungry—almost famished, in fact. For days the weather had been very bitter, and all the feebler wild things which were his prey by inheritance, the born serfs to his family, had kept, for the most part, in their burrows and nests, and the Cat's long hunt had availed him nothing. But he waited with the inconceivable patience and persistency of his race; besides, he was certain. The Cat was a creature of absolute convictions, and his faith in his deductions never wavered. The rabbit had gone in there between those low-hung pine boughs. Now her little doorway had before it a shaggy curtain of snow, but in there she was. The Cat had seen her enter, so like a swift gray shadow that even his sharp and practised eyes had glanced back for the substance following, and then she was gone. So he sat down and waited, and he waited still in the white night, listening angrily to the north wind starting in the upper heights of the mountains with distant screams, then swelling into an awful crescendo of rage, and swooping down with furious white wings of snow like a flock of fierce eagles into the valleys and ravines. The Cat was on the side of a mountain, on a wooded terrace. Above him a few feet away towered the rock ascent as steep as the wall of a cathedral. The Cat had never climbed it—trees were the ladders to his heights of life. He had often looked with wonder at the rock, and miauled bitterly and resentfully as man does in the face of a forbidding Providence. At his left was the sheer precipice. Behind him, with a short stretch of woody growth between, was the frozen perpendicular fall of a mountain stream. Before him was the way to his home. When the rabbit came out she was trapped; her little cloven feet could not scale such unbroken steeps. So the Cat waited. The place in which he was looked like a maelstrom of the wood. The tangle of trees and bushes clinging to the mountain-side with a stern clutch of roots, the prostrate trunks and branches, the vines embracing everything with strong knots and coils of growth, had a curious effect, as of things which had whirled for ages in a current of raging water, only it was not water, but wind, which had disposed everything in circling lines of yielding to its fiercest points of onset. And now over all this whirl of wood and rock and dead trunks and branches and vines descended the snow. It blew down like smoke over the rock-crest above; it stood in a gyrating column like some death-wraith of nature, on the level, then it broke over the edge of the precipice, and the Cat cowered before the fierce backward set of it. It was as if ice needles pricked his skin through his beautiful thick fur, but he never faltered and never once cried. He had nothing to gain from crying, and everything to lose; the rabbit would hear him cry and know he was waiting.

It grew darker and darker, with a strange white smother instead of the natural blackness of night. It was a night of storm and death superadded to the night of nature. The mountains were all hidden, wrapped about, overawed, and tumultuously overborne by it, but in the midst of it waited, quite unconquered, this little unswerving living patience and power under a little coat of gray fur.

A fiercer blast swept over the rock, spun on one mighty foot of whirlwind athwart the level, then was over the precipice.

Then the Cat saw two eyes luminous

with terror, frantic with the impulse of flight, he saw a little quivering, dilating nose, he saw two pointing ears, and he kept still with every one of his fine nerves and muscles strained like wires. Then the rabbit was out—there was one long line of incarnate flight and terror—and the Cat had her.

Then the Cat went home, trailing his prey through the snow.

The Cat lived in the house which his master had built, as rudely as a child's block-house, but stanchly enough. The snow was heavy on the low slant of its roof, but it would not settle under it. The two windows and the door were made fast, but the Cat knew a way in. Up a pine-tree behind the house he scuttled, though it was hard work with his heavy rabbit, and was in his little window under the eaves, then down through the trap to the room below, and on his master's bed with a spring and a great cry of triumph, rabbit and all. But his master was not there; he had been gone since early fall, and it was now February. He would not return until spring, for he was an old man, and the cruel cold of the mountains clutched at his vitals like a panther, and he had gone to the village to winter. The Cat had known for a long time that his master was gone, but his reasoning was always sequential and circuitous; always for him what had been would be, and the more easily for his marvellous waiting powers, so he always came home expecting to find his master.

When he saw that he was still gone, he dragged the rabbit off the rude couch which was the bed to the floor, put one little paw on the carcass to keep it steady, and began gnawing with head to one side to bring his strongest teeth to bear.

It was darker in the house than it had been in the wood, and the cold was as deadly, though not so fierce. If the Cat had not received his fur coat unquestioningly of Providence, he would have been thankful that he had it. It was a mottled gray, white on the face and breast, and thick as fur could grow.

The wind drove the snow on the windows with such force that it rattled like sleet, and the house trembled a little. Then all at once the Cat heard a noise and stopped gnawing his rabbit and listened, his shining green eyes fixed upon a window. Then he heard a hoarse shout, a halloo of despair and entreaty; but he knew it was not his master come home, and he waited, one paw still on the rabbit. Then the halloo came again, and then the Cat answered. He said all that was essential quite plainly to his own comprehension. There was in his cry of response inquiry, information, warning, terror, and, finally, the offer of comradeship; but the man outside did not hear him, because of the howling of the storm.

Then there was a great battering pound at the door, then another, and another. The Cat dragged his rabbit under the bed. The blows came thicker and faster. It was a weak arm which gave them, but it was nerved by desperation. Finally the lock yielded, and the stranger came in. Then the Cat, peering from under the bed, blinked with a sudden light, and his green eyes narrowed. The stranger struck a match and looked about. The Cat saw a face wild and blue with hunger and cold, and a man who looked poorer and older than his poor old master, who was an outcast among men for his poverty and lowly mystery of antecedents; and he heard a muttered, unintelligible voicing of distress from the harsh, piteous mouth. There was in it both profanity and prayer, but the Cat knew nothing of that.

The stranger braced the door which he had forced, got some wood from the stock in the corner, and kindled a fire in the old stove as quickly as his half-frozen hands would allow. He shook so pitiably as he worked that the Cat under the bed felt the tremor of it. Then the man, who was small and feeble and marked with the scars of suffering which he had pulled down upon his own head, sat down in one of the old chairs, and crouched over the fire as if it were the one love and desire of his soul, holding out his yellow hands like yellow claws, and he groaned. The Cat came out from under the bed and leapt up on his lap with the rabbit. The man gave a great shout and start of terror, and sprang, and the Cat slid clawing to the floor, and the rabbit fell inertly, and the man leant gasping with fright, and ghastly, against the wall. The Cat grabbed the rabbit by the slack of its neck and dragged it to the man's feet. Then he raised his shrill, insistent cry, he arched his back high, his tail was a splendid waving plume. He rubbed against the man's feet, which were bursting out of their torn shoes.

The man pushed the Cat away, gently enough, and began searching about the little cabin. He even climbed painfully the ladder to the loft, lit a match, and peered up in the darkness with straining eyes. He feared lest there might be a man, since there was a cat. His experience with men had not been pleasant, and neither had the experience of men been pleasant with him. He was an old wandering Ishmael among his kind; he had stumbled upon the house of a brother, and the brother was not at home, and he was glad.

He returned to the Cat, and stooped stiffly and stroked his back, which the animal arched like the spring of a bow.

Then he took up the rabbit and looked at it eagerly by the firelight. His jaws worked. He could almost have devoured it raw. He fumbled, the Cat close at his heels, around some rude shelves and a table, and found, with a grunt of self-gratulation, a lamp with oil in it. That he lighted; then he found a frying pan and a knife, and skinned the rabbit, and prepared it for cooking, the Cat always at his feet.

When the odor of the cooking flesh filled the cabin, both the man and the Cat looked wolfish. The man turned the rabbit with one hand, and stooped to pat the Cat with the other. The Cat thought him a fine man. He loved him with all his heart, though he had known him such a short time, and though the man had a face both pitiful and sharply set at variance with the best of things.

It was a face with the grimy grizzle of age upon it, with fever hollows in the cheeks, and the memories of wrong in the dim eyes, but the Cat accepted the man unquestioningly and loved him. When the rabbit was half cooked, neither the man nor the Cat could wait any longer. The man took it from the fire, divided it exactly in halves, gave the Cat one, and took the other himself. Then they ate.

Then the man blew out the light, called the Cat to him, got on the bed, drew up the ragged coverings, and fell asleep with the Cat in his bosom.

The man was the Cat's guest all the rest of the winter, and winter is long in the mountains. The rightful owner of the little hut did not return until May. All that time the Cat toiled hard, and he grew rather thin himself, for he shared everything except mice with his guest; and sometimes game was wary, and the fruit of the patience of days was very little for two. The man was ill and weak, however, and unable to eat much, which was fortunate, since he could not hunt for himself. All day long he lay on the bed, or else sat crouched over the fire. It was a good thing that fire-wood was ready at hand for the picking up, not a stone's-throw from the door, for that he had to attend to himself.

The Cat foraged tirelessly. Sometimes he was gone for days together, and at first the man used to be terrified, thinking he would never return; then he would hear the familiar cry at the door, and stumble to his feet and let him in. Then the two would dine together, sharing equally; then the Cat would rest and purr, and finally sleep in the man's arms.

Toward spring the game grew plentiful, more wild little quarry were tempted out of their homes, in search of love as well as food. One day the Cat had luck —a rabbit, a partridge, and a mouse. He could not carry them all at once, but finally he had them together at the house door. Then he cried, but no one answered. All the mountain streams were loosened, and the air was full of the gurgle of many waters, occasionally pierced by a bird-whistle. The trees rustled with a new sound to the spring wind; there was a flush of rose and gold-green on the breasting surface of a distant mountain seen through an opening in the wood. The tips of the bushes were swollen and glistening red, and now and then there was a flower; but the Cat had nothing to do with flowers. He stood beside his booty at the house door, and cried and cried with his insistent triumph and complaint and pleading, but no one came to let him in. Then the Cat left his little treasures at the door, and went around to the back of the house to the pine-tree, and was up the trunk with a wild scramble, and in through his little window, and down through the trap to the room, and the man was gone.

The Cat cried again—that cry of the animal for human companionship which is one of the sad notes of the world; he looked in all the corners; he sprang to the chair at the window and looked out; but no one came. The man was gone, and he never came again.

The Cat ate his mouse out on the turf

beside the house; the rabbit and the partridge he carried painfully into the house, but the man did not come to share them. Finally in the course of a day or two he ate them up himself; then he slept a long time on the bed, and when he waked, the man was not there.

Then the Cat went forth to his hunting-grounds again, and came home at night with a plump bird, reasoning with his tireless persistency in expectancy that the man would be there; and there was a light in the window, and when he cried his old master opened the door and let him in.

His master had strong comradeship with the Cat, but not affection. He never patted him like that gentler outcast, but he had a pride in him and an anxiety for his welfare, though he had left him alone all winter without scruple. He feared lest some misfortune might have come to the Cat, though he was so large of his kind, and a mighty hunter. Therefore when he saw him at the door in all the glory of his glossy winter coat, his white breast and face shining like snow in the sun, his own face lit up with welcome, and the Cat embraced his feet with his sinuous body vibrant with rejoicing purrs.

The Cat had his bird to himself, for his master had his own supper already cooking on the stove. After supper the Cat's master took his pipe, and sought a small store of tobacco which he had left in his hut over winter. He had thought often of it; that and the Cat seemed something to come home to in the spring. But the tobacco was gone; not a dust left. The man swore a little in a grim monotone, which made the profanity lose its customary effect. He had been, and was, a hard drinker; he had knocked about the world until the marks of its sharp corners were on his very soul, which was thereby calloused, until his very sensibility to loss was dulled. He was a very old man.

He searched for the tobacco with a sort of dull combativeness of persistency; then he stared with stupid wonder around the room. Suddenly many features struck him as being changed. Another stove lid was broken; an old piece of carpet was tacked up over a window to keep out the cold; his fire-wood was gone. He looked, and there was no oil left in his can. He looked at the coverings on his bed; he took them up, and again he made that strange remonstrant noise in his throat. Then he looked again for his tobacco.

Finally he gave it up. He sat down beside the fire, for May in the mountains is cold; he held his empty pipe in his mouth, his rough forehead knitted, and he and the Cat looked at each other across that impassable barrier of silence which has been set between man and beast from the creation of the world.

DAWN IN THE TROPICS

BY WILLIAM McLENNAN

FAINTER the Trade-wind westward sweeps,
Lighter the surf on the coral breaks,
Paler and paler the Day-star creeps
Down the pearl-gray sky as the sun awakes—
To fill the wave with a hundred gleams
Of ruby and topaz and amethyst,
To crown the hill with its lambent beams,
To free the vale from the wreathing mist,
To bid the land breeze stay its sweep,
To dry the fronds of the dew-drenched palm:—
A blessèd time betwixt waking and sleep,
When the world stands still in a golden calm.

There's a patter of feet on the cool, white roads,
A song comes drifting from far away,
A chatter of women beneath their loads:—
And the world is awake to another day.

ELEANOR *

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

CHAPTER IX.

"MISS FOSTER is not getting up? How is she?"

"I believe Aunt Pattie only persuaded her to rest till after breakfast, and that was hard work. Aunt Pattie thought her rather shaken still."

The speakers were Manisty and Mrs. Burgoyne. Eleanor was sitting in the deep shade of the avenue that ran along the outer edge of the garden. Through the gnarled trunks to her right shone the blazing stretches of the Campagna, melting into the hot shimmer of the Mediterranean. A new volume of French memoirs, whereof not a page had yet been cut, was lying upon her knee.

Manisty, who had come out to consult with her, leant against the tree beside her. Presently he broke out impetuously:

"Eleanor, we must protect that girl! You know what I mean? You'll help me?"

"What are you afraid of?"

"Good heavens! I hardly know. But we must keep Alice away from Miss Foster. She mustn't walk with her, or sit with her, or be allowed to worry her in any way. I should be beside myself with alarm if Alice were to take a fancy to her."

Eleanor hesitated a moment. The slightest flush rose to her cheek, unnoticed in the shadow of her hat.

"You know, if you are in any real anxiety, Miss Foster could go to Florence. She told me yesterday that the Porters have friends there whom she could join."

Manisty fidgeted.

"Well, I hardly think that's necessary. It's a great pity she should miss Vallombrosa. I hoped I might settle her and Aunt Pattie there by about the middle of June."

Eleanor made so sudden a movement that her book fell to the ground.

"You are going to Vallombrosa? I thought you were due at home the beginning of June?"

"That was when I thought the book was coming out before the end of the month. But now—"

"Now that it isn't coming out at all, you feel there's no hurry?"

Manisty looked annoyed.

"I don't think that's a fair shot. Of course the book's coming out! But if it isn't June, it must be October. So there's no hurry."

The little cold laugh with which Eleanor had spoken her last words subsided. But she gave him no sign of assent. He pulled a stalk of grass, and nibbled at it uncomfortably.

"You think I'm a person easily discouraged?" he said presently.

"You take advice so oddly," she said, smiling; "sometimes so ill, sometimes so desperately well."

"I can't help it. I am made like that. When a man begins to criticise my work, I first hate him, then I'm all of his opinion—only more so."

"I know," said Eleanor, impatiently. "It's this dreadful modern way—the fatal power we all have of seeing the other side. But an author is no good till he has thrown his critics out of window."

"Poor Neal!" said Manisty, with his broad sudden smile; "he would fall hard. However, to return to Miss Foster. There's no need to drive her away if we look after her. You'll help us, won't you, Eleanor?"

He sat down on a stone bench beside her. The momentary cloud had cleared away. He was his most charming, most handsome self. A shiver ran through Eleanor. Her thought flew to yesterday—compared the kind radiance of the face beside her, its look of brotherly confidence and appeal, with the look of yesterday, the hard evasiveness with which he had met all her poor woman's attempts to renew the old intimacy, reknit the old bond. She thought of the solitary sleepless misery of the night she had just passed through. And here they were sitting in cousinly talk, as though nothing else were between them but this

* Begun in January number, 1900

MANISTY AND HIS SISTER.

polite anxiety for Miss Foster's peace of mind. What was behind that apparently frank brow, those sparkling gray-blue eyes? Manisty could always be a mystery when he chose, even to those who knew him best.

She drew a long inward breath, feeling the old inexorable compulsion that lies upon the decent woman who can only play the game as the man chooses to set it.

"I don't know what I can do," she said, slowly. "You think Alice is no better?"

Manisty shook his head. He looked at her sharply and doubtfully, as though measuring her, and then said, lowering his voice:

"I believe—I know I can trust you with this: I have some reason to suppose that there was an attempt at suicide at Venice. Her maid prevented it, and gave me the hint. I am in communication with the maid, though Alice has no idea of it."

"Ought she to come here at all?" said Eleanor, after a pause.

"I have thought of that—of meeting all the trains and turning her back. But you know her obstinacy. As long as she is in Rome and we here, we can't protect ourselves and the villa. There are a thousand ways of invading us. Better let her come, find out what she wants, pacify her if possible, and send her away. I am not afraid for ourselves, you included, Eleanor. She would do us no harm. A short annoyance, and it would be over. But Miss Foster is the weak point."

Eleanor looked at him inquiringly.

"It is one of the strongest signs of her unsound state," said Manisty, frowning, "the wild fancies that she takes for girls much younger than herself. There have been all sorts of difficulties in hotels. She will be absolutely silent with older people—or with you and me, for instance—but if she can captivate any quite young creature she will pour herself out to her, follow her, write to her, tease her, till she gets the pity and sympathy she craves. Poor, poor Alice!"

Manisty's voice had become almost a groan. His look betrayed a true and manly feeling.

"One must always remember," he resumed, "that she has still the power to attract a stranger. Her mind is in ruins, but they are the ruins of what was once fine and noble. But it is all so wild and strange and desperate. A girl is first fascinated, and then terrified. She begins by listening and pitying. Then Alice pursues her, swears her to secrecy, talks to her of enemies and persecutors, of persons who wish her death, who open her letters and dog her footsteps, till the girl can't sleep at nights, and her own nerve begins to fail her. There was a case of this at Florence last year. Dalgetty—that's the maid—had to carry Alice off by main force. The parents of the girl threatened to set the doctors in motion, to get Alice sent to an asylum."

"But surely, surely," cried Mrs. Burgoyne, "that would be the right course!"

Manisty shook his head.

"Impossible!" he said, with energy. "Don't imagine that my lawyers and I haven't looked into everything. Unless the disease has made much progress since I last saw her, Alice will always baffle any attempts to put her in restraint. She is queer—eccentric—melancholy; she envelops the people she victimizes with a kind of moral poison; but you can't *prove*—so far, at least—that she is dangerous to herself or others. The evidence always falls short." He paused; then added, with cautious emphasis: "I don't speak without book. It has been tried."

"But the attempt at Venice?"

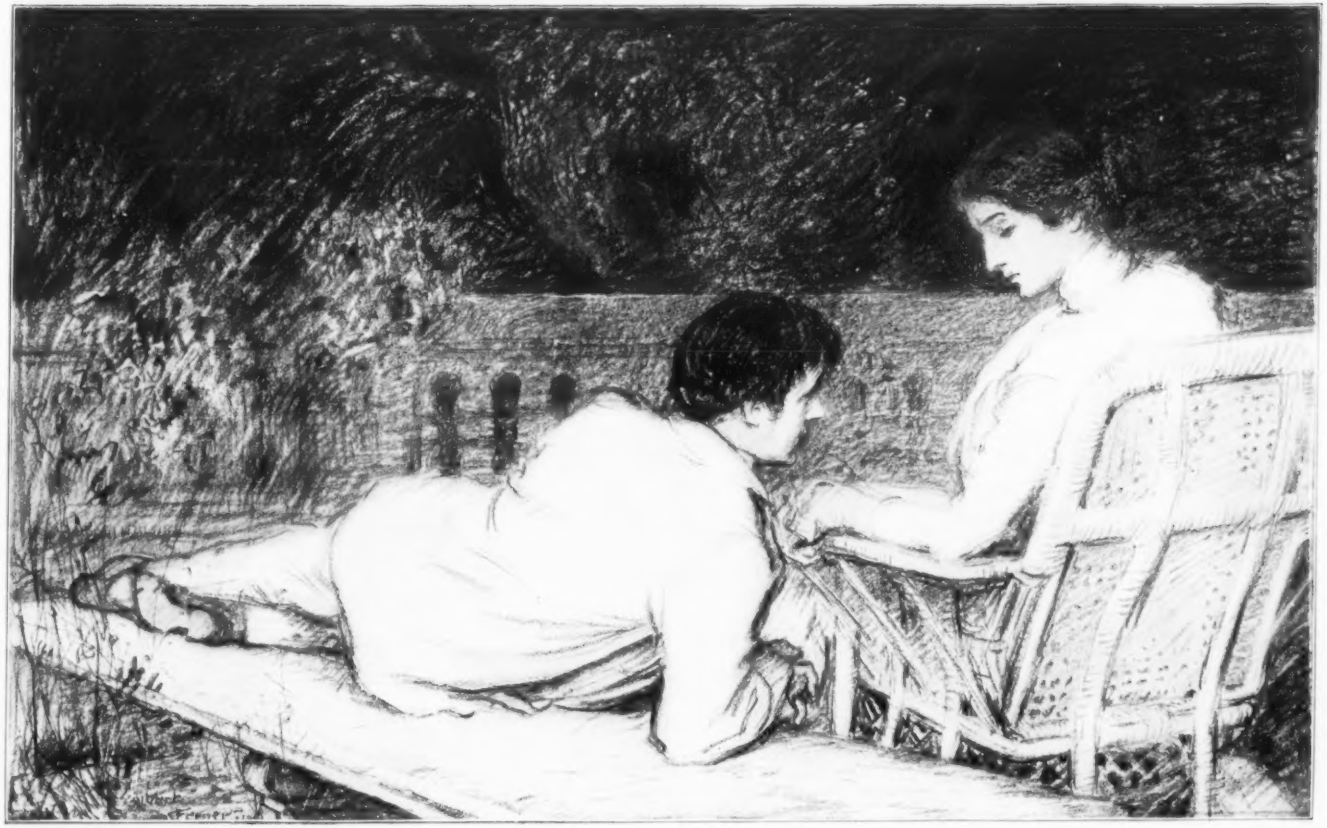
"No good. The maid's letter convinced me of two things—first, that she had attempted her life, and next, that there is no proof of it."

Eleanor bent forward.

"And the suitor—the man?" she said, lowering her voice.

"Ah!" said Manisty, "Aunt Pattie told you that? Oh! it goes on. I believe there have been two interviews lately. The first at Venice—probably connected with the attempt we know of. The second some weeks ago at Padua. The man by all accounts is a reputable person, though no doubt not insensible to the fact that Alice has some money. You know who he is?—a French artist she came across in Venice. He is melancholy and lonely, like herself. I believe he is genuinely attached to her. But after the last scene at Padua she told Dalgetty that she would never make him miserable by marrying him."

"What do you suppose she is coming here for?"



MANISTY AND LUCY FOSTER.

"Very likely to get me to do something for this man. She won't be his wife, but she likes to be his Providence. I shall promise anything, in return for her going quickly back to Venice—or Switzerland—where she often spends the summer. So long as she and Miss Foster are under one roof, I shall not have a moment free from anxiety. She passes very easily from a mad liking to a mad hate."

Eleanor sank back in her chair. She was silent, but her eye betrayed the bitter animation of the thoughts passing behind them—thoughts evoked not so much by what Manisty had said as by what he had *not* said. All alarm, all consideration to be concentrated on one point!—nothing, and no one else, to matter!

But again she fought down the rising agony, refused to be mastered by it, or to believe her own terrors. Another wave of feeling rose. It was so natural to her to love and help him!

"Tell me what you suggest. Of course we must all look after that child."

He brought his head nearer to hers, his brilliant eyes bent upon her intently.

"Never let her be alone with Miss Foster! Watch her. If you see any sign of persecution—if you can't check it—let me know at once. I shall keep Alice in play, of course. One day we can send Miss Foster into Rome—perhaps two. Ah! hush!—here she comes!"

Eleanor looked round. Lucy had just appeared in the cool darkness of the avenue. She walked slowly and with a languid grace, trailing her white skirts. The shy rusticity, the frank robustness of her earlier aspect were now either gone or temporarily merged in something more exquisite and more appealing. Her youth, too, had never been so apparent. She had been too strong, too self-reliant. The touch of physical delicacy seemed to have brought back the child.

Then, turning back to her companion, Eleanor saw the sudden softness in Manisty's face—the alert expectancy of his attitude.

"What a wonderful oval of the head and cheek!" he said, under his breath, half to himself, half to her. "Do you know, Eleanor, what she reminds me of?"

Eleanor shook her head.

"Of that little head—little face, rather—that I gave you at Nemi. Don't you see it?"

"I always said she was like your Greek bust," said Eleanor, slowly.

"Ah, that was in her first archaic stage! But now that she's more at ease with us—you see?—there's the purity of line just the same—but subtilized—humanized—somehow! It's the change from marble to terra-cotta, isn't it?"

His fancy pleased him, and his smile turned to hers for sympathy. Then, springing up, he went to meet Lucy.

"Oh, there can be nothing on his mind. He could not speak—look—smile—like that to *me*," thought Eleanor, with passionate relief.

Then as they approached she rose, and with kind solicitude forced Lucy to take her chair, on the plea that she herself was going back to the villa.

Lucy touched her hand gratefully. "I don't know what's happened to me," she said, half wistful, half smiling; "I never staid in bed to breakfast in my life before. At Greyridge they'd think I had gone out of my mind."

Eleanor inquired if it was an invariable sign of lunacy in America to take your breakfast in bed. Lucy couldn't say. All she knew was that nobody ever took it so in Greyridge, Vermont, unless they were on the point of death.

"I should never be any good any more," she said, with an energy that brought the red back to her cheeks, "if they were to spoil me at home as you spoil me here."

Eleanor waved her hand, smiled, and went her way.

As she moved farther and farther away from them down the long avenue, she saw them all the time, though she never once looked back—saw the eager inquiries of the man, the modest responsiveness of the girl. She was leaving them to themselves—at the bidding of her own pride—and they had the May morning before them. According to a telegram just received, Alice Manisty was not expected till after lunch.

Meanwhile Manisty was talking of his sister to Lucy, with coolness, and as much frankness as he thought necessary.

"She is very odd—and very depressing. She is now very little with us. There is no company she likes as well as her own. But in early days she and I were great friends. We were brought up in an old Yorkshire house together, and

a queer pair we were. I was never sent to school, and I got the better of most of my tutors. Alice was unmanageable too, and we spent most of our time rambling and reading as we pleased. Both of us dreamed awake half our time. I had shooting and fishing to take me out of myself; but Alice, after my mother's death, lived with her own fancies and got less like other people every day. There was a sort of garden-house in the park—a lonely overgrown kind of place. We put our books there, and used practically to live there for weeks together. That was just after I came into the place, before I went abroad. Alice was sixteen. I can see her now sitting in the doorway of the little house, hour after hour, staring into the woods like a somnambulist, one arm behind her head. One day I said to her, 'Alice, what are you thinking of?' 'Myself!' she said. So then I laughed at her and teased her. And she answered, quite quietly, 'I know it is a pity, but I can't help it.'"

Lucy's eyes were wide with wonder. "But you ought to have given her something to do—or to learn—right away! Couldn't she have gone to school, or found some friends?"

"Oh, I dare say I ought to have done a thousand things," said Manisty, impatiently. "I was never a model brother, or a model anything! I grew up for myself and by myself, and I supposed Alice would do the same. You disapprove?"

He turned his sharp compelling eyes upon her, so that Lucy flinched a little. "I shouldn't dare," she said, laughing. "I don't know enough. But I'm sorry, anyway, for your sister."

"What did you think about at sixteen?"

Her sweet look wavered.

"I had mother then," she said, simply.

"Ah! then—I'm afraid you've no right to sit in judgment upon us. Alice and I had no mother—no one but ourselves. Of course all our relations and friends disapproved of us. But that, somehow, has never made much difference to either of us. Does it make much difference to you? Do you mind if people praise or blame you? What does it matter what anybody thinks? Who can know anything about you but yourself?—eh?"

He poured out his questions in a hurry, one tumbling over the other. And he had already begun to bite the inevitable stalk of grass. Lucy, as usual, was conscious both of intimidation and attraction—she felt him at once absurd and magnetic.

"I'm sure we're meant to care what people think," she said, with spirit. "It helps us. It keep us straight."

His eyes flashed.

"You think so? Then we disagree entirely, absolutely, and *in toto!* I don't want to be approved. I want to be happy. It never enters my head to judge other people. Why should they judge me?"

"But—but—" Then she laughed out, remembering his book and his political escapade. "Aren't you *always* judging other people?"

"Fighting them—yes! That's another matter. But I don't give myself superior airs. I don't judge; I just love—and hate."

Her attention followed the bronzed expressive face, so bold in outline, so delicate in detail, with a growing fascination.

"It seems to me you hate more than you love."

He considered it.

"Quite possible. It isn't an engaging world. But I don't hate readily; I hate slowly and by degrees. If anybody offends me, for instance, at first I hardly feel it—it doesn't seem to matter at all. Then it grows in my mind; gradually it becomes a weight—a burning fire—and drives everything else out. I hate the men, for instance, that I hated last year, in England, much worse now than I did then!"

Her steady lips, her sparkling eye, showed an opposition that must needs venture into the open.

"Why did you hate them? I have heard—"

"Yes?" he said, peremptorily, bending again towards her.

She trembled, but went on—

"That it was a great pity—that you lost influence—"

"I shall recover it," he said, briefly.

"Through your book?"

"That's only one means among many. The cause is so strong, the weapons hardly matter."

"What do you mean by 'the cause'?"

"Everything reactionary, foolish, and superstitious," he said, with malicious emphasis. "Everything that confounds

the wisdom of the wise—everything that your Puritan ancestors thought anathema—fasting, monkery, sacramentalism, relics, indulgences—everything that a snug, prosperous, Protestant England or America hates and despises—while all the time it is keeping the world going for Protestant England or America to wax fat in."

She said nothing, but her face spoke for her.

"You think me mad?"

She turned aside, dumb, plucking at a root of cyclamen beside her.

"Insincere?"

"No. But you like to startle one—to make one angry!"

He shrugged his shoulders carelessly.

"Not at all. There is a certain joy always in pricking bubbles—in tripping people up where they think themselves most secure."

"Even when those people are in earnest—and you—?"

"Are not? Charge home. I am prepared," he said, smiling.

She opened her deep puzzled eyes upon him, glowing from an inward fire.

"You talk as though you were a Catholic—and you are not—you don't believe—" she said, and then stopped, startled by her own rashness.

"You are quite right," he said, with emphasis. "Not only do I not believe, but I find it impossible to understand how any educated man can possibly, conceivably, be a believer."

Her face expressed her repulsion and bewilderment.

"Then why?—why?"

"It's quite simple. Because the world can't get on without morals, and Catholicism—Anglicanism too—the religions of authority, in short—are the great guardians of morals. They are the binding forces—the forces making for solidarity and continuity. Your cocksure, peering Protestant is the dissolvent—the force making for ruin. What's his private judgment to me, or mine to him? But for the sake of it he'll make everything mud and puddle! Of course you may say to me—it is perfectly open to you to say"—he looked away from her, half forgetting her, addressing with animation and pugnacity an imaginary opponent—"what do morals matter?—how do you know that the present moral judgments of the world represent any ultimate truth? Ah, well!"—he shrugged his shoulders—"I can't follow you there. Black may be really white, and white black; but I'm not going to admit it. It would make me too much of a dupe. I take my stand on morals. And if you give me morals, you must give me the only force that can guarantee them—Catholicism—more or less; and dogma, and ritual, and superstition, and all the foolish ineffable things that bind mankind together, and send them to 'face the music' in this world and the next!"

She sat silent, with twitching lips, excited, yet passionately scornful and antagonistic. Thoughts of her home; of the sturdy Methodist farmers she knew; of the hymns at meetings, and the deep inwardness of the faith and penitence expressed in them—the only utterance of a dour and silent race; of her uncle's simple and personal piety—flashed thick and fast through her mind. Suddenly she covered her face with her hands, to hide a fit of laughter that had overtaken her.

"All that amuses you?" said Manisty, breathing a little faster.

"No—oh no! But—I was thinking of our friends—and my uncle. What you said of Protestants seemed all at once so odd—so—ridiculous!"

"Did it?" said Manisty. "Take care! I have seen you a Catholic once—for three minutes!"

"When?"

"In St. Peter's."

His smiling imperious eyes followed up their advantage.

"Forgive me! But I saw you overthrown. The great tradition swept upon you; you knelt like the rest of us."

She was silent. Far within she was conscious of a kind of tremor. She threw herself on another subject.

"I hope you will finish the book," she said, hastily, "for Mrs. Burgoyne's sake."

His expression changed. Throwing himself on his elbow, he lay full length on the marble bench beside her. His strong curls of black hair overhung a slightly frowning brow. But his frown was only a nervous trick. When he spoke it was with a smile.

"You think Mrs. Burgoyne cares about it so much?"

"But she worked so hard for it!" cried Lucy, indignant with something in his manner, though she could not have defined what. Her mind, indeed, was full

of vague and generous misgivings on the subject of Mrs. Burgoyne. First she had been angry with Mr. Manisty for what had seemed to her neglect and ingratitude. Now she was somehow dissatisfied with herself too.

"She worked too hard," said Manisty, gravely. "It is a good thing the pressure has been taken off. Have you found out yet, Miss Foster, what a remarkable woman my cousin is?"

He turned to her with a sharp look of inquiry.

"I admire her all day long," cried Lucy, warmly.

"That's right," said Manisty, slowly—"that's right. Do you know her history?"

"Mr. Brooklyn told me—"

"He doesn't know very much. Shall I tell it you?"

"If you ought—if Mrs. Burgoyne would like it," said Lucy, eager and yet hesitating, the color coming and going. There was a chivalrous feeling in the girl's mind that she was too new an acquaintance—that she had no right to the secrets of this friendship, and Manisty no right to speak of them.

But Manisty took no notice. With half-shut eyes, like a man looking into the past, he began to describe his cousin—first as a girl in her father's home; then in her married life, silent, unhappy, gentle; afterwards in the dumb years of her irreparable grief; and finally in this last phase of intellectual and spiritual energy, which had been such an amazement to himself—which had first revealed to him, indeed, the true Eleanor.

He spoke slowly, with a singular and scrupulous choice of words, building up the image of Mrs. Burgoyne's life and mind with an insight and a delicacy which presently held his listener spellbound. Several things emerged and stamped themselves on the girl's astonished and vibrating sense—his affection for his cousin, and his detachment from her; the extraordinary closeness and penetration, moreover, of his moral judgment of women. Several times Lucy felt herself flooded with hot color.

"Does he guess so much about—about us all?" she asked herself with a secret excitement.

Suddenly Manisty said, with an entire change of tone, springing to his feet as he did so,

"In short, Miss Foster, my cousin Eleanor is one of the ablest and dearest of women, and she and I have been completely wasting each other's time this winter!"

Lucy stared at him in astonishment.

"Shall I tell you why? We have been too kind to each other!"

He waited, studying his companion's face with a hard, whimsical look.

"Eleanor gave my book too much sympathy. It wanted brutality. I have worn her out, and my book is in a mess. The best thing I could do for us both was to cut it short. It's too bad, isn't it, to complain of indulgence?"

Lucy was uncomfortably silent. Her thoughts went back to her first evening—to the criticism on the Nemi piece implied in Mrs. Burgoyne's gentle refraining from good words, and the evident annoyance of the writer. Manisty watched her closely, and probably divined her.

"There's no use in talking about it," he said, impatiently, with a shake of his great shoulders. "I am not meant to work in partnership. A word of blame depresses me, and I am led astray by praise. It was all a mistake. If only Eleanor could understand that it's my own fault—and I know it's my own fault—and not think me unjust and unkind. Miss Foster—"

Lucy looked up. In the glance she encountered, the vigorous and wilful personality beside her seemed to bring all its force to bear upon herself.

"—if Eleanor talks to you—"

"She never does!" cried Lucy.

"She might," said Manisty, coolly—"she might. If she does, persuade her of my admiration—my gratitude. Tell her that I know very well that I am not worth her help. Her inspiration would have led any other man to success. It only failed because I was I. I hate to seem to discourage and disavow what I once accepted so eagerly. But a man must find out his own mistakes and thrash his own blunders. She was too kind to thrash them, so I have appointed Neal to the office. Do you understand?"

She rose, full of wavering approvals and disapprovals, seized by him, and feeling with Mrs. Burgoyne.

"I understand only a very little," she said, lifting her candid, charming eyes to

his, "except that I never saw any one I—I cared for so much, in so short a time, as Mrs. Burgoyne."

"Ah! care for her!" he said, in another voice, with another aspect—"go on caring for her! She needs it."

They walked on together towards the villa, for Alfredo was on the balcony signalling to them that the twelve-o'clock breakfast was ready.

On the way Manisty turned upon her.

"Now you are to be obedient! You are not to pay any attention to my sister. She is not a happy person; but you are not to be sorry for her. You can't understand her, and I beg you will not try. You are, please, to leave her alone. Can I trust you?"

"Hadn't you better send me into Rome?" said Lucy, laughing and embarrassed.

"I always intended to," said Manisty, shortly.

Towards five o'clock Alice Manisty arrived, accompanied by an elderly maid. Lucy—before she escaped into the garden—was aware of a very tall woman, possessing a harshly expressive face, black eyes, and a thin, long-limbed frame. These black eyes—uneasily bright—searched the salon as she entered it, only to fasten, with a kind of grip in which there was no joy, upon her brother. Lucy saw her kiss him, with a cold perfunctoriness, bowed herself as her name was nervously pronounced by Miss Manisty, and then withdrew. Mrs. Burgoyne was in Rome for the afternoon.

But at dinner they all met, and Lucy could satisfy some of the natural curiosity that possessed her. Alice Manisty was dressed in black lace and satin, and carried herself with distinction. Her hair, raven-black like her brother's, though with a fine line of gray here and there, was of enormous abundance, and she wore it heavily coiled round her head in a mode which gave particular relief to the fire and restlessness of the eyes which flashed beneath it. Beside her, Eleanor Burgoyne, though she too was rather tall than short, suffered a curious eclipse. The plaintive distinction that made the charm of Eleanor's expression and movements seemed for the moment to mean and say nothing beside the tragic splendor of Alice Manisty.

The dinner was not agreeable. Manisty was clearly ill at ease, and seething with inward annoyance; Miss Manisty had the air of a frightened mouse; Alice Manisty talked not at all, and ate nothing except some poached eggs that she had apparently ordered for herself before dinner; and Eleanor—chattering of her afternoon in Rome—had to carry through the business as best she could, with occasional help from Lucy.

From the first it was unpleasantly evident to Manisty that his sister took notice of Miss Foster. Almost her only words at table were addressed to the girl sitting opposite to her; and her roving eyes returned again and again to Lucy's fresh young face and quiet brow.

After dinner Manisty followed the ladies into the salon, and asked his aunt's leave to smoke his cigarette with them.

Lucy wondered what had passed between him and his sister before dinner. He was polite to her; and yet she fancied that their relations were already strained.

Presently, as Lucy was busy with some embroidery on one of the settees against the wall of the salon, she was conscious of Alice Manisty's approach. The newcomer sat down beside her, bent over her work, asked her a few low, deep-voiced questions. Those strange eyes fastened upon her—stared at her, indeed.

But instantly Manisty was there, cigarette in hand, standing between them. He distracted his sister's attention, and at the same moment Eleanor called to Lucy from the piano:

"Won't you turn over for me? I can't play them by heart."

Lucy wondered at the scantiness of Mrs. Burgoyne's musical memory that night. She, who could play by the hour without note on most occasions, showed herself, on this, tied and bound to the printed page; and that page must be turned for her by Lucy, and Lucy only.

Meanwhile Manisty sat beside his sister smoking, throwing first the left leg over the right, then the right leg over the left, and making attempts at conversation with her, that Eleanor positively must not see, lest music and decorum both break down in a wreck of nervous laughter.

Alice Manisty scarcely responded; she sat motionless, her wild black head bent like that of a Mænad at watch, her gaze

fixed, her long thin hands grasping the arm of her chair with unconscious force.

"What is she thinking of?" thought Lucy once, with a momentary shiver. "Herself?"

When bedtime came, Manisty gave the ladies their candles. As he bade good-night to Lucy, he said in her ear: "You said you wished to see the Lateran Museum. My aunt will send Benson with you to-morrow."

His tone did not ask whether she wished for the arrangement, but simply imposed it.

Then, as Eleanor approached him, he raised his shoulders with a gesture that only she saw, and led her a few steps apart in the dimly lighted anteroom, where the candles were placed.

"She wants the most impossible things, my dear lady," he said in low-voiced despair—"things I can no more do than fly over the moon!"

"Edward!" said his sister from the open door of the salon, "I should like some further conversation with you before I go to bed."

Manisty, with the worst grace in the world, saw his aunt and Eleanor to their rooms, and then went back to surrender himself to Alice. He was a man who took family relations hardly, impatient of the slightest bond that was not of his own choosing. Yet it was Eleanor's judgment that, considering his temperament, he had not been a bad brother to this wild sister. He had spent both heart and thought upon her case; and at the root of his relation to her a deep and painful pity was easily to be divined.

Vast as the villa-apartment was, the rooms were all on one floor, and the doors fitted badly. Lucy's sleep was haunted for long by a distant sound of voices, generally low and restrained, but at moments rising and sharpening as though their owners forgot the hour and the night. In the morning it seemed to her that she had been last conscious of a burst of weeping, far distant—then of a sudden silence.

The following day, Lucy, in Benson's charge, paid her duty to the Sophocles of the Lateran Museum, and, armed with certain books lent her by Manisty, went wandering among the art and inscriptions of Christian Rome. She came home—inexplicably tired—through a glorious Campagna splashed with poppies, embroidered with marigold and vetch; she climbed the Alban slopes from the heat below, and rejoiced in the keener air of the hills, and the *ponente*, as she drove from the station to the villa.

Mrs. Burgoyne was leaning over the balcony looking out for her. Lucy ran up to her, astonished at her own eagerness of foot, at the breath of home which seemed to issue from the great sun-beaten house.

Eleanor looked pale and tired, but she took the girl's hand kindly.

"Oh, you must keep all your gossip for dinner!" said Eleanor as they greeted. "It will help us through. It has been rather a hard day."

Lucy's face showed her sympathy, and the question she did not like to put into words.

"Oh, it has been a wrestle all day!" said Eleanor, wearily. "She wants Mr. Manisty to do certain things with her property that as her guardian he *cannot* do. She has the maddest ideas—she *is* mad. And when she is crossed she is terrible."

At dinner Lucy did her best to lighten the atmosphere, being indeed most truly sorry for her poor friends and their dilemma. But her pleasant girlish talk seemed to float above an abyss of trouble and discomfort, which threatened constantly to swallow it up.

Alice Manisty indeed responded. She threw off her silence and talked of Rome, exclusively to Lucy and with Lucy, showing in her talk a great deal of knowledge and a good deal of fine taste, mingled with occasional violence and extravagance. Her eyes, indeed, were wilder than ever. They shone with a miserable intensity that became a positive glare once or twice when Manisty addressed her. Her whole aspect breathed a tragic determination, crossed with an anger she was hardly able to restrain. Lucy noticed that she never spoke to or answered her brother if she could help it.

After dinner Lucy found herself the object of various embarrassing overtures on the part of the new-comer. But on each occasion Manisty interposed, at first adroitly, then roughly. On the last occasion Alice Manisty sprang to her feet, went to the side table where the candles were placed, disappeared, and did not return. Manisty, his aunt, and Mrs. Bur-

goyne drew together in a corner of the salon discussing the events of the day in low, anxious voices. Lucy thought herself in the way, and went to bed.

After some hours of sleep, Lucy awoke, conscious of movement somewhere near her. With the advent of the hot weather she had been moved to a room on the eastern side of the villa, in one of two small wings jutting out from the façade. She had locked her door, but the side window of her room, which overlooked the balcony towards the lake, was open, and slight sounds came from the balcony. Springing up, she crept softly towards the window. The wooden shutters had been drawn forward, but both they and the casements were ajar.

Through the chink she saw a strange sight. On the step leading from the house to the terrace of the balcony sat Alice Manisty. Her head was thrown back against the wall of the villa, and her hands were clasped upon her knee. Her marvellous hair fell round her shoulders, and a strange illumination, in which a first gleam of dawn mingled with the moonlight, searched the haggard whiteness of the face and struck upon the long emaciated hands emerging from the darkness of her loose black dress.

Was she asleep? Lucy, holding back so as not to be seen, peered with held breath. No!—the large eyes were wide open, though it seemed to Lucy that they saw nothing.

Minute after minute passed. The figure on the terrace sat motionless. There were two statues on either side of her, a pair of battered round-limbed nymphs, glorified by the moonlight into a grace of poetry not theirs by day. They seemed to be looking down upon the woman at their feet in a soft bewilderment—wondering at a creature so little like themselves; while from the terrace came up the scent of the garden, heavy with roses and bedrenched with dew.

Suddenly it seemed to Lucy as though that stricken face, those intolerable eyes, awoke—turned towards herself, penetrated her room, pursued her. The figure moved, and there was a low sound of words. Her window was in truth inaccessible from the terrace; but in a panic fear Lucy threw herself on the casement and the shutters, closed them, and drew the bolts—as noiselessly as she could—still not without some noise. Then hurrying to her bed, she threw herself upon it, panting—in a terror she could neither explain nor compose.

CHAPTER X.

"My dear lady, there's nothing to be done with her whatever. She will not yield one inch—and I cannot. But one thing at last is clear to me. The mischief has made progress—I fear, great progress."

Manisty had drawn his cousin into the garden, and they were pacing the avenue. With his last words he turned upon her a grave, significant look.

The cause of Alice Manisty's visit, indeed, had turned out to be precisely what Manisty supposed. The sister had come to Marinata in order to persuade her brother, as one of the trustees of her property, to co operate with her in bestowing some of her money on the French artist, Monsieur Octave Vacherot, to whom, as she calmly avowed, her affections were indissolubly attached, though she did not ever intend to marry him, nor indeed to see much of him in the future. "I shall never do him the disservice of becoming his wife," she announced, with her melancholy eyes full upon her brother. "But money is of no use to me. He is young and can employ it." Manisty inquired whether the gentleman in question was aware of what she proposed. Alice replied that if money were finally settled upon him, he would accept it, whereas his pride did not allow him to receive perpetual small sums at her hands. "But if I settle a definite sum upon him, he will take it as an endowment of his genius. It would be giving to the public, not to him. His great ideas would get their chance."

Manisty, in his way as excitable as she, had evidently found it difficult to restrain himself when M. Octave Vacherot's views as to his own value were thus explained to him. Nevertheless, he seemed to have shown on the whole a creditable patience, to have argued with his sister, to have even offered her money of his own, for the temporary supply of M. Vacherot's necessities. But all to no avail; and in the end it had come, of course, to his flatly refusing any help of his to such a scheme, and without it the scheme fell. For their father had been perfectly well aware of his daughter's eccentricities, and

had placed her portion, by his will, in the hands of two trustees, of whom her brother was one, without whose consent she could not touch the capital.

"It always seemed to her a monstrous arrangement," said Manisty, "and I can see now it galls her to the quick to have to apply to me in this way. I don't wonder—but I can't help it. The duty's there—worse luck!—and I've got to face it, for my father's sake. Besides, if I were to consent, the other fellow—an old cousin of ours—would never dream of doing it. So what's the good? All the same, it makes me desperately anxious, to see the effect that this opposition of mine produces upon her."

"I saw yesterday that she must have been crying in the night," said Eleanor.

Her words evoked some emotion in Manisty.

"She cried in my presence, and I believe she cried most of the night afterwards," he said, in hasty pain. "That beast Vacherot!"

"Why doesn't she marry him?"

"For the noblest of reasons! She knows that her brain is clouded, and she won't let him run the risk."

Their eyes met in a quick sympathy. She saw that his poetic susceptibility, the romantic and dramatic elements in him, were all alive to his sister's case. How critically, sharply perceptive he was—or could be—with regard apparently to everybody in the world—save one! Often—as they talked—her heart stirred in this way, far out of sight, like a fluttering and wounded thing.

"It is the strangest madness," said Manisty, presently. "Many people would say it was only extravagance of imagination, unless they knew—what I know. She told me last night that she was not one person, but two, and the other self was a brother!—not the least like me—who constantly told her what to do and what not to do. She calls him quite calmly 'my brother John,' 'my heavenly brother.' She says that he often does strange things—things that she does not understand—but that he tells her the most wonderful secrets, and that he is a greater poet than any now living. She says that the first time she perceived him as separate from herself was one day in Venice, when a friend came for her to the hotel. She went out with the friend, or seemed to go out with her, and then suddenly she perceived that she was lying on her bed, and that the other Alice had been John! He looks just herself—but for the eyes. The weirdness of her look as she tells these things! But she expresses herself often with an extraordinary poetry. I envy her the words and the phrases! It seemed to me, once or twice, that she had all sorts of things I wished to have. If one could only be a little mad, one might write good books!"

He turned upon his companion, with a wild brilliance in his own blue eyes, that, taken together with the subject of their conversation and his many points of physical likeness to his sister, sent an uncomfortable thrill through Eleanor. Nevertheless, as she knew well, at the very bottom of Manisty's being there lay a remarkable fund of ordinary capacity—an invincible sanity, in short—which had always so far rescued him in the long-run from that element which was extravagance in him and madness in his sister.

And certainly nothing could have been more reasonable, strong, and kind than his further talk about his sister. He confided to his cousin that his whole opinion of Alice's state had changed; that certain symptoms for which he had been warned to be on the watch had, in his judgment, appeared; that he had accordingly written to a specialist in Rome, asking him to come and see Alice, without warning, on the following day; and that he hoped to be able to persuade her, without too much conflict, to accept medical watching and treatment for a time.

"I feel that it is plotting against her," he said, not without emotion, "but it has gone too far; she is not safe for herself or others. One of the most anxious things is this night wandering which has taken possession of her. Did you hear her last night?"

"Last night?" said Eleanor, startled.

"I had been warned by Dalgetty," said Manisty. "And between three and four I thought I heard sounds somewhere in the direction of the Albano balcony. So I crept out through the salon into the library. And there, sitting on the step of the glass passage, was Alice, looking as though she were turned to marble, and staring at Miss Foster's room! To my infinite relief, I saw that Miss Foster's shutters and windows were fast closed. But I felt I could not leave Alice there.

I made a little noise in the library to warn her, and then I came out upon her. She showed no surprise, nor did I. I asked her to come and look at the sunrise striking over the Campagna. She made no objection, and I took her through my room and the salon to the salon balcony. The sight was marvellous; and first it gave her pleasure—she said a few things about it with her old grace and power. Then, in a minute, a veil seemed to fall over her eyes. The possessed, miserable look came back. She remembered that she hated me—that I had thwarted her. Yet I was able to persuade her to go back to her room. I promised that we would have more talk to-day. And when she had safely shut her own door—you know that tiled anteroom that leads to her room?—I found the key of it, and locked it safely from outside. That's one access to her. The other is through the room in which Dalgetty was sleeping. I'd have given a good deal to warn Dalgetty, but I dared not risk it. She had not heard Alice go out by the anteroom, but she told me the other day the smallest sound in her own room woke her. So I felt tolerably safe, and I went to bed. Eleanor! do you think that child saw or knew anything of it?"

"Lucy Foster? I noticed nothing."

The name, even on her own lips, struck Eleanor's aching sense like a sound of fate. It seemed now as if through every conversation she foresaw it—that all talk led up to it.

"She looks unlike herself still, this morning, don't you think?" said Manisty, in disquiet.

"Very possibly she got some chill at Nemi—some slight poison—which will pass off."

"Well, now," he said, after a pause, "how shall we get through the day? I shall have another scene with Alice, I suppose. I don't see how it is to be avoided. Meanwhile, will you keep Miss Foster here"—he pointed to the garden—"out of the way?"

"I must think of Aunt Pattie, remember," said Eleanor, quickly.

"Ah! dear Aunt Pattie!—but bring her too. I see perfectly well that Alice has already marked Miss Foster. She has asked me many questions about her. She feels her innocence and freshness like a magnet—drawing out her own sorrows and grievances. My poor Alice! What a wreck! Could I have done more?—could I?"

He walked on absently, his hands behind his back, his face working painfully.

Eleanor was touched. She did her best to help him throw off his misgivings; she defended him from himself; she promised him her help, not with the old effusion, but still with a cousinly kindness. And his mercurial nature soon passed into another mood—a mood of hopefulness that the doctor would set everything right, that Alice would consent to place herself under proper care, that the crisis would end well—and in twenty-four hours.

"Meanwhile, for this afternoon?" said Eleanor.

"Oh, we must be guided by circumstances. We understand each other, Eleanor!—what a prop, what a help you are!"

She shrank into herself. It was true, indeed, that she had passed through a good many disagreeable hours since Alice Manisty arrived, on her own account; for she had been left in charge several times, and she had a secret terror of madness. Manisty had not given her much thanks till now. His facile gratitude seemed to her a little tardy. She smiled and put it aside.

Manisty wrestled with his sister again that morning, while the other three ladies, all of them silent and perturbed, worked and read in the garden. Lucy debated with herself whether she should describe what she had seen the night before. But her instinct was always to make no unnecessary fuss. What harm was there in sitting out-of-doors on an Italian night in May? She would not add to the others' anxieties. Moreover, she felt a curious slackness and shrinking from exertion—even the exertion of talking. As Eleanor had divined, she had caught a slight chill at Nemi, and the effects of it were malarious, in the Italian way. She was conscious of a little shiveriness and languor, and of a wish to lie or sit quite still. But Aunt Pattie was administering quinine, and keeping a motherly eye upon her. There was nothing, according to her, to be alarmed about.

At the end of a couple of hours Manisty came out from his study much discom-

posed. Alice Manisty shut herself up in her room, and Manisty summoned Eleanor to walk up and down a distant path with him.

When luncheon came, Alice Manisty did not appear. Dalgetty brought a message excusing her, to which Manisty listened in silence.

Aunt Pattie slipped out to see that the visitor had everything she required. But she returned almost instantly, her little parchment face quivering with nervousness.

"Alice would not see me," she said to Manisty.

"We must leave her alone," he said, quickly. "Dalgetty will look after her."

The meal passed under a cloud of anxiety. For once Manisty exerted himself to make talk, but not with much success.

As the ladies left the dining-room he detained Lucy.

"Would it be too hot for you in the garden now? Would you mind returning there?"

Lucy fetched her hat. There was only one short stretch of sun-beaten path to cross, and then, beyond, one entered upon the deep shade of the ilexes, already penetrated, at the turn of the day, by the first breaths of the sea-wind from the west. Manisty carried her books, and arranged a chair for her. Then he looked round to see if any one was near. Yes. Two gardeners were cutting the grass in the central zone of the garden—well within call.

"My aunt or Mrs. Burgoyne will follow you very shortly," he said. "You do not mind being alone?"

"Please, don't think of me!" cried Lucy. "I am afraid I am in your way."

"It will be all right to-morrow," he said, following his own thoughts. "May I ask that you will stay here for the present?"

He bent over her with a most courteous, a most winning kindness. Lucy promised, and he went.

She was left to think first, to think many times, of these new manners of her host, which had now wholly driven from her mind the memory of her first experiences; then to ponder, with a growing fascination which her own state of slight fever and the sultry heat of the day seemed to make it impossible for her to throw off, on Alice Manisty, on the incident of the night before, and on the meaning of the poor lady's state and behavior. She had taken Mrs. Burgoyne's word of "mad" in a general sense, as meaning eccentricity and temper. But surely they were gravely anxious, and everything was most strange and mysterious. The memory of the staring face under the moonlight appalled her. She tried not to think of it; but it haunted her.

Her nerves were not in their normal state, and, as she sat there in the cool dark, vague paralyzing fears swept across her, of which she was ashamed. One minute she longed to go back to them and help them. The next she recognized that the best help she could give was to stay where she was. She saw very well that she was a responsibility and a care to them.

"If it lasts, I must go away," she said to herself, firmly. "Certainly I must go."

But at the thought of going the tears came into her eyes. At most there was little more than a fortnight before the party broke up and she went with Aunt Pattie to Vallombrosa.

She took up the book upon her knee. It was a fine poem in Roman dialect on the immortal retreat of Garibaldi after '49. But after a few lines she let it drop again, listlessly. One of the motives which had entered into her reading of these things—a constant heat of antagonism and of protest—seemed to have gone out of her.

Meanwhile Aunt Pattie, Eleanor, and Manisty held conclave in Aunt Pattie's sitting-room, which was a little room at the southwestern corner of the apartment. It opened out of the salon and overlooked the Campagna.

On the northeastern side, Dalgetty, Alice Manisty's maid, sat sewing in a passage-room which commanded the entrance to the glass passage — her own door — the door of the anteroom that Manisty had spoken of to Eleanor, and close beside her a third door, which was half open, communicating with Manisty's library. The glass passage, or conservatory, led directly to the staircase and the garden, past the French windows of the library.

Dalgetty was a person of middle age, a strongly made Scotch woman, with a

high forehead and fashionable rolls of sandy hair. Her face was thin and freckled, and one might have questioned whether its expression was shrewd or self-important. She was clearly thinking of other matters than needle-work. Her eyes travelled constantly to one or other of the doors in sight, and her lips had the pinched tension that shows preoccupation.

Her mind, indeed, harbored a good many disagreeable thoughts. In the first place, she was pondering the qualities of a certain drug lately recommended as a sedative to her mistress. It seemed to Dalgetty that its effect had not been good, but evil; or rather that it acted capriciously—exciting as often as it soothed. Yet Miss Alice would take it. On coming to her room after her interview with her brother, she had fallen first into a long fit of weeping, and then, after much restless pacing to and fro, she had put her hands to her head in a kind of despair, and had bade Dalgetty give her the new medicine. "I must lie down and sleep—*sleep!*" she had said, "or—"

And then she had paused, looking at Dalgetty with an aspect so piteous and wild that the maid's heart had quaked within her. Nevertheless, she had tried to keep the new medicine away from her mistress. But Miss Alice had shown such uncontrollable anger on being crossed that there was nothing for it but to yield. And as all was quiet in her room, Dalgetty hoped that this time the medicine would prove to be a friend, and not a foe, and that the poor lady would wake up calmer and less distraught.

She was certainly worse—much worse. The maid guessed at Mr. Manisty's opinion; she divined the approach of some important step. Very likely she would soon be separated from her mistress, and the thought depressed her. Not only because she had an affection for her poor charge, but also because she was a rather lazy and self-indulgent woman. Miss Alice had been very trying, certainly, but she was not exacting in the way of late hours and needle-work; she had plenty of money, and she liked moving about. All these qualities suited the tastes of the maid, who knew that she would not easily obtain another post so much to her mind.

The electric bell on the outer landing rang. Alfredo admitted the caller, and Dalgetty presently perceived a tall priest standing in the library. He was an old man, with beautiful blue eyes, and he seemed to Dalgetty to have a nervous, timid air.

Alfredo had gone to ask Mr. Manisty whether he could receive this gentleman, and meanwhile the stranger stood there twisting his long bony hands and glancing about him with the shyness of a bird.

Presently Alfredo came back and conducted the priest to the salon.

He had not been gone five minutes before Mr. Manisty appeared. He came through the library, and stood in the doorway of the passage-room where she sat.

"All right, Dalgetty?" he said, stooping to her, and speaking in a whisper.

"I think and hope she's asleep, sir," said the maid, in his ear. "I have heard nothing this half-hour."

Manisty looked relieved, repeated his injunctions to be watchful, and went back to the salon. Dalgetty presently heard his voice in the distance, mingling with those of the priest and Mrs. Burgoyne.

A little while afterwards there was another ring. This time it proved to be a lady from Rome, an old friend and connection of Aunt Pattie's.

Aunt Pattie, very pale and incoherent, came bustling out to receive her.

After greeting her guest, Miss Manisty shut the door upon the landing where Dalgetty sat working, and the sound of the ladies' talking presently filled Dalgetty's ear and effaced the voices from the salon.

Now she had nothing left to amuse her but the view through the glass passage to the balcony and the lake. It was hot, and she was tired of her sewing. The balcony, however, was in deep shade, and a breath of cool air came up from the lake. Dalgetty could not resist it. She glanced at her mistress's door and listened a moment. All was silence.

She put down her work and slipped through the glass passage on to the broad stone balcony.

There her ears were suddenly greeted with a sound of riotous shouting and singing on the road, and Alfredo ran out from the dining-room to join her.

"*Festa!*" he said, nodding to her in a kindly patronage, and speaking as he might have spoken to a child—"*Festa!*"

And Dalgetty began to see a number of carts adorned with green boughs and filled with singing people coming along the road. Each cart had a band of girls dressed alike—red, white, orange, blue, and so forth.

Alfredo endeavored to explain that these were Romans, who, after visiting the church of the "Madonna del Divino Amore" in the plain, were now bound to an evening of merriment at Albano. According to him, it was not so much a case of "divino amore" as of "amore di vino," and he was very anxious that the English maid should understand his pun. She laughed—pretended—showed off her few words of Italian. She thought Alfredo a funny, handsome little man, a sort of toy wound up, of which she could not understand the works. But, after all, he was a man—and the time slipped by.

After ten minutes she remembered her duties with a start, and hastily crossing the glass passage, she returned to her post. All was just as she had left it. She listened at Miss Alice's door. Not a sound was to be heard, and she resumed her sewing.

Meanwhile Manisty and Eleanor were busy with Father Benecke. The poor priest had come full of a painful emotion, which broke its bounds as soon as he had Manisty's hand in his.

"You got my letter?" he said, eagerly. "That told you I was condemned. Well, I submitted—two days ago. They got me to write a letter, on condition that nothing more should be published than just the fact of my submission. Otherwise—I refused. They promised me the letter should be private. Only *they* would write nothing. So I wrote the letter they demanded. I placed myself, like a son, in the hands of the Holy Father. Now this morning there is my letter—the whole of it—in the *Osservatore Romano!* Tomorrow—I came to tell you—I withdraw it. I recant my recantation!"

He drew himself up, his blue eyes shining. Yet they were swollen with fatigue and sleeplessness, and over the whole man a blighting breath of age and pain had passed since the day in St. Peter's.

Manisty looked at him in silence a moment; then he said, "I'm sorry—heartily, heartily sorry!"

At this, Eleanor, thinking that the two men would prefer to be alone, turned to leave the room. The priest perceived it.

"Don't leave us, madame, on my account. I have no secrets, and I know that you are acquainted with some at least of my poor history. But perhaps I am intruding—I am in your way?"

He looked round him in bewilderment. It was evident to Eleanor that he had come to Manisty in a condition almost as unconscious of outward surroundings as that of the sleep-walker. And she and Manisty, on their side, as they stood looking at him, lost the impression of the bodily man in the overwhelming impression of a wounded spirit struggling with mortal hurt.

"Come and sit down," she said to him, gently, and she led him to a chair. Then she went into the next room, poured out and brought him a cup of coffee. He took it with an unsteady hand and put it down beside him untouched. Then he looked at Manisty, and began in detail the story of all that had happened to him since the letter in which he had communicated to his English friend the certainty of his condemnation.

Nothing could have been more touching than his absorption in his own case, his entire unconsciousness of anything in Manisty's mind that could conflict with it. Eleanor, turning from his tragic simplicity to Manisty's ill-concealed worry and impatience, pitied both. That poor Father Benecke should have brought his grief to Manisty on this afternoon of all afternoons!

It had been impossible to refuse to see him. He had come on a pilgrimage from Rome, and could not be turned away. But she knew well that Manisty's ear was listening all the time for every sound in the direction of his sister's room; his anxieties, indeed, betrayed themselves in every restless movement as he sat with averted head listening.

Presently he got up, and with a hurried "Excuse me an instant," he left the room.

Father Benecke ceased to speak, his lips trembling. To find himself alone with Mrs. Burgoyne embarrassed him. He sat, folding his soutane upon his knee, answering in monosyllables to the questions that she put him. But her sympathy perhaps did more to help him unpack his heart than he knew; for when Manisty returned he began to talk rapidly

and well, a natural eloquence returning to him. He was a South German, but he spoke a fine literary English, of which the very stumbles and occasional naïvetés had a peculiar charm—like the faults which reveal a pure spirit even more plainly than its virtues.

He reached his climax in a flash of emotion. "My submission, you see—the bare fact of it—left my cause intact. It was the soldier falling by the wall. But my letter must necessarily be misunderstood—my letter betrays the cause. And for that I have no right. You understand? I thought of the Pope—the old man; they told me he was distressed—that the Holy Father had suffered—had lost sleep—through me! So I wrote out of my heart—like a son. And the paper this morning! See—I have brought it you—the *Osservatore Romano*. It is insolent—brutal—but not to me—no; it is all honey to me—but to the truth—to our ideas. No! I cannot suffer it! I take it back! I bear the consequences!"

And with trembling fingers he took a draft letter from his pocket, and handed it, with the newspaper, to Manisty.

Manisty read the letter, and returned it, frowning.

"Yes, you have been abominably treated—no doubt of that. But have you counted the cost? You know my point of view. It's a great game to me, and I the onlooker. Intellectually I am all with you; strategically, all with them. They can't give way; the smallest breach lets in the flood. And then chaos."

"But the flood is truth," said the old man, gazing at Manisty. There was a delicate spot of red on each wasted cheek. A fierce flame spoke in the eyes.

Manisty shrugged his shoulders, then dropped his eyes upon the ground, and sat pondering awhile in a moody silence. Eleanor looked at him in some astonishment. It was as though for the first time his habitual paradox hurt him in the wielding, or rather as though he shrank from using what was a conception of the intellect upon the flesh and blood before him. She had never yet seen him visited by a like compunction.

It was curious indeed to see that Father Benecke himself was not affected by Manisty's attitude. From the beginning he had always instinctively appealed from the pamphleteer to the man. Manisty had been frank, brutal even. But notwithstanding, the sensitive yet strong intelligence of the priest had gone straight for some core of thought in the Englishman that it seemed only he divined. And it was clear that his own utter selflessness, his poetic and passionate detachment from all the objects of sense and ambition, made him a marvel to Manisty's more turbid and ambiguous nature. There had been a mystical attraction between them from the first; so that Manisty, even when he was most pugnacious, had yet a filial air and way towards the old man.

Eleanor too had often felt the spell. Yet to-day there were both in herself and Manisty hidden forces of fever and unrest which made the pure idealism, the intellectual tragedy of the priest almost unbearable. Neither—for different and hidden reasons—could respond; and it was an infinite relief to both when the old man at last rose to take his leave.

They accompanied him through the library to the glass passage.

"Keep me informed," said Manisty, wringing him by the hand, "and tell me if there is anything I can do."

Eleanor said some parting words of sympathy. The priest bowed to her with a grave courtesy in reply.

"It will be as God wills," he said, gently, and then went his way in a sad abstraction.

Eleanor was left a moment alone. She put her hands over her heart, and pressed them there. "He suffers from such high things," she said to herself in a sudden passion of misery; "and I?"

Manisty came hurrying back from the staircase, and crossed the library to the passage-room beyond. When he saw Dalgetty there, still peacefully sewing, his look of anxiety cleared again.

"All right?" he said to her.

"She hasn't moved, sir. It's the best sleep Miss Alice has had this many a day. After all, that stuff do seem to have done her good."

"Well, Eleanor, shall we go and look after Miss Foster?" he said, returning to her.

They entered the garden with cheered countenances. The secret terror of immediate and violent outbreak which had possessed Manisty since the morning subsided, and he breathed in the *ponente* with delight.

Suddenly, however, as they turned into

the avenue adorned by the battered bust of Domitian, Manisty's hand went up to his eyes. He stopped; he gave a cry.

"Good God!" he said; "she is there!"

And half-way down the shadowy space Eleanor saw two figures—one white, the other dark—close together.

She caught Manisty by the arm.

"Don't hurry! Don't excite her!"

They walked up quietly.

As they came nearer they saw that Lucy was still in the same low chair where Manisty had left her. Her head was thrown back against the cushions, and her face shone deathly white from the rich sun-warmed darkness shed by the overarching trees. And kneeling beside her, holding both her helpless wrists, bending over her in a kind of passionate triumphant possession, was Alice Manisty.

At the sound of the steps on the gravel she looked round, and at the sight of her brother she slowly let fall the hands she held—she slowly rose to her feet. Her tall emaciated form held itself defiantly erect; her eyes flashed hatred.

"Alice," said Manisty, approaching her, "I have something important to say to you. I have reconsidered our conversation of this morning, and I came to tell you so. Come back with me to the library, and let us go into matters again."

He spoke with gentleness, controlling her with a kind look. She shivered and hesitated, her eyes wavered. Then she began to say a number of rapid, incoherent things in an under-voice. Manisty drew her hand within his arm.

"Come," he said, and turned to the house.

She pulled herself angrily away.

"You are deceiving me," she said. "I won't go with you."

But Manisty captured her again.

"Yes, we must have our talk," he said, with firm cheerfulness; "there will be no time to-night."

She broke into some passionate reproach, speaking in a thick low voice almost inaudible.

He answered it, and she replied. It was a quiet dialogue, soothing on his side, wild on hers. Lucy, who had dragged herself from her attitude of mortal languor, sat with both hands grasping her chair, staring at the brother and sister. Eleanor had eyes for none but Manisty. Never had she seen him so adequate, so finely master of himself.

He conquered. Alice dropped her head sullenly, and let herself be led away. Then Eleanor turned to Lucy, and the girl, with a great sob leant against her dress; and burst into uncontrollable tears.

"Has she been long here?" said Eleanor, caressing the black hair.

"Very nearly an hour, I think. It seemed interminable. She has been telling me of her enemies, her unhappiness, how all her letters are opened, how everybody hates her, especially Mr. Manisty. She was followed at Venice by people who wished to kill her. One night, she says, she got into her gondola in a dark canal, and found there a man with a dagger, who attacked her. She only just escaped. There were many other things — so — so — horrible," said Lucy, covering her eyes. But the next moment she raised them. "Surely," she said, imploringly—"surely she is insane?"

Eleanor looked down upon her, mutely nodding.

"There is a doctor coming to-morrow," she said, almost in a whisper.

Lucy shuddered.

"But we have to get through the night," said Eleanor.

"Oh, at night," said Lucy, "if one found her there beside one, one would die of it! I tried to shake her off just now several times, but it was impossible."

She tried to control herself, to complain no more, but she trembled from head to foot. It was evident that she was under some overmastering impression, some overthrow of her own will-power which had unnerved and disorganized her. Eleanor comforted her as best she could.

"Dalgetty and Manisty will take care of her to-night," she said. "And to-morrow she will be sent to some special care. How she escaped from her room this afternoon I cannot imagine. We were all three on the watch."

Lucy said nothing. She clung to Eleanor's hand, while long shuddering breaths, gradually subsiding, passed through her like the slow departure of some invading force.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE PROBLEM OF ASIA

III.

BY CAPTAIN A. T. MAHAN, U.S.N.

THE accentuating rivalry between the states of our civilization arising from the unstable conditions of China, long uneasily felt, but not formally avowed, is now approaching a moment resembling that fixed for the unveiling of a statue. The presence of the statue is no secret, the very folds of the drapery betray its outlines, yet it is as it were ignored, until the date fixed for display. From yesterday to to-morrow things continue essentially as they have been; yet we all know by experience how profound the change, the increased sense of imminence and of responsibility, when the curtain falls, and facts long dissembled are looked straight in the face. Without moving, we have traversed years of event. Action that seemed susceptible of indefinite procrastination appears now to have been too long deferred. Opportunities which might have been seized are seen to have passed irretrievably, because in heedlessness or indolence we noted not the day of visitation. But, as has been remarked, it is not China alone that lies within the debatable zone. With but slight modification of phrase, what has been said of her may be affirmed of Afghanistan, of Persia, and of Asiatic Turkey, on the other flank of the line.

In contemplating the possibilities of action, it must be repeated that consideration for the populations involved should have precedence of the interests of external nations—even of the one, or ones, taking action. This is not said as a cover or an apology for measures the originating motive of which may be national self-interest. Self-interest is not only a legitimate, but a fundamental, cause for national policy; one which needs no cloak of hypocrisy. As a principle it does not require justification in general statement, although the propriety of its application to a particular instance may call for demonstration. But as a matter of preparation, for dealing wisely and righteously with this great question, against the chance of occasion arising,—a mental preparation which no government can afford to postpone,—the very first element of a just and far-seeing decision must be the determination to bear in mind, and to give due precedence to, the natural rights and the future development of the peoples most directly affected. The phrase "natural rights" is chosen expressly, to indicate those that result from the simple fact of being born; in this distinct from political or legal rights, which depend upon other fitnesses than that of merely being a man. Thus the claim of an indigenous population to retain indefinitely control of territory depends not upon a natural right, but upon political fitness, shown in the political work of governing, administering, and developing, in such manner as to insure the natural right of the world at large that resources should not be left idle, but be utilized for the general good. Failure to do this justifies, in principle, compulsion from outside; the position to be demonstrated, in the particular instance, is that the necessary time and the fitting opportunity have arrived.

The interests of the populations in these countries is by no means necessarily identical with those of the present governments, nor with the continuance of the latter in either form or person. These are not representative, in the sense that they either embody the wishes or promote the best welfare of the subject. They represent at most the incapacity of the people to govern themselves, and in their defects are the results of generations of evolution from a false system, unmodified by healthy opposition. Being what they are, should necessity demand their discontinuance, there need be no tenderness in dealing with them as institutions, whatever consideration may be shown to the incumbents of the moment.

It is, in fact, the inefficiency of the governments that chiefly gives rise to the

present uneasiness. Were they otherwise, the balance of strength which now exists between the land and the sea Powers, as already indicated, and the commercial interest of the latter in the preservation of peace, would naturally and easily determine their maintenance against any aggression that overpassed the fortunes common to all states, and threatened their permanence or independence. As it is, confronted with the imminent probability of a dissolution, neither the time nor the circumstances of which can be foreseen, the result of causes either internal or external, or both, other nations are compelled to seek the preservation of their own interests, by means which may employ the existing governments, if these are equal to the task, or may supersede them. That either alternative is repugnant to the genius and traditions of the United States, it is needless to say. Under the government of no party will she willingly initiate a process so contrary to her preferences, and the grave issues of which cannot be foreseen; but, equally, under no government can she stand by and see substantial injury done to the welfare of her citizens by the undue preponderance of an inimical system of occupation or of influence.

Accepting the existence of the problem in the terms so far stated, a solution may be attempted. Granting outside interference at all,—which not only is most likely, but has actually begun,—the successful issue would be found in a condition of political equilibrium between the external powers, whereby the equality of opposing forces, resting each on stable foundations, should prevent the undue preponderance of any one state, or of any one force resulting from a combination of states, and which at the same time should promote, at the utmost rate consistent with healthy growth, the material and spiritual development of the populations affected. Thus would be hastened the desirable day when the latter, while still retaining their special traits and aptitudes, shall have been successfully grafted on to the civilization which, whatever its shortcomings, certainly has produced the best fruits in the individual, social, and political well-being of its members. This vital change effected, they will then be able to discharge all functions of self-dependent and self-governing peoples, such as now constitute the international commonwealth. Is it too much to say that in Japan, being a country of manageable dimensions, our own day has witnessed just such a change?—demonstrating the possibility of absorbing the benefits, intellectual as well as material, of a system hitherto alien, and of entering into the community of its life without sacrificing national individuality? And while it is doubtless true that Japan has not experienced the governmental paralysis of China, she has, since she felt the impulse of the foreigner, passed through a revolution of institutions, from which only recently she has emerged, to the general admiration, into the full enjoyment of all international dignity and privilege. It is evident, however, that the duration of such a process depends in some considerable degree upon the bulk of the subject by which it is undergone; and when this is large, as in China, the effect of external impulses will be accelerated in proportion to the number of points, or to the extent of surface, to which they are applied. Making every allowance for the adaptability of the people of Japan, to which so much of her success is to be attributed, it may plausibly be inferred that her comparative smallness of area and of population facilitated her progress; and that accordingly many points of contact will be favorable to the development of the greatly superior mass of China, by distributing the external influences among areas corresponding to those centres through which the respective Powers may act.

To such diffusion of influences, and to assurance of equilibrium, the presence and differing interests of many states will tend. Nor will it be without benefit that the effects produced will represent very great differences of characteristics, corresponding to the national types engaged. In so great an aggregate as that of China, variety and contrast of result would be intrinsically good; and if they promoted political subdivision, that also probably would be beneficial, both for the internal administration of the country and for the general political equilibrium of the world. As has before been said, it is scarcely desirable that so vast a proportion of mankind as the Chinese constitute should be animated by but one spirit and moved as a single man. If not a diversity of governments, at the least a strong antagonism of parties, embodying opposite con-

ceptions of national policy, is to be hoped, as conducive to the healthful balance of herself and of other countries. It was not wholly a mistake that some in the ancient world deprecated the ruin of Carthage, and the disappearance of her influence upon the international relations of the day, with the consequent fall of Rome into corruption within and excess without, through the abuse of power to which no adequate external check remained.

There is therefore no cause to lament the rivalries, nor the conflict of systems, represented by the various nationalities which are now impressing China with the consciousness of the urgency of their demands. The facts exist, beyond the chance of speedy reversal, and must now be accepted as they are: conditions of the immediate present, elements of the short view, by which current action must be modified. It is unpractical to expend emotion in regret for the inevitable; it is better utilized as a stimulus to action, preventive or remedial. The necessity now is to take the next steps as nearly as possible in the direction of the ultimate goal, the ascertainment of which has been the object of what has so far been said; in other words, to seek the speedy establishment of conditions under which there shall be a balance of influence between land power and sea power, and at the same time a minimum of friction between the two ensue. The problem, from its nature, especially demands study by the Teutonic nations—Germany, Great Britain, and the United States; for to them, representing as they do one party to the case, co-operation—not alliance, nor even pledge—is necessary, and co-operation must depend upon identity of conviction, resting upon community of interest. A single state like Russia, equipped with a government embodying the simplest conception of political unity, escapes the embarrassment inevitable to several nations, of more complex organization, in which the wills of the citizens have to be brought, not to submission merely, but to accord; and that upon a matter not only of national policy, but of international understanding.

Of other countries, France, it may be presumed, is by her artificial connection engaged to some extent to the policy of Russia in the East; whether for better or for worse will depend upon the coincidence of this with her natural interests there. At present, the principal result of the alliance is to emphasize the divergence of interests internal to the group of Latin nations. This is probably inevitable, both as a historical consequence of their too great proximity, and from their present conflicting ambitions in the Mediterranean. Nor can there be left out of account here the sincerely cordial interest, both past and present, of the English-speaking nations in the progress and confirmation of Italian unity. This can scarcely fail to strengthen, by all the subtile force of sentiment, on the one side and the other, the bond of a common interest in the Mediterranean, which is created and unified by the historic and unceasing efforts of France for a preponderance there, intolerable to other states. In face of an immediate urgency like this, especially when supported by the might of Russia, it is unreal to appeal to an argument so phantasmal as a common Latinity; for France, after all, is Latin but imperfectly, in organization rather than in temperament; the Gallic admixture, whatever its advantages, apparently carries with it a lack of the steadfastness essential to the endurance of political combination. From these relations of antagonism follow two chief results: first, that the French positional control of the western Mediterranean is much weakened; and again, that there is no third racial genius comparable, in political influence, to the two by which the European pressure upon Asia is chiefly constituted—the Slavonic and the Teutonic.

There remains to consider Japan, the importance of whose part is evident, because she is the one nation, Asiatic in genius as in position, which by efficiency of action, internal as well as external, has established and maintained its place as a fully equipped member of the commonwealth of states, under recognized international law. It has already been noted that the essential elements of her strength, being insular, place her inevitably in the ranks of the Sea Powers, and whatever ambitions of territorial acquisition upon the continent she may entertain must be limited in extent, because of the limited number of her own population compared to that of the mainland adjacent; farther than which, of course, it is not supposable that she can wish to

extend her activities. Western Asia and the Mediterranean, for example, though inseparably a part of the broad world question which centres just now about China, are clearly beyond the scope of Japan. Like the United States, local conditions emphasize her primary interests in a particular region and in one continent. Unlike the United States, the contractedness of her area denies the expectation of a superfluity of force, disposable in remoter quarters; while the nearness, in Asia, of great rival powers diminishes still further the possibility of distant enterprises. Narrow restriction in local territorial occupancy, however, is common to all the interested states; except, perhaps, Russia. The others on account of their distance, as Japan on account of her size, must expect to affect China by impulses imparted to the inhabitants through commercial and political relations, supported militarily by sea power, which, from its mobility, will be operative not only in the immediate locality, but wherever else throughout the world its force can be felt as a check by an opposing influence—as, for instance, in the control of commerce to its own advantage and to the injury of an enemy.

In the kind and methods of their power, and in their immediate interests, the Teutonic group and Japan are at one; it is in the nature of the influence transmitted that they will differ, because the original genius and, still more important, the inherited traditions of the two are different. Japan has exhibited remarkable capacity and diligence in the appropriation and application of European ways; but these are to her as yet an external acquisition, a piece of property, not a part of herself. In the European peoples these same ways, as they now exist, are the exponents of national character, of habits of thought, the outcome of centuries of evolution, in which a transmitted civilization, once exterior, has undergone an assimilative process under the operation of distinctive national faculties and environment. Such a result carries with it the assurance of permanence; not, indeed, in the form of stationariness, but in nature and direction of movement. Japan, in fact, from our point of view, is still under the disadvantage, by no means irretrievable, that the exterior and material characteristics of European civilization have been received too recently and rapidly for entire assimilation. In the short time that has elapsed since national political conversion began, it is not possible that change can have penetrated far below the surface, modifying essential traits and modes of thought. This, indeed, can be effected healthfully only by the gradual processes of evolution.

In the matter before us, co-operation—not formal alliance—between Germany, Great Britain, and the United States would be a strictly natural condition, carrying with it a fair promise of continuance, because, being based upon a common interest, its exertion would be governed by ideas substantially the same in origin, in tradition, and in spirit. The accession of Japan as a partner, if it take place, as may be hoped, will be the expression of a political phase, more or less lasting; of an expediency, resting upon the fact that, land and sea power being for the time in opposition, her place is with the latter. But even so, and while acting together loyally for common ends, the subtile essential characteristics of race must make themselves felt, must impart a divergence of ideals and of influences, not by any means necessarily hostile. Japan, like China, is Asiatic; the appreciativeness and energy with which she has embraced European standards and ways are a favorable omen, giving perhaps the surest promise as yet in sight that these shall pass into the Asiatic life and remodel it, as the civilization of Rome passed into the Teutonic tribes. But the result in the latter case has been a Teutonic civilization, not a mere extension of that of Rome. So here, what we have to hope for is a renewed Asia, not another Europe; and to this end the willing acceptance—nay, initiative—of an Asiatic nation is perhaps the most potent factor.

It must, however, be recognized and candidly accepted that difference of race characteristics, original and acquired, entails corresponding temporary divergence of ideal and of action, with consequent liability to misunderstanding, or even collision. Such recognition is a necessary, as well as a most important, antecedent to provision for the future, in which we all hope for the prevalence of justice and peace. Divergence of interests generates contention, even among those of the same household; but where there exists a community of feeling and tradi-

tion to which appeal can be made, there is already a beginning of reconciliation, that is less easily found where misunderstanding results from divergence of temperament and ideals. Both sources of difficulty are present in our problem. The contrary interests and the positions of the land and the sea Powers have been examined at some length. The differences of temperament that are now meeting in Asia have been more casually indicated, but they may be summed up in the three races, the Asiatic, the Slavonic, and the Teutonic, neither of which probably can yet give to the others the perfect comprehension expressed in the word "unanimity." It is a prime necessity to recognize these diversities, to appreciate them, and to accept them, as being not causes of complaint, but difficulties to be smoothed; not by abolishing them, which is impossible, but by allowing to each fair play, so long as it grows by its own inner energy, and does not attempt propagation by the alien means of armed compulsion. From such tolerant temper will ensue an adjustment corresponding to the true value of each element involved, which cannot be expected if essential differences are ignored, and the expectation of uniformity take the place of that of unanimity, confounding oneness of spirit with oneness of operation. The distant solution, which all three races should desire, for the common good of Europe and of Asia, is not the subversion of Asiatic genius or institutions, but the quiet introduction of the European leaven—which itself, even when long accepted, is modified in form by racial genius—and that this should be effected under conditions of mutual respect and kindliness, which will ensure its spread, if it possesses the advantages which we think.

In this spirit, then, let us give consideration to the demands of to-day, in the light of the long view of the distant future as so far set forth for acceptance. In the present backward political condition of Asia, which accurately reflects the want of political aptitude in its peoples, the lack of effective organization deprives her great mass of population of the power of effective initiative, limiting its present function to a load of inertia, of passive resistance to change, which is, indeed, no contemptible factor in the evolution of the future, but against which no immediate provision is necessary. In organized preparation for advance, Japan alone represents the Asiatic; and Japan, so long as in this respect by herself, is not big enough to contribute the weight upon which, as well as upon force of impulse, momentum depends. For the moment Japan is perforce confined to deciding which of the two other contending races is by character and ambitions most favorable, both to her immediate interests and to the free ultimate development of Asia in the line of its natural capacities; and upon these considerations she must shape her course.

Between the two other races, the Slav and the Teuton, there are well-recognized racial divergences, which find concrete expression in differences, equally marked, of political institutions, of social progress, and of individual development. It is reasonable to believe that these differences are partly fundamental, deep seated in the racial constitution, and partly the result of the environment amid which either has passed its centuries of growth. There is between them the antagonism that results from lack of mutual comprehension, while to that is added a conflict of interests, such as is inherent in their relative positions in Asia, as heretofore analyzed, and in their consequent necessary ambitions. To deal satisfactorily with such a condition it is first of all necessary to admit it; not to gloze truth with a thin and useless veneer of uncandid professions of good-will, diluted by mental reservations. That done, it may be profitably asked whether parallel lines may not run in one direction instead of in opposition; whether it may not be possible for us even to converge, accepting one another as we are, not exacting uniformity, but finding in the one object which attracts our aims a centre of unanimity rather than of discord. This, however, is impracticable unless each recognizes the crucial necessities of the other.

There can be little doubt that beyond substantial differences of racial characteristics, which find necessary expression in modes of action—for action is the materialization of spirit—the accidental line of separation between the two races, defining their interests and their ambitions, is denoted by the ideas of land power and sea power. This distinction proceeds alike from present possession and from present want. It inheres in their posi-

tions, both absolutely, and as related to the common objects of interest or of desire in Asia. It attaches conspicuously to the question of communications, of access to those objects. The Teuton, under the three great national heads, possesses the sea, from which the Slav is almost debarred. The Teuton is inferior in land power, for, in all his branches and settlements, he is geographically far removed from Asia, with which a great part of the Slavonic tenure is coterminous. The communications of Asia with the outer world are fullest by way of the sea; and here again it is the Teuton that leads, as well in naval as in commercial development, and by a superiority which admits no rival.

Essentially, this relative condition cannot be reversed; it can only be modified, and that to the extent of reasonable concession, not of equality. Its maintenance, being in the line of nature's dispositions, is a rule of healthy policy, that will dictate or control national demands for local influence or possession, as affecting preponderance upon the element with which the racial strength is identified. On the other hand, it must equally be recognized that each race absolutely requires some foothold, though an inferior one, on the field which is not primarily its own; and this common, reciprocal need indicates the quarters in which mutual concession must smooth the way towards adjustment.

For instance, it is abundantly clear that Russia can never be satisfied with the imperfect, and politically dependent, access to the sea afforded her by the Baltic and the Black Sea, under present conditions. It is to the writer equally clear that the European members of the Teutonic family, Germany and Great Britain, cannot possibly admit her predominance in the Levant—and through this over the Suez route—which would be acquired if the enclosed naval basin of the Black Sea were converted into an impregnable base, for exit and for entrance, by the acquisition of the Bosporus and the Dardanelles. There is not in the world a parallel to this combination of advantages for the secure development, drill, and egress at will, of a formidable fleet; while its situation relatively to the canal would revolutionize commercial conditions, in so far as dependent upon naval power. So strong is my conviction upon this point that, while heartily wishing the success of the British arms in the current war in South Africa, I should see compensation even for utter defeat and loss in the necessity for Great Britain then to concentrate upon the Mediterranean and the Levant, and, in accord with Germany, to preserve a predominance about the isthmus, including Asia Minor; thus assuring a route necessary to both nations, and for which that by the Cape of Good Hope is no adequate alternative.*

How and where, then, can concession be made to the sea wants of Russia? There are two quarters remaining, and only two; neither wholly satisfactory, and by that very fact confirming the essential isolation of the Slav from the sea. They will be repeated, with a brief mention of the advantages and disadvantages of each to the two parties chiefly concerned. There is the Persian Gulf, reached by land through Persia from the shores of the Caspian; and there is the seaboard of China, to which access is had through Siberia. The former involves an aggression upon Persia, or concession from her; for it can in no way be considered adequate to Russia's ambitions unless it carries with it extensive and consecutive territorial possession, from her present southern limits in East Turkestan to the borders of the gulf. If this be obtained, Russia is placed upon the flank of India; she controls one issue of any possible railroad from the Mediterranean through the valley of Mesopotamia, and absolutely interposes between it and its prolongation to India. Besides this, although the Persian Gulf has no such absolute control of the route to the East, *viâ* Suez, as is conferred by predominance in the Levant, it nevertheless does afford a flanking position, and entails a perpetual menace in war. In addition, it may be remarked that the maintenance there, by Russia, of a navy sufficient to be a serious consideration to the fleets of Great Britain, and to those who would be her natural allies upon the sea in case of complications in the farther East, would involve an exhausting effort, and a naval abandonment of the Black Sea, or of the China Sea, or of both. Naval divisions distributed among the three could not possibly give mutual support. Such a situation, contrasted with the secure, though long, access to the China sea-coast, through

* These words were written December 12, 1899.

territory either her own or under facile control, and with a fleet concentrated there, on the spot of greatest interest to the world, presents drawbacks so obvious that there is no motive, in the good of Russia, for the other states to consent to an arrangement which carries with it hazard to them. On the other hand, it appears unreasonable, and needlessly provocative of bad feeling, to object to her reaching the sea on the seaboard of China. Thus, here again, by an inevitable operation of a line of least resistance, we find on the eastern flank of the debatable zone, as on the western, the clustering of the nationalities, the gathering of the eagles, around a central interest, which derives its disputable character from the moribund condition of the local government.

In acknowledgment of their willing acquiescence in this coast tenure, opening free communication into the seas of the world, the Sea Powers may reasonably claim equal candor of admission that the navigable stream of the Yang-tse-kiang is their necessary line of access into the land, and the nucleus essential to the local spread of their influence. Like all arrangements here suggested, this reciprocal agreement should not be in the nature of formal convention, but of an understanding; which is not arbitrary, but rests upon existing facts that receive recognition in a spirit of mutual concession. It carries the corollary that there shall not be established upon the banks of the Yang-tse-kiang, by fortification or otherwise, any military tenure by which its waters can be forcibly closed to the Sea Powers. That the latter, under such conditions, will refrain during peace from using their own naval strength to debar others from commercial use of the river is insured; partly by the settled policy of the one among them that now has the greatly preponderant navy, partly by the mutual watchfulness between themselves which is inseparable from all combinations of states. In this instance co-operation among the naval nations depends upon a common opposition to a particular movement, naturally antagonistic to them, and upon a common interest, which, being accurately understood, will prevent measures that inure to the disproportionate sway of any one of them.

In fact, as regards possible aggression upon China, land power, being the prerogative of a single state, near at hand, is far more to be feared than sea power; for the latter is distributed among several, the bases of whose national strength are remote, and moreover it is in its methods more promotive of benefit, for it finds the sources of its vigor in commerce—only secondarily in force. It is therefore especially interested in elevating, rather than in subjugating, those with whom it deals, and the aim here, for the welfare of the world, should not be compulsion, but influence; not the appropriation of these countries, by one or by many, but the gradual evolution of their inhabitants, through material progress, and through mental contact with a civilization that has so far given the highest individual and social results. That such a process should be underlain by force—force of intrusion on the part of the outside influences, force of opposition among the latter themselves—may be regrettable, but it is only a repetition of all history. Force has been the instrument by which ideas have lifted the European world to the plane on which it now is, and it still supports our political systems, national and international, as well as our social organization.

In summary, therefore, and with respect both to the remote future and to immediate policy, the issue of events in the seas of China and in the Levant, in the extreme east and extreme west of Asia, will depend upon the presence of force, evident in positions occupied and in numbers available. This condition, at once natural and inevitable, dictates co-operation—not formal, but none the less clearly conscious—between the Teutonic nations, because of their fundamental identity of interest, which is the material factor, and because the conduct to which that interest and the nature of their power alike impel is animated by one spirit. That is the spirit of commerce—of interchange—essentially free, and desirous of an influence which, although it can and must be maintained by naval force locally displayed, cannot be widely diffused by the same agency; because the conditions of its strength narrowly limit its extension inland, making it for this chiefly dependent upon native local support. For effects, present and future, the Sea Powers must rely upon evident benefit following from association with them; a means which induces acceptance, not submission. Their force, resting on the sea,

can serve only to frustrate attempts to exclude themselves, or, if occasion arise, to aid the populations concerned in resistance to subjection. To accomplish these things they must work together; not in the letter of alliance, which fetters, but in the spirit of accord, which comprehends.

From existing elements of opposition, the future of Asia will remain a question in which military consideration must predominate; until, at least, antagonism shall have passed into adjustment. Thus regarded, the nature and direction of effective co-operation are indicated by the geographical conditions which constitute the strategic situation. These have been discussed at large in the previous papers. It is enough to recall here, in summary, that the chief centre of interest, because of its extent and present unsettled state, is China, around which, however, are grouped the other wealthy districts, continental and insular, which constitute eastern Asia, from Java to Japan. These markets of the future are the near objectives of the political and military discussions which now attract attention; but beyond them, in any statesmanlike view, lies the remote future result upon Asiatics of the impressions they may receive in absorbing and assimilating European civilization. Will they, from the effects thus wrought upon them, enter its community, spiritually, as equals, as inferiors, or as superiors? politically, as absorbing, or absorbed?

Except Russia and Japan, the several nations actively concerned in this great problem rest, for home bases, upon remote countries. We find therefore two classes of Powers: those whose communication is by land, and those who depend upon the sea. The sea lines are the most numerous and easy, and they will probably be determinative of the courses of trade. Among them there are two the advantages of which excel all others—for Europe by Suez, from America by way of the Pacific Ocean. The latter will doubtless receive further modification by an isthmian canal, extending the use of the route to the Atlantic seaboard of America, North and South.

Communications dominate war; broadly considered, they are the most important single element in strategy, political or military. In its control over them has lain the pre-eminence of sea power—as an influence upon the history of the past; and in this it will continue, for the attribute is inseparable from its existence. This is evident because, for reasons previously explained, transit in large quantities and for great distances is decisively more easy and copious by water than by land. The sea, therefore, is the great medium of communications—of commerce. The very sound, "commerce," brings with it a suggestion of the sea, for it is maritime commerce that has in all ages been most fruitful of wealth; and wealth is but the concrete expression of a nation's energy of life, material and mental. The power, therefore, to insure these communications to one's self, and to interrupt them for an adversary, affects the very root of a nation's vigor, as in military operations it does the existence of an army, or as the free access to rain and sun—communication from without—does the life of a plant. This is the prerogative of the Sea Powers; and this chiefly—if not, indeed, this alone—they have to set off against the disadvantage of position and of numbers under which, with reference to land power, they labor in Asia. It is enough. Pressure afar off—diversion—is adequate to relieve that near at hand, as Napoleon expected to conquer Pondicherry on the banks of the Vistula. But if the Sea Powers embrace the proposition that has found favor in America, and, by the concession of immunity to an enemy's commerce in time of war, surrender their control of maritime communications, they will have abdicated the sceptre of the sea, for they will have abandoned one chief means by which pressure in one quarter—the sea—balances pressure in a remote and otherwise inaccessible quarter. Never was moment for such abandonment less propitious than the present, when the determination of influence in Asia is at stake.

Of the three Teutonic nations—Germany, Great Britain, and the United States—the two former alone are immediately interested in the Levant; because, independent of its local resources, the most vulnerable part of their necessary communication with the East is there. For its protection they have ample naval strength, if to the latter adequate local support is given. For this there is a nucleus in the central positions of Egypt and Cyprus, flanked as these are by Aden on the one side, by Malta and Gibraltar

on the other; but there is further needed, unquestionably, in the region defined by the Black Sea and the Mediterranean, the Caspian and the Persian Gulf, that predominance of political influence which rests upon consciousness of interest implanted in the inhabitants; upon their dependence for security against a dreaded aggression; and upon their sense of benefit, anticipated for the future as well as bestowed in the past and present.

Preponderance such as this is conferred by commercial enterprises for the development of a country, provided the nation by which they are undertaken supports them by its power, expressed by its wealth, and, in case of necessity, by its organized military forces. This is the necessary aim of the states which find in the Suez Canal their shortest route to the farther East. It is more particularly that of Great Britain, because she has extensive responsibilities in India, which may at any time require the use of that shortest route, not for commerce merely, but for troops. For the latter purpose, even the blocking of the canal would only lessen, not destroy, the gain in time over the Cape voyage. Germany's interest, while differing in kind and in degree, is no less real; and the irreversible fact remains that in the entrance of the Black Sea, in the valley of Mesopotamia, and in the table-lands of Asia Minor, by virtue of their natural features, of their extent, and of their central position, rests an ultimate control of the eastern Mediterranean, resembling that exercised some centuries ago by the Ottoman Turks. In the days of sails, however, loss of control did not involve exclusion from the best sea road to the East, as it now would. The matter is pre-eminently the concern of Germany and Great Britain; but with theirs is associated that of Italy, because France has deliberately cast in her lot with Russia, which, by the nature of things, must be opposed alike to Latin and Teutonic predominance in the regions named. It lies beyond the scope of United States' activities, but not outside of our lively solicitude. It affects us in that it touches to the quick the freedom and rapidity of intercourse with the East on the part of those whose policy there must run even with ours, because of the similarity which characterizes alike our strength and our interests.

To state such a fact as this, with the reasons supporting it, is simply to indicate what has been before called the long view, the distant goal, which, to borrow a simile from the sea, may be steered for direct when the wind of circumstances is fair; but with the many complications that exist, or that may arise, each generation of statesmen must contend as the seaman of a few years back contended with contrary winds or currents. But, while so doing, they will not be helped, but hindered, if amid present difficulties they lose sight of ultimate aims; as if, to continue our parallel, the seaman forgot his destination in his attention to the wind. Neither in politics nor in seamanship can the course at any moment set disregard the port desired, nor in either profession does neglect of charted data conduce to success.

The people of the United States and their successive governments have not now, nor are likely to have hereafter, in connection with the future of Asia, to consider any such complicated conditions as are presented by the surroundings of the Suez Canal and of the Levant. Our difficulty at present does not proceed from outside conditions, but from those internal to our own national habits of thought, which in the past have been distinctly averse to studying external political problems, and even to admitting their existence, until pressed home upon our consciousness by an immediate emergency. Startling as has been the effect produced upon public sentiment by the recent exigency which threw the Philippines upon our hands, it must be remembered that a mental temperament evolved and ingrained by generations of acceptance, not merely inert, but willing, must tend to revert, as passing time dulls the sharp impression and lively emotions that followed the war with Spain. Most persons have experienced that, in forming or in breaking habits, the first few days under the impulse of a recent resolve are comparatively easy, but that to them succeeds an uninteresting monotonous period of struggle, which too often issues in apathetic surrender to former conditions. With nations the tendency is the same. To resist it, where resistance is necessary, there is required a comprehension of facts, and a recognition of the duties and interests involved; for in these, distant or immediate, are to be found the only unanswer-

able reasons and durable motives for national policy.

The argument of these papers rests upon the assumption, now quite generally accepted, that in the wide movement of expansion which has characterized the last quarter of the closing century, the Pacific Ocean in general and eastern Asia in particular are indicated as the predominant objects of interest, common to all nations, both in the near and in the remote future. Within the home dominions of the European and the American Powers no marked territorial changes are to be expected; but in the outer world, where conditions are unsettled, and towards which all eyes are turned, regions even extensive derive their present significance less from their intrinsic value than from their bearing upon access to the central objects named. South Africa, for instance, if Mr. Bryce's estimate is correct, receives from its great gold-fields but a temporary importance, destined soon to disappear by their exhaustion; but as an important outpost on one of the highroads to India and the farther East it has some permanent value, which may be more or less, but in any event demands consideration.

The Isthmus of Suez, the Levant, and Persia in like manner possess inherent advantages; but it has been attempted to show that the enjoyment of these is a less pressing concern than the establishment there of political conditions which may affect the future control of the Suez route.

These, and the other factors named, by their particular values and their mutual influence, constitute the strategic features of the general world situation involved in the problem of Asia. With them nations have to deal in the light of their individual interests, checked by due respect to the rights of others, measuring the latter not exclusively by the rule of conventional ideas, essentially transitory, but by the standards of eternal justice, which human law can express only imperfectly. Nor does the mighty power of sentiment fail to find due place in such a scheme; on the contrary, when healthy in character, it receives from the considerations that have been adduced the intelligent direction which alone makes it operative for good. But a very large part of a nation's wisdom consists in reenforcing its own strength by co-operation with others, based upon a substantial identity of interests; and if such identity is found combined with community of character and tradition, fostering community of ideals, the prospect of continued and harmonious co-operation is greatly increased. From the sense of such kinship springs a sound affection, which redeems interest from much of the selfishness associated with the word. Such is the triple bond which may unite Germany, Great Britain, and the United States; not in alliance, but in solidarity of action, founded upon the rock of common interest, and cemented by the ties of blood.

In eastern Asia and the Pacific, although the interests of the United States are not identical with those of Germany and of Great Britain, they are alike; not the same, but similar. Rightly understood, while the three nations will be competitors,—seekers of the same end,—they should not be antagonists. For this reason our sympathy should go with the others in whatsoever, by facilitating their influence, tends towards the furtherance of the common policy. This needs especially to be understood in matters affecting the communications with the East; for there, the effect being indirect, and exercised in quarters remote from our own activities, understanding and sympathy are less easily aroused, and greater attention is required to comprehend. That upon such instructed appreciation of facts, when fully assimilated, there should follow a certain mutual regard, will be natural. Like will to like.

In return we may claim, and will doubtless receive, the same intelligent recognition and sympathy that we ourselves extend. Upon no other condition than a clear perception, where the respective paths and duties lie apart, can we reach that accord which will enable us to act in concert where they coincide. Of the two great lines of communication —Suez and Panama—the former, as a matter of political action, is wholly theirs; the latter, necessarily ours. If it should ever happen that either group come to the help of the other on its own ground, either by active interference or by unmistakable moral support,—as Great Britain is reported to have withstood foreign combination against us at the opening of the Spanish war,—it must not be with any idea of subsequent claim to local political

interference. We work together when mutual interest requires, but in accordance with well-understood conditions; beyond that we stand clear of each other's business, knowing that misplaced meddling separates closest friends.

The writer has too often already discussed, directly or incidentally, the strategic situation which finds its centre in Panama to repeat the same here; but one or two remarks about the Monroe doctrine may be not out of place. Accepting as probably durable the new conditions, which have so largely modified the nation's external policy in the direction of expansion, there is in them nothing to diminish, but rather to intensify, the purpose that there shall be no intrusion of the European political system upon territory whence military effect upon the Isthmus of Panama can be readily exerted. For instance, should a change anticipated by some occur, and Holland enter the German Empire, it will be advantageous that it should even now be understood, as it then would be necessary for us to say, that our consent could not be given to Curaçao forming part of that incorporation. The Isthmus of Panama —in addition to its special importance to us as a link between our Pacific and Atlantic coasts—sums up in itself that one of the two great lines of communication between the Atlantic and the farther East which especially concerns us, and we can no more consent to such a transfer of a fortress in the Caribbean than we would ourselves have thought of acquiring Port Mahon, in the Mediterranean, as a result of our successful war with Spain.

Consideration of interests such as these must be dispassionate upon the one side and upon the other; and a perfectly candid reception must be accorded to the views and the necessities of those with whom we thus deal. During the process of deliberation not merely must preconceptions be discarded, but sentiment itself should be laid aside, to resume its sway only after unbiassed judgment has done its work. The present question of Asia, the evolution of which has taken days rather than years, may entail among its results no change in old maxims, but it nevertheless calls for a review of them in the light of present facts. If from this no difference of attitude results, the confirmed resolve of sober second thought will in itself alone be a national gain. This new Eastern question has greatly affected the importance of communications, enhancing that of the shorter routes, reversing political and military—as distinguished from mercantile—conditions, and bringing again into the foreground of interest the Mediterranean, thus reinvested with its ancient pre-eminence. For the same reason the Caribbean Sea, because of its effect upon the Isthmus of Panama, attains a position it has never before held, emphasizing the application to it of the Monroe doctrine. The Pacific has advanced manifold in consequence to the United States, not only as an opening market, but as a means of transit, and also because our new possessions there, by giving increased opportunities, entail correspondingly heavier burdens of national responsibility. The isthmian canals, present and to come, — Suez and Panama, —summarize and locally accentuate the essential character of these changes, of which they are at once an exponent and a factor. It will be no light matter that man shall have shifted the Strait of Magellan to the Isthmus of Panama, and the Cape of Good Hope to the head of the Mediterranean.

The correlative of these new conditions is the comparative isolation, and the dwindled consequence, of the southern extremes of Africa and America, which now lie far apart from the changed direction imposed upon the world's policies. The regions there situated will have small effect upon the great lines of travel, and must derive such importance as may remain to them from their intrinsic productive value. Does there, then, remain sound reason of national interest for pressing the Monroe doctrine to the extent of guaranteeing our support to American states which love us not, and whose geographical position, south of the valley of the Amazon, lies outside of effective influence upon the American isthmus? Does the disposition to do so arise from policy, or from sentiment, or from mere habit? And, if from either, do the facts justify retaining a burden of responsibility which may embarrass our effective action in fields of greater national consequence—just as South Africa may prove a drain upon Great Britain's necessary force about Suez? In short, while the principles upon which the Monroe doctrine reposes are not only unimpaired, but fortified, by recent changes,

is it not possible that the application of them may require modification, intensifying their force in one quarter, diminishing it in another?

Not the least striking and important of the conditions brought about by the two contemporary events—the downfall of the Spanish colonial empire and the precipitation of the crisis in eastern Asia—has been the drawing closer together of the two great English-speaking nationalities. Despite recalcitrant objections here and there by unwilling elements on both sides, the fact remains concrete and apparent, endued with essential life, and consequent inevitable growth, by virtue of a clearly recognized community of interest, present and future. It is no mere sentimental phase, though sentiment, long quietly growing, had sufficiently matured to contribute its powerful influence at the opportune moment; but here, as ever, there was first the material—identity of interest—and not till afterwards the spiritual—reciprocity of feeling—aroused to mutual recognition by the causes and motives of the Spanish war. The latter, and the occurrences attendant, proclaimed emphatically that the two countries, in their ideals of duty to the suffering and oppressed, stood together, indeed, but in comparative isolation from the sympathies of the rest of the world.

The significance of this fact has been accentuated by the precision with which in the United States the preponderance of intelligence has discerned, and amid many superficially confusing details has kept in mind, as the reasonable guide to its sympathies, that the war in the Transvaal is simply a belated revival of the issue on which our own Revolution was fought, viz., that when representation is denied, taxation is violent oppression. The principle is common to Great Britain and to us, woven into the web of all her history, despite the momentary aberration which led to our revolt. The twofold incident—the two wars and the sympathies aroused, because in both each nation recognized community of principle and of ideals—indicates another great approximation to the unity of mankind; which will arrive in due time, but which is not to be hurried by force or by the impatience of dreamers. The outcome of the civil war in the United States, the unification of Italy, the new German Empire, the growing strength of the idea of Imperial Federation in Great Britain, all illustrate the tendency of humanity to aggregate into greater groups, which in the instances cited have resulted in political combination more or less formal and clearly defined. To the impulse and establishment of each of these steps in advance, war has played a principal part. War it was which preserved our Union. War it was which completed the political unity of Italy, and brought the Germans into that accord of sentiment and of recognized interest upon which rest the foundations and the continuance of their empire. War it is which has but now quickened the spirit of sympathy between Great Britain and her colonies, and given to Imperial Federation an acceleration into concrete action which could not otherwise have been imparted; and it needed the stress of war, the threat of outside interference with a sister nation in its mission of benevolence, to quicken into positive action the sympathy of Great Britain with the United States, and to dispose the latter to welcome gladly and to return cordially the invaluable support thus offered.

War is assuredly a very great evil; not the greatest, but among the greatest which afflict humanity. Yet let it be recognized at this moment, when the word Arbitration has hold of popular imagination, more perhaps by the melody of its associations than by virtue of a reasonable consideration of both sides of the question, of which it represents only one, that within two years two wars have arisen, the righteous object of either of which has been unattainable by milder methods. When the United States went to war with Spain, four hundred thousand of the latter's colonial subjects had lost their lives by the slow misery of starvation, inflicted by a measure—Reconcentration—which was intended, but had proved inadequate, to suppress an insurrection incited by centuries of oppression and by repeated broken pledges. The justification of that war rests upon our right to interfere on grounds of simple humanity, and upon the demonstrated inability of Spain to rule her distant colonies by methods unharmful to the governed. It was impossible to accept renewed promises, not necessarily through distrust of their honesty, but because political incapacity to give just and good administration had been proved by repeated failures.

The justification of Great Britain's war with the Transvaal rests upon a like right of interference—to relieve oppression, and upon the broad general principle for which our colonial ancestors fought the mother-country over a century ago, that "taxation without representation is tyranny." Great Britain, indeed, did not demand the franchise for her misgoverned subjects, domiciled abroad; she only suggested it as a means whereby they might, in return for producing nine-tenths of the revenue, obtain fair treatment from the state which was denying it to them. But be it remembered, not only that a cardinal principle upon which English and American liberty rests was being violated, but that at the time when the foreigners were encouraged to enter the Transvaal franchise was attainable by law in five years, while before the five years had expired the law was changed, and the privilege withdrawn by *ex post facto* act.

In each of these wars one of the two nations which speak the English tongue has taken a part, and in each the one engaged has had outspoken sympathy from the other, and from the other alone. The fact has been less evident in the Transvaal war, partly because the issue has been less clear, or less clearly put, chiefly because many foreign-born citizens of the United States still carry with them the prepossessions of their birthplace, rather than those which should arise from perception of their country's interests.

Nevertheless, the foundations stand sure. We have begun to know each other, in community of interest and of traditions, in ideals of equality and of law. As the realization of this spreads, the two states, in their various communities, will more and more closely draw together in the unity of spirit, and all the surer that they eschew the bondage of the letter of alliance. To complete the group, ethnically and spiritually, there is needed the accession of the other branches of the Teutonic family, of which the German Empire is the great exponent. The race can afford to wait for this, and it would certainly be injudicious to precipitate its coming by a forcing process; still, it may be remarked that the period of incipiency, in which the Anglo-American concord of tendency still remains, is the most favorable moment for the entrance of a third party, akin to the other two.

In conclusion a further remark may be offered. Both the signs of the times and obvious motives for action point to a probable permanent co-operation between the communities which speak the English tongue, as well as to a possible, if much less assured, coincidence of action with the empire the language and people of which come from the same stock, though differentiated by prolonged separation. But upon the horizon of the future may be descried a further omen of favorable augury. Various causes have conspired during the passing century to depress the visible power and influence of the Latin communities in Europe, compared to those grouped as the Teutonic. The unification of Italy is the one conspicuous exception. To this let there be added the strategic central position of the new state in the Mediterranean, which is to Europe far more even than the Caribbean can be to America, and also the political considerations which have forced her and France into the opposite scales of the political balance.

This attitude of Italy cannot but be fully confirmed by the clear necessity, to Latin and to Teuton, to insure that predominance in the Levant which is essential to both, because, as Sea-Powers, secure use of the Suez Canal is to them vital. The significance of this is that, by the force of circumstances, Italy, the modern representative of that which is most solid, politically, in the original Latin strain, remains in the intimacy of political attachment with the Teutonic Powers. This assures us the continued association of that Latin element which has contributed so much to the composite result of our Christian civilization; and it still more points on to the time when that element, the lineal inheritor of Roman greatness, seeing more clearly where its interests lie, shall find in Italy the centre and the pattern which shall restore it, in renewed glory, to the commonwealth of states that already owes to it so much.

NOTE.—Since concluding these papers the writer has met these recent words of Sir W. W. Hunter (introduction to *History of British India*), whose regretted death has just removed one of the most widely informed students of Asian questions: "I hail the advent of the United States in the East, as a new power for good, not alone for the island races that come under their care, but also in that great settlement of European spheres of influence in Asia, which, if we could see aright, forms a *world problem* of our day."

ACTS AND ENTR'ACTES

BY KATRINA TRASK

"IT is like a pilgrimage ; isn't it, Max?"

"With this advantage," he answered—"one's saint walks beside on towards the shrine."

"Don't be flippant."

"I assure you, nothing was further from my thought. Look at me, Dorothy. No—turning your head is not looking—lift your eyes—so, sweetheart. Do I look flippant?"

Whatever he looked, she felt it was safe for her to turn away again as quickly as possible. They were walking with a throng of people up the hill at Baireuth, and were too surrounded on every side for betrayal of crimson cheeks and telltale eyes. Why was it that Max Reynolds could always rouse this tide in her when he chose? She rebelled against it—and loved it. He was the direct antithesis of her schoolgirl picture. She had lived in a realm of poetry and romance, defying the order of the life in which she moved. In her maiden heart she held a shadowy vision of some Lohengrin sailing from unknown spheres to prove that love was still a mystic wonder. She had dreamed of being caught into a splendor of warmth and color, and "light that never was on sea or land"; and while she was waiting, this quiet man with the calm eyes and the clear clever brain, a vigorous product of the nineteenth century, had called to her and claimed her; she had shut her dreams in her heart and had gone to him with the unerring instinct of a homing bird. But why? He was so different! Here was Baireuth, for example—he was taking it quite as a matter of course, an intellectual interest, a musical curiosity; and she—

"Look!" she said, with bated breath; "there it is!"

He looked at her instead.

"Oh, Max! how can you? Look!" and she pointed to the theatre that appeared, a small flat round, at the top of the hill they were ascending.

"Dorothy! Dorothy! there it is," called her chaperon, who was walking ahead with the rest of the party.

"Oh, I see it!" Dorothy's voice was vibrant.

"It is remarkable," Max said, "how earnestness of purpose makes an atmosphere; really one feels lifted into a more reverent attitude towards life." (Ah! now he was satisfactory!) "See that old man over there, with the music score under his arm—I believe he spent his last cent to come here; and those women — stout and middle-aged — how young and eager they seem! I am glad we came."

"Oh, thank you, Max! I thought you did not care."

"Sweetheart, because a man is not the torrid zone, don't press him into the frigid."

"What is that?" and Dorothy's voice rose to the thrill of coming joy.

"That, miss," volunteered a lank, sandy-haired man behind her, "is the horn to call the audience together. It blows three times, and if you aren't there at the last blow, you can't get in—they lock the doors."

He spoke to her as though it were quite natural that in a common cause, bound towards a common goal, there should be a sense of brotherhood.

"Oh, thank you. Hurry, Max; hurry! do not let us be late."

When they entered the theatre Dorothy had a pang of disappointment. This barren, barnlike place the arena for the great dramas of the master! The Mecca she had longed and waited for! Devoid of all ornament and symmetry, nothing could be more puritanically severe than the rows and rows of seats before the sombre curtain.

"Wait, sweetheart," Max whispered, "you won't be disappointed soon."

"How did you know I was disappointed?"

"How do I know many things?"

He was not a hero, but undoubtedly he was sometimes very delicious. As they spoke, the lights went down, and Dorothy realized the artistic merit of the theatre's barrenness. The darkness was the genius of the place. It fell like a liv-

ing power, subduing, silencing. The murmur of voices was stilled, the restless shuffling ceased, and that vast audience sat in expectant hush as the first notes of the orchestra rose and swelled into fulness of harmony.

Instinctively, Dorothy's little hand slipped into that of Max, which—by some strange chance—was not far to find. The knowledge of all the world locked out, the knowledge that no belated comer could open the doors—where loomed in the dusk inexorable porters—gave a sense of peace and remoteness which was the climax to Dorothy's delight. Slowly the curtain rose, and her quick intellect perceived, what she had only felt before, why all the theatre should be dark and still. It is the crowning touch of dramatic effect, and makes one a very part of the unfolding drama.

The opera was *Die Götterdämmerung*. Brünnhilde stood upon her fire-guarded mountain height and bade farewell to her hero. Dorothy's heart expanded with that sense of relief which expression brings, be it our own expression or some consummate interpretation which expresses for us. In Brünnhilde she felt herself expressed. Too little tribute has been paid to the character of Brünnhilde as a revelation of woman—that wondrous blending of supreme surrender and immortal maidenhood—she thought.

"Shakspere does not begin to understand woman as Wagner does." She could not resist that one whisper to Max.

"'Sh!" said a man behind her; and Dorothy was glad of the darkness.

Max was interested in the opera; he had a good knowledge of music, an intelligent interest in all art; and although by no means an enthusiastic admirer of Wagner, he recognized that he was a master, that he had conquered even his enemies, and was to be approached and considered with a reverent and open mind. He had determined to make an intellectual study of this first performance he had seen in the proper setting; but he found himself studying, instead, the sensitive face beside him, which the darkness veiled, but did not hide. The color coming and going, the parted scarlet lips, the beautiful eyes which translated the music into their common language, seemed to him, just then, more worth while than the passing scenes upon the stage. What a child she was! How eager and unworldly, with all her intellect! How full of the glow of her young enthusiasm!

The opera went on. Siegfried said his lingering good-by; his call was heard echoing in the distance; Brünnhilde was alone; the curtain fell, and rose again at once upon King Gunther's hall. Then came that picture of mediæval life—the old castle; the coming of the hero; the meeting; the pledging of friendship; and the blood-covenant.

Max smiled as he watched the play upon the lovely face beside him; but the smile had no trace of criticism nor intolerance. To his practical sense the blood-covenant had a strong touch of the ridiculous. Both as a present representation and a realization of past methods among men it tried him. How absurd to see two full-grown men—the one supposedly a hero—standing before witnesses, each plunging a sword into his own right arm, mingling the blood in a cup of wine and drinking it as an eternal pledge!

But to Dorothy! Well, what was it to Dorothy? Why did her face glow with such an inner radiance that Max was quite content to leave the study of Wagner for some future day, and found himself longing for the curtain to fall, that the opus of his own life might have another act?

When the doors were thrown open, the hushed audience thronged forth into fresh air and speech. In front of the theatre was a large square, and here people gathered, full of comment and chatter, or walked down the board walk at the back of the theatre towards the grove of trees. Max and Dorothy, by common impulse, followed the walk, left it, and climbing down the hill-side, found a shaded nook among the lindens; he spread his overcoat upon the ground and made a place for her, then threw himself beside her, and taking off his hat, looked up at her with smiling eyes.

He saw at once that there was something new in her face; it was rosy with a sweet shyness.

"Max—"

"Yes, dear."

"That is what I want—it is so much more than any engagement-ring *could* be. Will you give me your penknife—and—will you do it?" Her voice faltered like a child's.

"Sweetheart, what *do* you mean? Do what?"

"Let us have a blood-covenant, Max, here—a little one; it will prove so much."

Then Max did a thing altogether natural to man: he put back his head and laughed—a frank, kindly laugh. "My sweet child," he said, "we live in the nineteenth century; we are long past such nonsense. I want my love to be a strong woman—not a sentimentalist. Don't look like that, Dorothy! You know I know what you are; but I want to save you from the rocks that silly women are wrecked upon."

"Thank you, Max."

He looked up quickly to determine just what her tone might mean. There was a proud turn to her head, a sudden veiling, which gave her for him an exquisite charm. He remembered this afterwards; at the time he did not analyze it. He was vaguely conscious of a psychic remoteness; but before he had time to realize a shadow had fallen, she reassured him by saying, quite naturally,

"Wagner is the only man who has co-ordinated the arts, and it makes him intellectually most interesting: do you not think so?"

"Indeed, yes; and gives him a power which is immeasurable."

"Almost all the arts," she continued—"music, painting—for his scenes are living pictures which stay in the memory—and the drama. He is a much greater dramatist than one realizes at first—because one forgets everything in the music. As I said to you, when that man hushed me so peremptorily, Shakspere has never drawn one woman with the human livingness of Wagner's heroines—and with her soul."

"My dear Dorothy! Think of Portia, and Beatrice, and Rosalind—"

"I have thought of them."

"Well, I don't know," Max said, reflectively.

"Of course you don't: you are not a woman." Dorothy rose.

"Dorothy! you are not going back yet? What is it?"

"Oh, nothing! I have just thought how impolite we are to Mrs. Floyd."

"Bother Mrs. Floyd! How can you remember her? Do stay a little longer."

"No; we really must go back;" and she walked on, talking of Wagner.

Max was roused to mental effort, which stimulated him. How well she talked! He found himself watching with a pleasant excitement the play of her words and the turn of her thought; in so doing he lost sight, for the moment, of her heart; but when they joined the chaperon, he saw that also!

Dorothy had been hurt, and had covered her retreat by manœuvres of bright speech to call off his attention from herself. Like a woman, she had talked her best when pricked by pride. When they reached the group, who were leisurely eating ices, and were drawn at once into general conversation, reaction came; the strain of pretence told upon her; she longed to put her head down upon the little iron table before her and burst into a torrent of relieving tears. Max saw the sudden change of mood, and was baffled by it; he searched for the old electric current between them, but found it not; her eyes were veiled when he sought them, and her sensitive mouth had no responsive lines to the covert appeals he made in words that she would understand amid the general talk, and in little ways a woman knows. They seemed more divided, sitting two feet apart in this small circle, than they had often seemed when a continent separated them.

Max grew impatient. Was ever *entr'acte* so long? Why did it not end? Let him but whisper one word in her ear in the darkness, let him but once find her hand under the sway of the music, and by a subtle current warm her back to life—and all would be right again.

He began seeking in his mind for the cause of this withdrawal. He was of that order of men who are sensitive enough to feel results, but yet not quite sensitive enough to divine the cause. That was to come, perchance, after close contact with Dorothy's illuming influence, as to her would come the saner balance and the surer poise—else it would be no true marriage. He welcomed the horn which called them back, with an eager haste; but, to his dismay, he found himself seated between Mrs. Floyd and Carrie Reinhart.

Dorothy had an imperious way of accomplishing her purposes. Max could usually controvert it, if on his guard; but, taking for granted the natural order of things, he went into his place with Mrs.

Floyd—having walked back to the theatre with her—expecting Dorothy to follow. Instead, Carrie Reinhart did as she was bid and walked into Dorothy's vacant place; then came Jack Cassidy. Dorothy sat next to Mr. Floyd, with whom she was a great favorite, and who took her charming conclusion—that she would sit by him this time—as a boon granted for gratitude. He had brought her to Baireuth, and it seemed but natural that she should give him the enjoyment of her pleasure.

Max felt as if he must rise and protest aloud against his fate; but he talked on with Mrs. Floyd, until the lights went down. Then he challenged his memory. What was it? What had brought this dearth upon his hour? He had been often conscious of a resolution to mature and curb the exuberance of Dorothy's nature, given to his keeping; but now he missed it; he felt suddenly like a man from whom the sunlight has been withdrawn when he was carelessly basking in it. The face of nature had changed for him. Could he, the strong man—who would have laughed awhile ago at shadings given from without—be conscious of a chill, a sense of desolation, simply because a presence had been withdrawn from his side? It was absurd; yet, argue against it as he might, the fact remained. How different Wagner had seemed, in the last act, with Dorothy's glowing self beside him! He recalled how the little hand had slipped into his, and the sweet wonder on the face as the music unfolded—and—yes, that was it!—he remembered!—the blood-covenant!—of course. It all comes back to him now—her romantic folly, his laugh, and her quick plunging into brilliant argument, which had absorbed him and turned his attention from herself. How proud and clever she is—and yet withal what a foolish child! Stay! was it folly? Are things not relative—and dependent upon their source? What may be curiosity in the petty man is investigation in the scientist. What is sentimentalism in the empty-headed may be symbolism of the highest to the idealist. And between the sentimentalist and the true idealist there is as much difference as there is between the glinting of tinsel and the glory of sunshine. Poor child! she had been reaching after an expression of the ideal in material, visible form. What was that but the history of the human race in epitome? Had not mankind cried out after the Logos—made audible, made visible—since the world began? As the hour passed, his heart championed her cause against his traditions. A wider apprehension came to him of natures different from his own. Foolishness was, after all, largely a point of view, and, like crime upon intent, was dependent upon the motive behind it.

With this new apprehension of her, he looked up and saw her. She was leaning eagerly forward, with clasped hands, her eyes riveted upon the stage; even in the darkness he could see that she was very pale, and that two tears were rolling slowly down her cheeks. A yearning tenderness overswept his heart; he longed to rise and gather her close, to comfort and soothe her in the face of all the world. Dear heart! that he had laughed at her—when she had merely wanted, in a simple, primitive way, what all the world has wanted from the beginning. And he had quoted the nineteenth century to her—dullard that he was! Could he not see that she was greater than a condition, and had that immortal simplicity, defying all ages, which belongs to Homer and the Vedic hymns? She should have her blood-covenant. It was only the pettiness of his own mind which had belittled the idea from a sense of humor.

Dorothy had come into the theatre her heart fierce with bitterness—she had made an overture to her love, and he had *laughed!* As she took her seat away from him she felt that she hated him. He did not understand her; he classed her with those silly girls who press flowers and wear locks of hair. The revelation of a great idea had come to her—the desire for a symbol, holy, uniting. And he had dared to laugh! The penknife? No, that was scarcely romantic, it might be even funny,—but who could stay to think of petty details in a sacrament? She remembered, once, in a poor country church, she had drunk the eucharistic wine out of a heavy glass mug. It had not touched the solemnity; in a way, it had seemed to add to it. If symbolism were not to be at all—that was another thing; but there would be the engagement-ring—he had told her it should be beautiful, a fitting symbol of their love—and the wedding-ring, which the wedding service called "the symbol of

an endless bond." No one thought these foolish—simply because society endorsed them and conventionality approved. Yes, she hated him; he was crowded down into narrow grooves—and she had sworn to mate a hero!

But the curtain rose, and in spite of the bitterness in her heart she found herself following the story upon the stage.

Then rang out that heart-searching cry from Brünnhilde, "Betrayed! betrayed!"

A shock vibrated through Dorothy from head to foot. And Siegfried was a hero! Softly, through the bitterness, the anger that had held her, there stole a sense of buoyant gratefulness. She would never know that cry! Max might not be a hero, but his love was sure—as sure as the foundations of the earth. Ah! surer, for it was immortal, and would last when the firmament was rolled together like a scroll. No potion could touch his brain—it was too clear; no confusion, no stratagem, could drive her from her place in that true heart. The bitterness began to ebb, and in its place a sweet reasonableness rose. It is true he had laughed, but not unkindly; as she recalled it now, in her softer mood, there had been a certain tenderness in it. What had it been, and what had his words been, but a warning born of his love—a warning to guard her from danger—the danger of taking outward things for the real? And she had punished him so severely for that moment's misunderstanding. She would not stay with him when he asked her; she made no response to his courteous overtures before the others; and the hurt surprise on his face when he found that she had left her seat beside him haunted her.

And now Siegfried is swearing on the spear that he does not know Brünnhilde. And where is chivalry? Even if the poison in his veins has made him forget her—and blotted out their love—she is a woman in sore anguish, and Siegfried is ruthless and wantonly cruel in his manner of denying and defying her, to vindicate himself. Dorothy remembers, once, when some one had accused Max falsely, the measureless pity that he had shown for the man's perfidy, calling it blindness.

Ah! after all, it does not lie in outward things. It is not the aureole that makes the saint, not the externals that make the hero. As that wonderful music soars and rises to its divine revelation, the story seems to shrivel away into nothingness—even her own story grows small—before the universal revelation of beauty, and her soul seems to stand in a larger place. She held her breath when the curtain fell, as if she would hold the spell; then came a rush of joy—she would be near Max again! At the door they met, and each knew that the shadow had been lifted. Without a word they went down the path, and found the same place among the lindens.

"Dorothy—"

"Max!" she interrupted him, "let me speak first, please. I see—I understand. You are right. I must not be carried away by externals, by effects. The consciousness is the real having. You were right. The idea of the blood-covenant is too great to be held by form; forms were for those who could not grasp the spirit;—we are beyond them. I was foolish."

"My darling," he answered, "my wise darling, that is true; but you were not foolish—forgive me that I laughed. I, too, have been learning something this last hour. Your thought was, at base, the motive from which poetry comes. I understand better now. Will you forgive me?"

The tremulous shadows of the lindens fell upon her face. His heart rejoiced in her beauty. "You shall have the blood-covenant, sweetheart, if it would please you—with us it will not be foolish. Do you want it?"

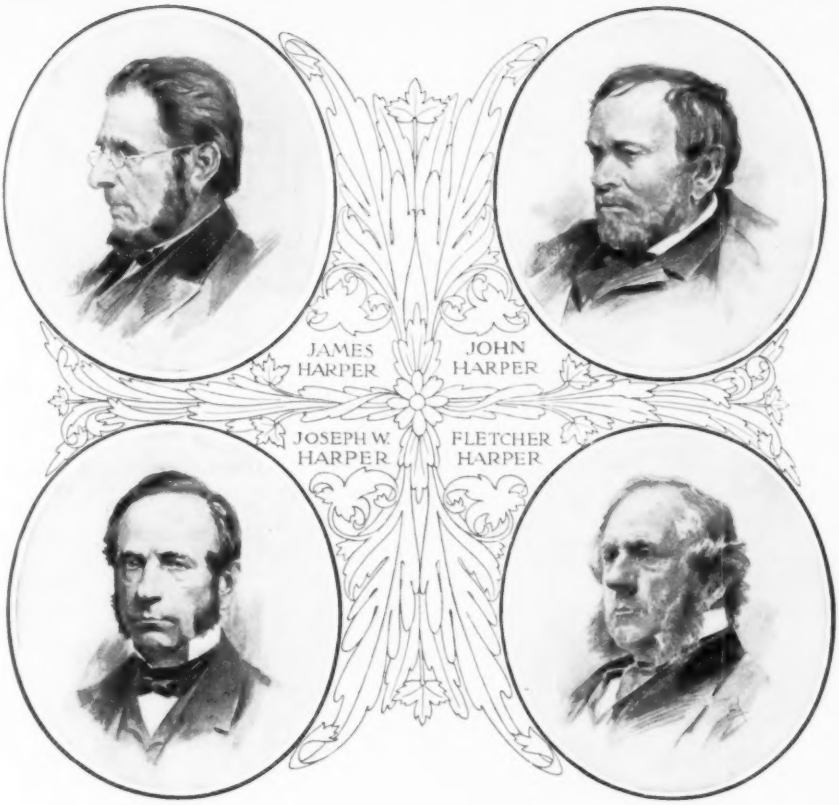
He took her hand in his firm grasp—ah! they had been parted so long! Her blood leaped to his touch, thrilled to her finger-tips. She lifted her eyes, and their souls met.

"I have had it," she said.

TWO WORLDS

BY LYMAN W. DENTON

THE worlds in which we live are two—
The world "I am," and the world "I do."



FIFTY YEARS OF HARPER'S MAGAZINE

BY THE EDITOR

THERE are no men now living who can remember the first beginnings of the house of Harper. Only those who have reached threescore and ten years could have read, at its issue, the first book published by James and John Harper—the eldest two of the four brothers; and these two had been printers many years before they became publishers, and before St. George's had become Franklin Square. James, the first to take up the trade, passed through a regular apprenticeship, and before he undertook business on his own account, was considered the most efficient pressman in New York. It is curious to note that in the war of 1812 he, after his work all day at the press, was for several nights engaged with other stalwart young men in strengthening the defences of the city against an apprehended attack by the British. Those were the days of sailing-vessels and of the hand-press. Work in this country, on the farm, in domestic service, and in factories, was done quite entirely by native-born Americans; and the habit of manual labor was almost universal.

Already a new era had begun in our American industrial world, and had gained momentum. The steam-engine and the electric telegraph had been doing their

work. Railroad building and enterprise, and the increased demand for labor in every field, had invited, and now every year more eagerly invited, immigrants from Europe. The association of some kinds of manual labor with this vast incoming crowd of ignorant workers put upon it something of the same kind of stigma that it had long suffered in the South from association with slave labor. The character of political issues changed. For several years in the largest Northern cities an acute Protestant sensitiveness had been developed. The public-school system, not yet firmly established, depended for its security entirely upon the enthusiastic support of native-born Americans, and the jealousy with which it was guarded against alien views and traditions brought on local conflicts. It was as the result of such antagonism that James Harper was elected Mayor of New York city in the early forties, only a few years after the formation of the house of Harper and Brothers, of which he was the senior partner. The preservation of distinctively American institutions seemed to be threatened, and the Native-American party was organized. The Free-Soil party grew into formidable proportions in like manner for the protection of free labor in our western territories from the stigma of association with slave labor and from the obvious disadvantages of competition with unwaged service. The civil war settled the latter issue, the former it buried in oblivion, since those of foreign birth who had once fought for the integrity of the nation could never again be distinguished from the native defenders of American institutions.

The first decade of *Harper's Magazine* lay under the shadow of this coming war, but scarcely an intimation of it can be found in its pages during that period. The Harpers were Democrats, but how little partisan predilections affected the character of their Magazine is indicated by the fact that its first editor, Henry J. Raymond, was a prominent Free-Soil Whig, who a year later founded the New York *Times*. The nearest approach to an article touching a current political issue in the Magazine was that contributed to the September number, 1858, by the Hon. Stephen A. Douglas, advocating the principle of popular sovereignty in the Territories.

This Magazine was no accidental emergence in the literary world; it came in the natural evolution of the Harpers' publishing business. Fletcher Harper once said to me: "If we were asked why we first started a monthly magazine, we would have to say frankly that it was as a tender to our business, though it has grown into something quite beyond that." There was evident satisfaction in what had been accomplished beyond the first intention, notwithstanding the modest and wholly ingenuous disclaimer of merit on account of it. The character of the general business of the house really determined the character of the Magazine. It is quite probable that the popular appreciation of *Harper's Family Library*—itself a kind of serial publication—suggested the issue of a monthly periodical for the diffusion of good literature. The perfection of an efficient electrotyping process had made possible the prompt regular issue of a large edition. The fact that for several months it was wholly eclectic (containing really the cream of foreign periodical literature), and that the illustrations of the first number consisted only of three portraits of contemporary historians—Allison, Macaulay, and Prescott—and of a few fashion plates, shows how far removed from the vision of its promoters was the whole field of its future accomplishment. And right here it must be clearly pointed out that the first and dominant note of the Magazine was literary rather than artistic. The thoughtful readers of that day were satisfied by the best literature without pictures. At the end of 1850, after six months' trial of its chances with the public, the Magazine had a monthly circulation of more than fifty thousand copies. The six numbers already issued, apart from fashion plates, had contained an average of only eight pictures each, and one-fourth of these had been portraits, while nearly all the others had purely literary associations. This success of a distinctively literary enterprise—the literature, be it remembered, being quite entirely English, and, while contemporaneous, having no special timeliness in an acutely journalistic sense—is notable, and reflects credit upon that generation of American readers. The art of pictorial illustration was in its crude infancy in the early fifties, and there were very few artists in the field. For that matter, our American literature

HENRY J. RAYMOND.

at that period had very few eminent names to show. In New England, Longfellow and Whittier had begun to be popular; Lowell was but dimly recognized; Emerson had just emerged into such publicity as the Lyceum lecture-field was beginning to afford to effective talent; Hawthorne's seclusion was scarcely broken, though he was giving the world his best work; and Holmes had not yet become the Autocrat. In the Middle States, Cooper and Irving and Bryant are the only names now widely remembered, with the exception, perhaps, of N. P. Willis; Timrod, Simms, Paul Hamilton Hayne, and John Esten Cooke were eminent in the South, where for the most part literary aspirations were sacrificed for those of a political character. The West had then no literature. Mrs. Stowe, who was writing *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, belonged properly to New England. New writers were becoming known—notably Donald G. Mitchell, Richard Henry Stoddard, T. B. Aldrich, and Edmund Clarence Stedman. Magazines already existing, like *Graham's* and *The Knickerbocker*, or soon to enter the field, like *Putnam's* and *The Atlantic*, depending quite entirely upon contributions from American writers, would be sure of a respectable constituency, though of such enterprises (including many not here mentioned) none of a purely literary character has survived. Those which persisted—most eminently *The Atlantic*—whatever literary value they had, were obliged to depend for their success upon other qualities, and especially upon the timely appeal to readers in the selection of themes treated. If *Harper's Magazine* had been started upon the plan of exclusive American authorship, the limitation thus imposed would have been an obstacle to the development of its present comprehensive scope. Every other American magazine existing in 1850 had a definite plan which determined its scope, and, as a matter of fact, had filled that scope, had attained its full development. If it had a specialty—as *Godey's* had, being a magazine for women, devoted to fashions and kindred objects—it had its appropriate constituency. Dow's *Waverley*

Magazine (a weekly) showed what success was possible to a periodical appealing mainly to romantic sensibility. As regards literary appeal, the condition of American literature at that time fixed a narrow limit. Outside of Hawthorne's novels, then clearly indicated as to their quality by such examples as *The Scarlet Letter* and *The Blithedale Romance*, there was no new American fiction of a high order.

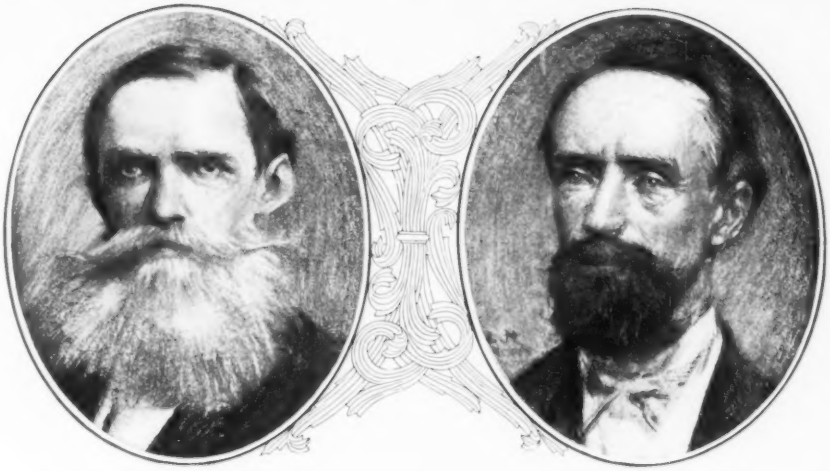
In this situation the Harpers did as magazine publishers what for many years they had been doing in their book business—they brought to readers the richest treasures of literature wherever they were to be found. The best was to be found in European periodicals. Thus it was that the most eminent English serial fiction of the last half-century found its place in *Harper's Magazine*.

In the mean time *Harper's Magazine* was developing a distinctive type of periodical by natural evolution. Its eclectic character rapidly disappeared in its very infancy. The nebulous miscellany was resolved into a constellation. There are really only two types of magazine, excluding, of course, those devoted to some distinct specialty. *Blackwood* is the original of one type, *Harper* of the other. In the latter the type was gradually disclosed—what it was to become was indicated only in the becoming. The distinction is not that of an illustrated from an unillustrated magazine. *Harper* is not *Blackwood* plus suitable illustrations. Some things—for example, the best kind of fiction—might be common to both, but there would always be this difference, that *Blackwood* would by choice appeal to a limited class of highly cultivated readers, proposing to meet special demands of that class, while *Harper* would be addressed to all readers of average intelligence, having for its purpose their entertainment and illumination, meeting in a general way the varied claims of their human intellect and sensibility, and in this accommodation following the lines of their aspiration. *Blackwood* would begin on the highest level of special literary excellence, and should it seek popularity in a wider appeal, must do so through accommodation, relaxing its first tension, imperilling its original type. *Harper*, starting from the lowest level to which *Blackwood* could properly fall, would, with always the most ready accommodation to popular interest, steadily ascend, improving in every essential respect as to substance and form, while constantly broadening its appeal, never quite reaching its full tension—the perfect fulfilment of its type.

Looking back upon the hundred volumes concluded with the present number, the first impression made upon the mind is that of a real exposition of the last half-century in every field of human activity and interest. The next impression is that of a steady growth in literary and artistic excellence, as well as in the efficient achievement of its initial purpose.

The intimacy between the Magazine and the book-publishing department, never wholly broken, was closest in the first score of years after the establishment of the former, and very largely determined its character. The house was eminent as publishers of books on themes especially suited to a popular illustrated periodical—books of travel and exploration, of science popularly treated, of history and biography, and, in general, of the kind of literature best suited to the home, when the practice of reading aloud in the family circle was still a prevalent custom. If the books were illustrated—as those of travel and exploration and science were sure to be—a foretaste of these was frequently given in the Magazine articles, with some of the pictures. African and arctic exploration furnished the most lively reading and the most striking pictures for many years, and next in novelty and curious interest ranked the articles describing the strange aspects of human life and natural scenery in Russia and the Far East, in the islands of the Pacific, and in the wilds of South and Central America. Foreign travel was not so common in the fifties as it is now, and Europe afforded to writer and artist much that was new and picturesque. Our own yet wild West and the newly settled Pacific coast, with its rude mining-camps, added another vast field of novelty and adventure. Thomas W. Knox's stories of Russian and Siberian travel were not nearly so thrillingly interesting as J. Ross Browne's tales of mining life in and beyond the Rockies.

The first writer for *Harper's* distinguished for his use of the pencil was "Porte Crayon" (the significant pen-name of D. H. Strother), whose remark-



D. H. STROTHER. J. ROSS BROWNE.

ably quaint descriptions of life in the mountains of Virginia, with his still quainter pictures, began during the second year of the Magazine. He was given a roving commission, which took him to other parts of his native South and to New England (where he was not so much at home, missing the plump negro wenches and jolly pickaninnies whom he delighted to portray). One of his characteristic articles described an artist's railway journey. He contributed to the Magazine from Southern battle-fields during the war, and died at Charleston, West Virginia, in 1888. Much wise philosophy was blended with his humor and quick sense of the picturesque.

The wonders of science freshly disclosed in sea, earth, and sky engaged their full share of the expository scheme. Here Jacob Abbott was the first and most valuable contributor. He entered the new industrial field with equal zest. The earliest very important illustrated article was his description of the Novelty Iron-Works in New York city—the first in a long line of such articles that have all along been a special feature of the Magazine. American history was fairly represented in that early period by the richly illustrated contributions of Benson J. Lossing, who was then preparing his *Field-Book of the Revolution*, and who was at once writer, artist, and engraver. Probably the most popular series of that day was J. S. C. Abbott's *Life of Napoleon Bonaparte*, upon the illustrations for which the utmost skill then possible was expended.

From this brief survey, mainly confined to the very earliest volumes of *Harper*—which contained at the same time the serial novels of Lever, Bulwer, and Dickens, and a little later of Thackeray—one sees what was the first shaping of the wholly new type of a popular magazine which we have designated the *Harper* type, and how essential to the perfection of this type was the art of pictorial illustration.

My first connection with the house of Harper was as a writer, in collaboration with Alfred H. Guernsey (who succeeded Henry J. Raymond as editor of the Magazine), on *The Pictorial History of the Rebellion*. This was in the summer of 1863. I soon found that editorial assistance and literary advice, as reader, were expected of me. I had had no experience in this line, though such work had always seemed to me more interesting than any other, excepting, of course, that of authorship. In the winter of 1863-4 I was asked by Fletcher Harper to take the office management of *Harper's Weekly*. Counting on his assistance, I consented. He was the real conductor of that journal from its inception; it was said that he carried it in his hat. I selected stories for it, and wrote the articles

accompanying the pictures. In such training as I acquired in editorial management Mr. Harper was my teacher. He knew where to be bold and where to be cautious. I also assisted Mr. Guernsey on the Magazine.

For nearly six years after my connection with the establishment the beautiful association of the four Harper brothers remained unbroken. They were not, but well they might have been, the model of Dickens's Cheeryble Brothers. They were known among themselves and their intimates by sobriquets whose origin was referred back to a time far antedating my acquaintance with them. James, who did the social honors of the house to visitors (himself defining his special business, in answer to an anxious inquirer, as that of "attending to the bores"), and whose cheerful face was known to every employe of the establishment, was for obvious reasons known as "the Mayor"; John, who managed the finances, was "the Colonel"; Joseph Wesley, who was more immediately connected with the book-publishing department, conducting the correspondence with authors, was "the Captain"; Fletcher, the youngest of the brothers, and a master in journalism, was "the Major." The lines of distinction above indicated in the various functions of business were not strictly drawn; there was always a fraternal blending and convergence of them. To "the Colonel" as long as he lived the title-page of every book published by the house was submitted for his approval or revision. How indelible in my memory are the faces of these four men and their frankly disclosed characters! After the sudden death of the eldest by accident in 1869, the others soon followed, like the links of a broken chain—first, Joseph Wesley, in 1870; then John, in 1875; and last of all Fletcher, in 1877.

I undertook the editorial management of the Magazine in 1869. Up to that time there had been no material change in its general conduct, and it had not been challenged to measure its strength against any serious competitor in its own field. It had been steadily advancing after its own type in the excellence of its literary contents and of its illustrations. As a popular magazine it could not properly attempt literary pre-eminence on the *Blackwood* plan—that would contradict its own peculiar genius and limit its usefulness. It continued to publish serially the best novels that were produced from year to year, but it could not have published Emerson's essays or Lowell's critical papers. It could and did welcome the best short stories of its time, from those of its earlier years by W. D. O'Connor, J. D. Whelpley, Fitz-James O'Brien, and Fitz-Hugh Ludlow, to the later efforts of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps and Harriet Prescott Spofford, just as it hospitably entertained poems by Aldrich and Howells, and popular articles of journalistic value by James Parton and Edwin P. Whipple. There had been developed in Boston a distinct constellation which took its own place in the literary heavens, and, by a law of natural selection, shone brilliantly in the pages of *The Atlantic Monthly*. Boston had then much the same relation to American contemporary literature that Edinburgh had to British literature in the first quarter of the century, and the period of its distinction was in like manner limited.

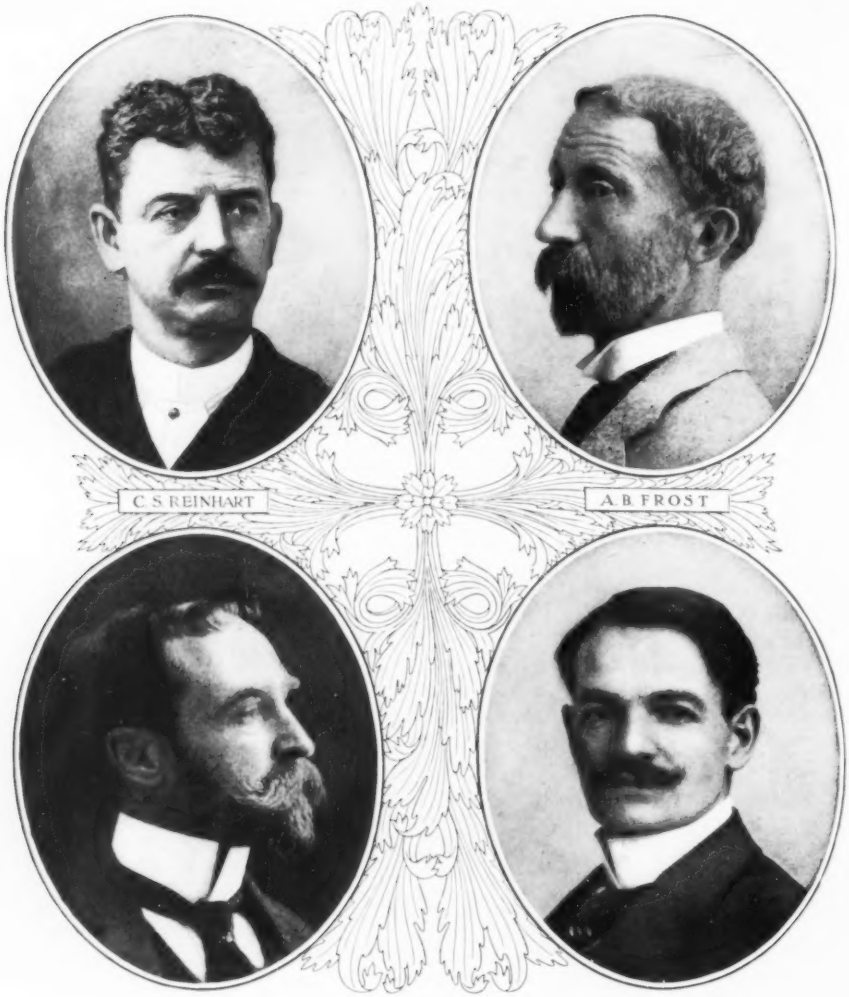
A change was about to be effected in the character of the Magazine, as the result of regular development, but stimulated, particularly in the field of illustrations, by honorable competition with periodicals established on the same general type, but laying claim to popular favor through some special distinction—as, for example, more exclusive use of contributions by American writers or better illustrations.

The Harper establishment has been from the beginning a great workshop. The atmosphere of the place did not suggest any special æsthetic refinement. There was a corps of engravers who worked on a salary, meeting all requirements for the illustration of the books and periodicals of the house. Often in the engravings for the *Weekly*, and sometimes in those for the Magazine, different engravers would work on different portions of the same block. But the utmost possible attention was given to securing the most excellent workmanship. Mr. Henry Sears, who was at the head of this department, was a faithful and efficient superintendent, and, in spite of the defects of such a system, there were instances of eminent individual mastery of the art—more and more of them as the individual eminence of the artists who made the drawings led to the exaction of better engraving. And these artists had

JACOB ABBOTT.

their workshop as well, in a room of their own, under the superintendence of Charles Parsons, who had early in 1863 succeeded John Chapin. One of my most vivid early recollections of the establishment is of this room, with a dozen or more artists seated at desks, drawing on wood, and at times varying their work with riotous hilarity. There were Harry Stephens, W. S. Jewett, Sol Eytinge, William and A. R. Waud, Theodore R. Davis, Granville Perkins, Tom Nast, C. G. Bush, and a number of others whose names have escaped my memory. These artists had no models, but they did remarkable work, and several of them were excellent painters, whose work was accepted for Academy exhibitions. Mr. Parsons was an eminent water-color painter. Some of these artists followed our armies in the field and contributed to *Harper's Weekly* sketches of battle scenes that were memorable for their accuracy and graphic delineation.

Mr. Parsons was an ideal teacher of art, and many a young artist who, without academic training of any sort, came under his charge, or submitted to him his first drawings, received suggestions, criticism, and encouragement to which, from the high point of subsequent eminence, he looked back as the stimulus of his timid venture—the starting-point of successful undertaking. Abbey, Reinhart, Alexander, Frost, and Du Mond were notably among those who worked first under his eye in that old workshop, and who would gladly pay their tribute of grateful acknowledgment to him for his quick recognition of their individual quality and for his generous encouragement and sympathy. These, with others who, like Howard Pyle, Frederic Remington, and William T. Smedley, were not directly connected with the old shop, formed a new group of later-day artists, with new methods and higher attainments. The studio and the model became necessary to the perfection of their work. The artist of this new school was not merely illustra-



ting the writer's text; he stood for himself as an individual artist. He therefore made new demands upon the engraver.

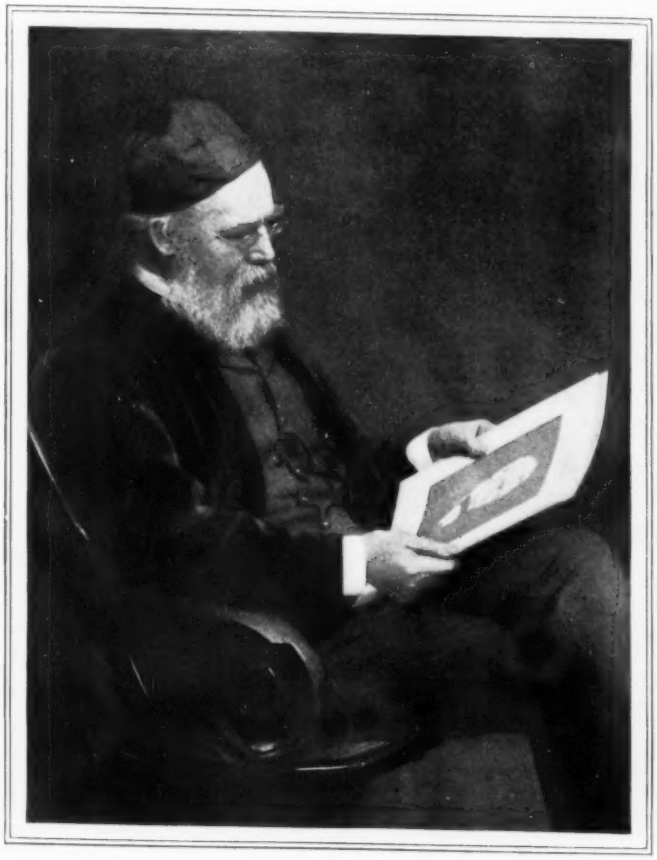
The first and immediate response to this demand was a new school of engravers —those masters in their art who inaugurated the golden age of engraving in America. Something had been gained when the drawing could be directly photographed on the wood, the drawing itself remaining intact (instead of, as formerly, being destroyed in the very process of engraving), and serving as a standard for judgment as to the engraver's faithful rendering. But the artist was not satisfied with this rendering, however good. Indeed, in just so far as the engraver showed individual mastery, his work to that extent was differentiated from the artist's original. It was like FitzGerald translating "Omar Khayyám" —not that it was that much better, but that much different.

Hence it was that the most eminent artists eagerly welcomed the half-tone

process engraving, which presented a facsimile of their work, and the possibilities of this process have been perfected for his sake.

Thus it will be seen that the apparently sudden advance in the art of pictorial illustration—for it still served the purposes of illustration, while emphasizing the artistic as something quite distinct from the literary or merely graphic *motif*—in the early seventies was really a movement that had been preparing for this leap, and would inevitably have taken it if *Harper's* had remained the only popular illustrated magazine in the market.

The stimulation of American literary effort through the Magazine was from the first very great in certain lines—in none more so than in the production of short stories, where American writers have always excelled, especially women. Now and then, but rarely, some prominent English novelists, like Charles Reade, W. E. Norris, and Justin McCarthy, have written exceedingly clever short stories. From the last-mentioned, during his first visit to America, Fletcher Harper, in half bravado, ordered forty-five short stories for periodical use. Before his return to England Mr. McCarthy had filled the order, and the stories were all worthy of publication anywhere. The fact, how-



CHARLES PARSONS.

ever, that English fiction, in serial form, was in its best days of such eminence as to command the preference of readers, and therefore a larger space in the pages of the Magazine, caused special stress to be laid upon short stories from American writers, and portraying American life and character. Many writers whose novels were to be published serially elsewhere, like Cable, Stockton, and Mrs. Burnett (then Frances Hodgson), contributed their first short stories to *Harper*.

The general acceptance of *Harper's* as pre-eminently a home magazine for family reading made short stories of domestic interest, and especially well-written love-stories, a characteristic feature. The first short story that came into my hands for editorial examination was a very excellent one of this kind by Louise Chandler Moulton; and, as a rule, these stories were contributed by women. It would be interesting to trace the development of the American short story into the thing of art it has become to-day in the hands of the women as well as of the men who are doing or have recently done the best work in this field, but I have not the space for this. We ought not, however, in our admiration of Howells, Mark Twain, Richard Harding Davis, Owen Wister, Thomas A. Janvier, Richard Malcolm Johnston, James Lane Allen, Charles Egbert Craddock, H. S. Edwards, Margaret Deland, Miss Jewett, Miss Wilkins, Margaret Sutton Briscoe, Ruth McEnery Stuart, Octave Thanet, Mrs. Catherwood, Sarah Barnwell Elliott, Grace King, Constance Cary Harrison, and others, forget the tribute which is due to Constance Fenimore Woolson, Rebecca Harding Davis, Rose Terry Cooke, J. W. De Forest, Edward Everett Hale, Mrs. R. H. Stoddard, Sherwood Bonner, and others whose names have previously been mentioned. Dr. Hale wrote short stories with as much facility as Justin McCarthy, and though there was less of romantic sentiment in them, his tales showed greater versatility, and were always distinguished by some original turn of native wit, peculiar to the New England garden of genius in which they grew, and whose hardy shrubs often gave forth this same pungent aroma, quite distinct from the fragrance of some flowers which, though sheltered there, seemed exotic. For kinship with Dr. Hale there is notably Dr. Holmes; for contrast, Mrs. H. P. Spofford.

Miss Constance Fenimore Woolson stands out from all the story-writers in the group where I have placed her as pre-eminently the pioneer of the new art that has come into full possession of the field, her proximate, in my opinion, being Mrs. R. H. Stoddard. Miss Woolson came just before Bret Harte, and, in local color and character, she did for our northern lake region and for the southeast seaboard what he did for the Pacific coast. The war for the Union was the great romance of her life. It seems strange that one so thoroughly American should have spent so many of her last years abroad, but in that way she was able to add to her American studies equally characteristic sketches of Italy. Her descriptive articles — and she contributed several of these — always took the form of stories.

One writer, whose best short stories (excepting "A Brother to Dragons") were contributed to *Harper's Magazine*, stands alone in the field of fiction, without precursor, or successor, or even kindred — Amélie Rives, of Virginia. American literature has no such example to present of genius in its simplest terms and most naïve expression as is shown in the tales and dramas known to have been written by Miss Rives before she was sixteen, and published, most of them, years afterward.

In some way Mary E. Wilkins, of New England, is associated in my mind with certain qualities of Amélie Rives's genius; for, while the results are so widely variant, there is a like spontaneity and dream-like freedom of subjective construction. Both these writers would have been suppressed by early academic training; they remained plastic long enough to show native qualities and moods. Any one supposing that Miss Wilkins derives her stories from studies of New England life and character is greatly mistaken; she is, first of all, an impressionist, with a dominant subjective motive, her fiction taking its outward shape from an inward prompting, having only such connection with actual life as there is in the texture of a dream. Whenever she deviates from this procedure, the result lacks her individual quality.

Our civil war in a very important way affected American literature, which is not strange, seeing what changes it wrought in the sensibility of a whole people. The

HOWARD PYLE.

WILLIAM T. SMEDLEY.

FREDERIC REMINGTON.

demoralization was greatest among those not directly engaged in the conflict, and who could even go on in profitable business, in eager speculation, and in prodigal pleasure. The Southern people, so completely absorbed in a losing venture, and so nearly losing all material possessions, were gainers in a spiritual sense, and we have a striking illustration of this advantage in the brilliant group of Southern writers that so suddenly emerged after the war: Cable, Grace King, Mrs. Stuart, Hearn, and M. E. M. Davis, in Louisiana; Harris, Johnston, and Edwards, in Georgia; Sherwood Bonner, in Mississippi; Mrs. Frazer Boyle, in Tennessee; Page, the Egglestons, Miss Rives, Mrs. Harrison, and a host of others, in Virginia. The mere mention of a few names brings to mind remarkable literary triumphs, gained chiefly in fiction, and through a faithful realism, and a vivid appreciation of local color and character, and of the wealth of negro folklore at hand, conferring not merely entertainment, but also inestimable values.

Among the English writers of short stories for *Harper's*, Charles Reade holds a place of distinction. While his novels of the later period were intended to reflect the life of his own day—as is shown by his method of transcribing from newspapers into voluminous scrap-books the chronicles of striking incidents and situations for their use in his fiction—his short stories in the same period referred back, as to their motive and material, to an older type. The essential features of historical dramatic scenes appealed to him as did the contemporary scrap-book chronicles. If a story had been told before, that was no objection to his use of it, but rather an incentive. A good story could not be invented, except in the original sense of *invent*—*i. e.*, it must be *found*. He often sent his manuscripts to me, keeping no copy. Once, in the second part of a series, he left it to me to supply the name of a character used in the first part and which he had forgotten. The habit of telling old stories probably prompted his undertaking a series of Bible stories, and telling them in the idiomatic phrase of the day, even tolerating unmistakable slang. In his story of Nehemiah, I remember, he used this phrase: "The Prophet did not smell a rat." I had a liberal indulgence toward slang, which often gives the most effective expression to a thought, but I could not editorially sanction this particular instance in its connection, and I uttered my protest, thereby bringing upon myself a storm of violent indignation. I quietly modified the phrase, and in due time received the author's cordial thanks, with the acknowledgment that I was right. In all cases of conflict between us—none of which would probably have occurred but for an excessive irritability preceding his last illness—there was always this welcome sequel. Only a few days before his death I received from him a letter full of expressions of gratitude for the kind treatment he had always received from the editor and from the publishers. His favorite portrait, a painting which in his will he bequeathed to the Messrs. Harper, hangs over my editorial desk.

There has been an important change in the conduct of this Magazine during the last twenty-five years—the type and aim remaining the same. The rapid expansion of newspaper enterprise, the readiness of communication through steam locomotion and electricity, the magnificent development of our institutions for popular, academic, and technical education, and the general diffusion of information in printed books and well-equipped libraries, have rendered superfluous what, under far different circumstances, was a prime necessity in a first-class popular magazine—its work as a factor in the supplementary education of its readers. No trace is left of the once so delightful literary miscellany; for information that is generally accessible there is no room. Gradually the descriptive article, in its old form, has disappeared; it is retained only in cases where (as in Abbey and Boughton's Holland sketches) there is some special literary combined with an equally important artistic value to be secured, or where (as in Bigelow's "White Man's Africa") a new field for exploitation is opened to civilized nations. In archæology and exploration only the results of new and important discoveries that have not hitherto or elsewhere transpired can find a place. The same is true of science, though, when timely occasion prompts, an interesting résumé is permitted, as in the recently published "Science of the Century" series. New movements—social, literary, political, or artistic—take the place that would once have been given to superficial and uncoördinated features. In a word, the journalistic motive dominates. Perhaps the advance is best indicated by the fact that whereas formerly many magazine articles were made from books about to be published by the house, the rule is now reversed, and a large number of the most important books published have originally appeared in the Magazine.

The personality of the writer counts for more than it did a quarter of a century ago; indeed, it is only within the last twenty years that the names of writers have been uniformly given with their contributions in the Magazine. A comparatively limited class of readers would follow the elaborate discussion in three long papers of "The Problem of Asia" if the writer's name were withheld, but such a treatise fathered by Captain Mahan, the author of *Sea Power*, becomes generally interesting.

A notable gain in the advantage of the Magazine with its readers is that whatever can be told in the form of a story takes

this form rather than that of the conventional magazine article. The problems of our modern life—its complex texture, its lights and shadows—are best presented in a living, moving drama. The writer of an article that is going to have any human interest is usually tempted to the undertaking by some specially attractive points that have arrested and fixed his attention, but in the final presentation he will have, for the sake of completeness, given a larger amount of space to features that neither he nor his readers care for in the least. This is the vice of the article—its waste and unvital diffusion. The story, even if it occupies more space, is in every part vital, but by reason of its suggestiveness it can convey more in less space; besides, it has its own separate dramatic interest—and it is a human document. Brander Matthews's "Vignettes of Manhattan" were more to the purpose than a like number of articles on New York life. Our story-writers, from Irving and Cooper to Mark Twain and his contemporaries, have best shown the atmosphere and conditions of our American life. George Eliot's "Romola" was a vivisection of Savonarola's Italy, as is Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Eleanor" of the present. Hence the importance of the historical romance, from Scott to Winston Churchill. On the other hand, the effort of the imagination to produce pure fiction—*i. e.*, to produce a story that has no real basis either in emotional experience or in the facts of life, individual or social—is a waste of the divine faculty. In every great work belonging properly to what DeQuincey calls the "literature of power" (as distinguished from the "literature of information") there is, indeed, a transcendent *motif*, a font invisible, such as all living watercourses have, unseen in the skies, yet must there be the earthly issue—the vital current from the human heart, or, to change the figure, an edifice founded in human experience. Shakspere's plays are the ever-patent illustration of this principle—such exceptions as may seem to be presented in *The Tempest* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream* only proving the rule. I am dwelling upon this primacy of fiction because it seems to me that the change which has been going on during the last quarter of a century, more and more displacing the literature of information by the literature of power, is still to go on, showing more remarkable results than have yet been obtained, and offering to the pictorial art fresh fields of conquest. Always, of course, the drama of the present—the human conflicts for every sort of earthly kingdom necessary to consummate Christendom—takes the foremost place, and there is in no other connection so great a prompting of the highest literary genius to instant service. Here there is no exception to the new order, no diversion from the lines of advance in the literature of power. It is journalism; but Renan was right when he called the great Hebrew prophets journalists. Captain Mahan is a prophet of American destiny.

Now, to the readers who regard indulgently the veteran editor, let me extend an invitation to enter the little office where he has worked with three generations of Harpers. In each generation these publishers have co-operated with the editor not only through their liberal enterprise, but through wise counsel as well, and whatever success the Magazine has achieved is due mainly to this co-operation. There is visibly room for but two in the editor's office, but in imagination each of my large audience may occupy the other chair. I will not tell you sad stories about some other occupants of that chair—you can guess them. I will tell you one, however, because, besides being characteristic, I think it is amusing. Howells might make a "farce" of it. Imagine, then, the place where you now sit (in imagination) occupied by a beautiful young girl of fifteen years. (They are not always so young as that; indeed, the age is exceptional in a candidate for literary honors; but I am telling a true story, and you must accept the fact.) By her sudden advent the editor has been interrupted in his reading of a short story contributed by Mark Twain. This girl, too, has a manuscript story—her first, she says—which she modestly tenders for editorial consideration. Moved by curiosity as to the character of a story written by one so young, the editor waives the point of delay, and reads the manuscript at once. It is remarkable in many ways, but impossible, and the fair hand that penned it has not skill enough as yet to make it worthy of acceptance, or probably to write any other that would win the coveted place. All this must be said

EDITORIAL COUNSEL.

frankly and firmly, and in saying it the editor is gentle in his counsel, feeling almost a paternal responsibility. "But if it has promise, may I not rewrite it?" Both the editor and contributor have risen, and the former, as he folds up the manuscript and hands it to the girl, in answer to her question shuts off any hope of present success. "No, it would do no good to try with this, or with anything else now. A painter might as well expect to secure Academic exhibition of his first picture. You must wait your time. If you do not feel irresistibly impelled to write, give up all hope of success. As to this story, I would not even look at it again if I were you. Put it beyond your possible reach, behind lock and key, or, better yet, burn it up. If you *must* write, try something new; but success lies at the end of a rough, uphill road, thronged with many competing travellers."

Very judicious advice, and kind as well. The girl, with a gracious smile, left the office, taking her manuscript with her. After a brief moment given to something demanding my attention, I thought to resume my reading of Mark Twain's story. But where *was* the story? Suddenly it occurred to me that I must have had it lying beneath the newly offered manuscript as I was reading the latter, and had folded both up together, handing them to the girl, whose address and whose name were unknown to me; and I had advised her to burn up her manuscript, or at least never to look at it again! Possibly there was no other copy of Mark's story in existence. The next morning I was much relieved by receiving the lost manuscript from my fair contributor, with a brief note in which—God bless her young heart!—there was no allusion to my injunction of extreme renunciation on her part.

Well, my patient visitor, in that one other chair, I have no more stories to tell, but would rather, if the list were not so long, recall the names of distinguished authors who have sat there. In doing so I would but repeat nearly all the names previously mentioned in this paper. More interesting it would be to take you to the counting-room and recall the visitors old who have been received there—Dickens, Thackeray, Wilkie Collins, Lord Houghton, Martin Farquhar Tupper, George Bancroft, W. H. Prescott—indeed, nearly every noted author on their book-list. There in the first days of the Magazine came George William Curtis, a youth unknown to fame, in as faultlessly fashionable attire as ever graced the form of N. P. Willis, fresh from his Egyptian tour, with the manuscript of his *Nile Notes* under his arm, seeking a publisher. Learning from Major Harper that the house then had a book about Egypt in press, he was about to retire, when the Major politely urged him to leave his book for consideration. "The fact that we have a book on Egypt is no reason why we should not publish another." The manuscript was left, and in due time published by the house. Such was Mr. Curtis's first introduction to the Harpers, with whom he was thenceforth associated until his death, in 1892. He was the true American prophet (in Renan's sense) for two-score years. He began his prophetic career in his letters from Concord to Professor Dwight before he had completed his twentieth year. Nothing that he afterward wrote was wiser or more far-seeing. Just outside my office door there was the desk in a drawer of which his

mail was deposited, and on certain days of the week he came for it, and then going to the composing-room in the uppermost story of the building, revised there his editorials for the *Weekly* and sometimes his "Easy Chair" for the Magazine. He was the chosen knight of this publishing-house, doing brave battle for civil service improvement and for the betterment of social and political life, and he was beloved by all who knew him personally as well as by thousands who knew him through his writings and addresses.

Mr. Howells was also closely associated with the Magazine, contributing for several years the "Editor's Study," a department of literary comment and criticism which very happily supplemented the "Easy Chair." Afterward Charles Dudley Warner succeeded him in this department, enlarging its scope when the "Easy Chair" was discontinued. These three men — Curtis, Howells, and Warner — thus intimately associated with the Magazine, gave it their best, and they constitute a memorable triumvirate in the history of its first half-century.

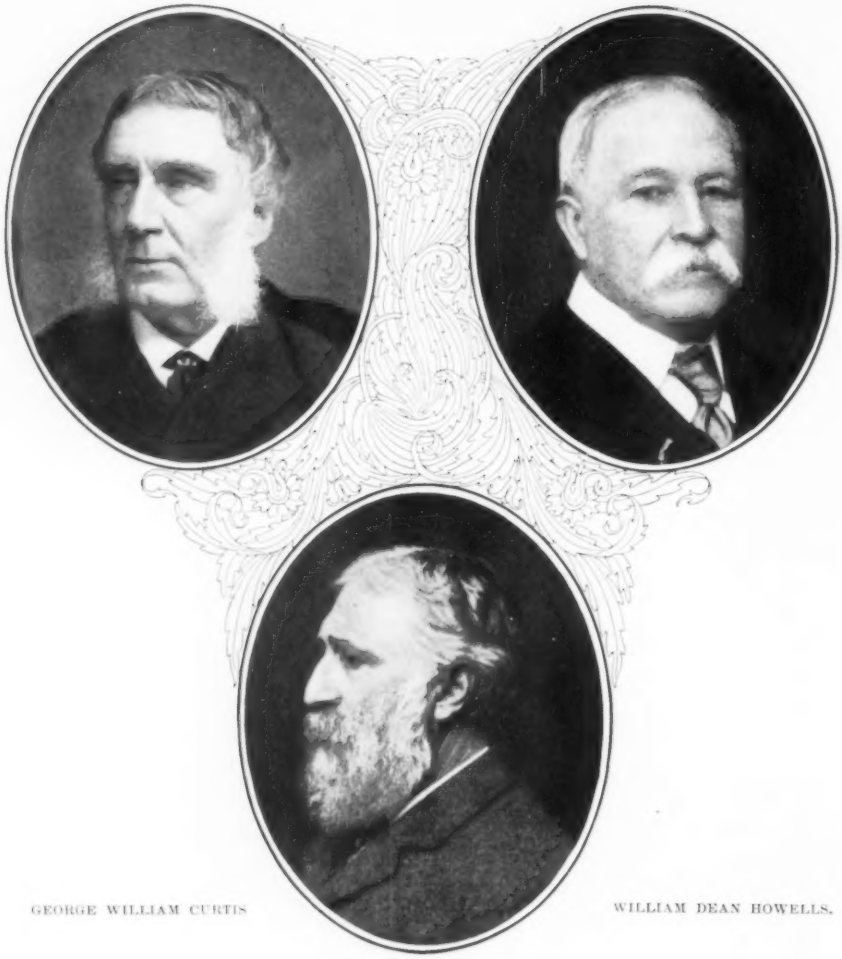
The time came when the monthly editorial gossip, formerly a so prominent characteristic of a great magazine, was abandoned. The "Easy Chair" will always be remembered as the most graceful and elegant *causerie* in American literature, but so completely was it identified with Mr. Curtis that after his death it seemed unnatural to continue it. The "Study" survived it only a few years, and would not have been retained for so long a time but for Mr. Warner's association with it. "The Monthly Record of Current Events" originated with Henry J. Raymond, who made this department a complete digest of the world's news. For years it occupied several pages of the Magazine, and was useful and necessary, being for many readers the only comprehensive body of organized intelligence of its kind; but, as the daily newspaper came to be universally accessible, the "Record" dwindled in size, until finally other current digests made it wholly unnecessary, and it disappeared altogether.

There was for a few years in the Magazine an "Editor's Table," which must have been rather heavy reading. When Mr. Joseph W. Harper, Jun., in those days, heard any one complain of a number of the Magazine as comparatively unsatisfactory, he could always without fear of contradiction exclaim, "Oh! but you didn't read the 'Editor's Table.'"

The "Editor's Scientific Record," conducted by Spencer F. Baird, the secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, was also of brief continuance. Here, as finally in the case of the other editorial departments, it was found that an adequate article in the body of the Magazine, as occasion prompted, was far more satisfactory to the readers.

The "Drawer" alone remains; no longer, however, known as the "Editor's Drawer." The old "Editor's Drawer" — so called because a drawer in Fletcher Harper's office desk was the receptacle of the quaint oddities gathered from varied sources that mainly furnished the contents of the department from month to month — was altogether unique in periodical literature. It had no scheme apart from its humorous intention. It was something spontaneous, and was always a series of surprises to all concerned: to the fond parents who first

THE REV. S. IRENÆUS PRIME.



GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

heard the wonderful saying of a child (and of such sayings mostly was this Kingdom of Fun), and who hastened to communicate it to the "Drawer"; to the editor; and finally to hundreds of thousands of readers, for everybody read this portion of the Magazine, to whatever else he gave the go-by, and usually he read it first. Of course there were funny things said by grown-up children, and things done as well as said, making anecdotes and sometimes small narrations. The conductors of the "Drawer," while it still retained its original character, were, first, the Rev. S. Irenæus Prime, and after him William A. Seaver. Then there came a change. Under more recent conductors of this department—W. L. Alden, Charles Dudley Warner, and John Kendrick Bangs, original humorous contributions—stories and poems—with illustrations from eminent artists, took the place of the old miscellany of current anecdote.

With the "Drawer" we naturally come to the end of our story. May the boys on the cover blow their bubbles forever!

WHILOMVILLE STORIES • BY STEPHEN CRANE •

X.—THE TRIAL, EXECUTION, AND BURIAL OF HOMER PHELPS

FROM time to time an enwearied pine bough let fall to the earth its load of melting snow, and the branch swung back glistening in the faint wintry sunlight. Down the gulch a brook clattered amid its ice with the sound of a perpetual breaking of glass. All the forest looked drenched and forlorn.

The sky-line was a ragged enclosure of gray cliffs and hemlocks and pines. If one had been miraculously set down in this gulch one could have imagined easily that the nearest human habitation was hundreds of miles away, if it were not for an old half-discernible wood-road that led toward the brook.

"Halt! Who's there?"

This low and gruff cry suddenly dispelled the stillness which lay upon the lonely gulch, but the hush which followed it seemed even more profound. The hush endured for some seconds, and then the voice of the challenger was again raised, this time with a distinctly querulous note in it.

"Halt! Who's there? Why don't you answer when I holler? Don't you know you're likely to get shot?"

A second voice answered, "Oh, you knew who I was easy enough."

"That don't make no diff'rence." One of the Margate twins stepped from a thicket and confronted Homer Phelps on the old wood-road. The majestic scowl of official wrath was upon the brow of Reeves Margate, a long stick was held in the hollow of his arm as one would hold a rifle, and he strode grimly to the other boy. "That don't make no diff'rence. You've got to answer when I holler, anyhow. Willy says so."

At the mention of the dread chieftain's name the Phelps boy daunted a trifle, but he still sulkily murmured, "Well, you knew it was me."

He started on his way through the snow, but the twin sturdily blocked the path. "You can't pass less'n you give the countersign."

"Huh?" said the Phelps boy. "Countersign?"

"Yes—countersign," sneered the twin, strong in his sense of virtue.

But the Phelps boy became very angry. "Can't I, hey? Can't I, hey? I'll show you whether I can or not! I'll show you, Reeves Margate!"

There was a short scuffle, and then arose the anguished clamor of the sentry: "Hey, fellers! Here's a man tryin' to run a-past the guard. Hey, fellers? Hey?"

There was a great noise in the adjacent underbrush. The voice of Willie could be heard exhorting his followers to charge swiftly and bravely. Then they appeared—Willie Dalzel, Jimmie Trescott, the other Margate twin, and Dan Earl. The chieftain's face was dark with wrath. "What's the matter? Can't you play it right? 'Ain't you got any sense?" he asked the Phelps boy.

The sentry was yelling out his grievance. "Now—he came along an' I hollered at 'im, an' he didn't pay no 'tention, an' when I ast 'im for the countersign, he wouldn't say nothin'. That ain't no way."

"Can't you play it right?" asked the chief again, with gloomy scorn.

"He knew it was me easy enough," said the Phelps boy.

"That 'ain't got nothin' to do with it,"

cried the chief, furiously. "That 'ain't got nothin' to do with it. If you're goin' to play, you've got to play it right. It ain't no fun if you go spoilin' the whole thing this way. Can't you play it right?"

"I forgot the countersign," lied the culprit, weakly.

Whereupon the remainder of the band yelled out, with one triumphant voice: "War to the knife! War to the knife! I remember it, Willie. Don't I, Willie?"

The leader was puzzled. Evidently he was trying to develop in his mind a plan for dealing correctly with this unusual incident. He felt, no doubt, that he must proceed according to the books, but unfortunately the books did not cover the point precisely. However, he finally said to Homer Phelps, "You are under arrest." Then with a stentorian voice he shouted, "Seize him!"

His loyal followers looked startled for a brief moment, but directly they began to move upon the Phelps boy. The latter clearly did not intend to be seized. He backed away, expostulating wildly. He even seemed somewhat frightened. "No, no; don't you touch me, I tell you; don't you dare touch me."

The others did not seem anxious to engage. They moved slowly, watching the desperate light in his eyes. The chieftain stood with folded arms, his face growing darker and darker with impatience. At length he burst out: "Oh, seize him, I tell you! Why don't you seize him? Grab him by the leg, Dannie! Hurry up, all of you! Seize him, I keep a-sayin'!"

Thus adjured, the Margate twins and Dan Earl made another pained effort, while Jimmie Trescott manœuvred to cut off a retreat. But, to tell the truth, there was a boyish law which held them back from laying hands of violence upon little Phelps under these conditions. Perhaps it was because they were only playing, whereas he was now undeniably serious. At any rate, they looked very sick of their occupation.

"Don't you dare!" snarled the Phelps boy, facing first one and then the other; he was almost in tears—"don't you dare touch me!"

The chieftain was now hopping with exasperation. "Oh, seize him, can't you? You're no good at all!" Then he loosed his wrath upon the Phelps boy: "Stand still, Homer, can't you? You've got to be seized, you know. That ain't the way. It ain't any fun if you keep a-dodgin' that way. Stand still, can't you! You've got to be seized."

"I don't *want* to be seized," retorted the Phelps boy, obstinate and bitter.

"But you've *got* to be seized!" yelled the maddened chief. "Don't you see? That's the way to play it."

The Phelps boy answered, promptly, "But I don't want to play that way."

"But that's the *right* way to play it. Don't you see? You've got to play it the right way. You've got to be seized, an' then we'll hold a trial on you, an'—an' all sorts of things."

But this prospect held no illusions for the Phelps boy. He continued doggedly to repeat, "I don't want to play that way!"

Of course in the end the chief stooped to beg and beseech this unreasonable lad. "Oh, come on, Homer! Don't be so mean. You're a-spoilin' everything. We won't hurt you any. Not the tintiest bit. It's all just playin'. What's the matter with you?"

The different tone of the leader made an immediate impression upon the other. He showed some signs of the beginning of weakness. "Well," he asked, "what you goin' to do?"

"Why, first we're goin' to put you in a dungeon, or tie you to a stake, or something like that—just pertend, you know," added the chief, hurriedly, "an' then we'll hold a trial, awful solemn, but there won't be anything what 'll hurt you. Not a thing."

And so the game was readjusted. The Phelps boy was marched off between Dan Earl and a Margate twin. The party proceeded to their camp, which was hidden some hundred feet back in the thickets. There was a miserable little hut with a pine-bark roof, which so frankly and constantly leaked that existence in the open air was always preferable. At present it was noisily dripping melted snow into the black mouldy interior. In front of this hut a feeble fire was flickering through its unhappy career. Underfoot, the watery snow was of the color of lead.

The party having arrived at the camp, the chief leaned against a tree, and balancing on one foot, drew off a rubber boot. From this boot he emptied about a quart of snow. He squeezed his stock-

ing, which had a hole from which protruded a lobster-red toe. He resumed his boot. "Bring up the prisoner," said he. They did it. "Guilty or not guilty?" he asked.

"Huh?" said the Phelps boy.

"Guilty or not guilty?" demanded the chief, peremptorily. "Guilty or not guilty? Don't you understand?"

Homer Phelps looked profoundly puzzled. "Guilty or not guilty?" he asked, slowly and weakly.

The chief made a swift gesture, and turned in despair to the others. "Oh, he don't do it right! He does it all wrong!" He again faced the prisoner with an air of making a last attempt. "Now look-a-here, Homer, when I say, 'Guilty or not guilty?' you want to up an' say, 'Not guilty.' Don't you see?"

"Not guilty," said Homer, at once.

"No, no, no. Wait till I ask you. Now wait." He called out, pompously, "Pards, if this prisoner before us is guilty, what shall be his fate?"

All those well-trained little infants with one voice sung out, "*Death!*"

"Prisoner," continued the chief, "are you guilty or not guilty?"

"But look-a-here," argued Homer, "you said it wouldn't be nothin' that would hurt. I—"

"Thunder an' lightnin'!" roared the wretched chief. "Keep your mouth shut, can't ye? What in the mischief—"

But there was an interruption from Jimmie Trescott, who shouldered a twin aside and stepped to the front. "Here," he said, very contemptuously, "let me be the prisoner. I'll show 'im how to do it."

"All right, Jim," cried the chief, delighted; "you be the prisoner, then. Now all you fellers with guns stand there in a row! Get out of the way, Homer!" He cleared his throat, and addressed Jimmie. "Prisoner, are you guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty," answered Jimmie, firmly. Standing there before his judge—unarmed, slim, quiet, modest—he was ideal.

The chief beamed upon him, and looked aside to cast a triumphant and withering glance upon Homer Phelps. He said: "There! That's the way to do it."

The twins and Dan Earl also much admired Jimmie.

"FROM THIS BOOT HE EMPTIED ABOUT A QUART OF SNOW."

"That's all right so far, anyhow," said the satisfied chief. "An' now we'll—now we'll—we'll perceed with the execution."

"That ain't right," said the new prisoner, suddenly. "That ain't the next thing. You've got to have a trial first. You've got to fetch up a lot of people first who'll say I done it."

"That's so," said the chief. "I didn't think. Here, Reeves, you be first witness. Did the prisoner do it?"

The twin gulped for a moment in his anxiety to make the proper reply. He was at the point where the roads forked. Finally he hazarded, "Yes."

"There," said the chief, "that's one of 'em. Now, Dan, you be a witness. Did he do it?"

Dan Earl, having before him the twin's

THE EXECUTION.

example, did not hesitate. "Yes," he said.

"Well, then, pards, what shall be his fate?"

Again came the ringing answer, "*Death!*"

With Jimmie in the principal rôle, this drama, hidden deep in the hemlock thicket, neared a kind of perfection. "You must blindfold me," cried the condemned lad, briskly, "an' then I'll go off an' stand, an' you must all get in a row an' shoot me."

The chief gave this plan his urbane countenance, and the twins and Dan Earl were greatly pleased. They blindfolded Jimmie under his careful directions. He waded a few paces into snow, and then turned and stood with quiet dignity, awaiting his fate. The chief marshalled the twins and Dan Earl in line with their sticks. He gave the ne-

cessary commands: "Load! Ready! Aim! Fire!" At the last command the firing party all together yelled, "Bang!"

Jimmie threw his hands high, tottered in agony for a moment, and then crashed full length into the snow—into, one would think, a serious case of pneumonia. It was beautiful.

He arose almost immediately and came back to them, wondrously pleased with himself. They acclaimed him joyously.

The chief was particularly grateful. He was always trying to bring off these little romantic affairs, and it seemed, after all, that the only boy who could ever really help him was Jimmie Trescott. "There," he said to the others, "that's the way it ought to be done."

They were touched to the heart by the whole thing, and they looked at Jimmie with big smiling eyes. Jimmie, blown out like a balloon-fish with pride of his performance, swaggered to the fire and took seat on some wet hemlock boughs. "Fetch some more wood, one of you kids," he murmured, negligently. One of the twins came fortunately upon a small cedar-tree the lower branches of which were dead and dry. An armful of these branches flung upon the sick fire soon made a high, ruddy, warm blaze, which was like an illumination in honor of Jimmie's success.

The boys sprawled about the fire and talked the regular language of the game. "Waal, pards," remarked the chief, "it's many a night we've had together here in the Rockies among the b'ars an' the Indyuns, hey?"

"Yes, pard," replied Jimmie Trescott, "I reckon you're right. Our wild free life is—there ain't nothin' to compare with our wild free life."

Whereupon the two lads arose and magnificently shook hands, while the others watched them in an ecstasy. "I'll allus stick by ye, pard," said Jimmie, earnestly. "When yer in trouble, don't forgit that Lightnin' Lou is at yer back."

"Thanky, pard," quoth Willie Dalzel, deeply affected. "I'll not forgit it, pard. An' don't you forgit, either, that Deadshot Demon, the leader of the Red Raiders, never forgits a friend."

But Homer Phelps was having none of this great fun. Since his disgraceful refusal to be seized and executed he had been hovering unheeded on the outskirts of the band. He seemed very sorry; he cast a wistful eye at the romantic scene. He knew too well that if he went near at that particular time he would be certain to encounter a pitiless snubbing. So he vacillated modestly in the background.

At last the moment came when he dared venture near enough to the fire to gain some warmth, for he was now bitterly suffering with the cold. He sidled close to Willie Dalzel. No one heeded him. Eventually he looked at his chief, and with a bright face said,

"Now—if I was seized now to be executed, I could do it as well as Jimmie Trescott, I could."

The chief gave a crow of scorn, in which he was followed by the other boys. "Ho!" he cried, "why didn't you do it, then? Why didn't you do it?" Homer Phelps felt upon him many pairs of disdainful eyes. He wagged his shoulders in misery.

"You're dead," said the chief, frankly. "That's what you are. We executed you, we did."

"When?" demanded the Phelps boy, with some spirit.

"Just a little while ago. Didn't we, fellers? Hey, fellers, didn't we?"

The trained chorus cried: "Yes, of course we did. You're dead, Homer. You can't play any more. You're dead."

"That wasn't me. It was Jimmie Trescott," he said, in a low and bitter voice, his eyes on the ground. He would have given the world if he could have retracted his mad refusals of the early part of the drama.

"No," said the chief, "it was you. We're playin' it was you, an' it *was* you. You're dead, you are." And seeing the cruel effect of his words, he did not refrain from administering some advice: "The next time, don't be such a chucklehead."

Presently the camp imagined that it was attacked by Indians, and the boys dodged behind trees with their stick-rifles, shouting out, "Bang!" and encouraging each other to resist until the last. In the mean time the dead lad hovered near the fire, looking moodily at the gay and exciting scene. After the fight the gallant defenders returned one by one to the fire, where they grandly clasped hands, calling each other "old pard," and boasting of their deeds.

Parenthetically, one of the twins had an unfortunate inspiration. "I killed

the Indy-un chief, fellers. Did you see me kill the Indy-un chief?"

But Willie Dalzel, his own chief, turned upon him wrathfully: "*You* didn't kill no chief. *I* killed 'im with me own hand."

"Oh!" said the twin, apologetically, at once. "It must have been some other Indy-un."

"Who's wounded?" cried Willie Dalzel. "Ain't anybody wounded?" The party professed themselves well and sound. The roving and inventive eye of the chief chanced upon Homer Phelps. "Ho! Here's a dead man! Come on, fellers, here's a dead man! We've got to bury him, you know." And at his bidding they pounced upon the dead Phelps lad. The unhappy boy saw clearly his road to rehabilitation, but mind and body revolted at the idea of burial, even as they had revolted at the thought of execution. "No!" he said, stubbornly, "No! I don't want to be buried! I don't want to be buried!"

"You've *got* to be buried!" yelled the chief, passionately. "'Tain't goin' to hurt ye, is it? Think you're made of glass? Come on, fellers, get the grave ready!"

They scattered hemlock boughs upon the snow in the form of a rectangle, and piled other boughs near at hand. The victim surveyed these preparations with a glassy eye. When all was ready, the chief turned determinedly to him: "Come on now, Homer. We've got to carry you to the grave. Get him by the legs, Jim!"

Little Phelps had now passed into that state which may be described as a curious and temporary childish fatalism. He still objected, but it was only feeble muttering, as if he did not know what he spoke. In some confusion they carried him to the rectangle of hemlock boughs and dropped him. Then they piled other boughs upon him until he was not to be seen. The chief stepped forward to make a short address, but before proceeding with it he thought it expedient, from certain indications, to speak to the grave itself. "Lie still, can't ye? Lie still until I get through." There was a faint movement of the boughs, and then a perfect silence.

The chief took off his hat. Those who watched him could see that his face was harrowed with emotion. "Pards," he began, brokenly—"pards, we've got one more debt to pay them murderin' redskins. Bowie-knife Joe was a brave man an' a good pard, but—he's gone now—gone." He paused for a moment, overcome, and the stillness was only broken by the deep manly grief of Jimmie Trescott.

THE FUNERAL ORATION

THE DRAWER

WITH THE LIBRETTI

TANNHÄUSER

BY ANNE WARRINGTON WITHERUP

"ABOUT TO VISIT THE METROPOLIS."

UPON my return from Manila, having at the conclusion of the Yanko-Spanko war resigned my position of First Assistant Vivandière to the Department of the Philippines, I resumed my newspaper work, and was given an assignment, in behalf of the *Sunday Windbag*, to interview personally a large number of operatic heroes and heroines who were about to visit the metropolis.

It so happened that Herr Tannhäuser was the first of these operatic celebrities to receive me. He was very gracious, and gave me my interview in the Hall of the Muses in the Castle of Wartzburg, on the corner of Broadway and Thirty-ninth Street. He was staying there temporarily as the guest of the Landgrave, who, though a Thuringian, very much resembles the popular Mr. Pol Plançon.

"You must excuse me, Miss Witherup," he said, in choice French, "if I do not talk very much. I have a very bad cold, owing to the peculiar conditions of your atmosphere, and have spent most of my time since my arrival in New York trying to get warm. My clothing is not adapted to the American climate."

I noticed that he was very hoarse, and begged him not to put himself out on my account.

"It has occurred to the proprietors of the *Sunday Windbag*, Mr. Tannhäuser," said I, "that you would perhaps like to make some statement to the public concerning the breaking off of your engagement to Miss Elizabeth, the niece of the Landgrave. There have been a great many rumors about the affair, and some of them not altogether creditable to you."

"I know," said Tannhäuser, strumming the "Washington Post March" on his lyre. "It is scandalous the way people will gossip about the private affairs of others. I can only assure you, Miss Witherup, that that story was made up out of whole cloth. There's not a word of truth in it. It was the invention of certain professional rivals who wished to discredit my standing as a bard. I don't know whether you are aware of it or not," he added, whacking the Landgrave's gilded Georgia-pine throne with a tuning-fork, "but I was for six or seven years the champion six-days-sing-as-you-please vocalist of Wartzburg, and my success gave rise to much jealousy."

"I had heard that you were a first-class singer, Mr. Tannhäuser," said I.

"It was in the days before golf was invented, you know," he continued, reflectively. "When I was young, all the sport we had was in the line of music and dragon-shooting. A man who couldn't sing wasn't received any-

"HE WAS VERY GRACIOUS."

where in polite society. It did not make any difference how well born a man was, if he couldn't sing he became a super, or sometimes, in case of an emergency, a member of the chorus or a scene-shifter. You had to have a voice to cut any figure in the community. So it happened that, just as your young men of to-day go off and compete for pewter cups on various golf links, we fellows used to have singing matches, and unfortunately we always sang for somebody's hand. If a king had a daughter he wanted to get rid of, he'd announce an autumn tournament to be held in his music-hall, and put up his daughter's hand for a first prize, and invite all the swells to come and compete. There'd be one day given over to ballads, and another to recitative numbers, ending up with one of the most difficult of tasks—an impromptu harp and voice act, in which one had to compose one's poem and one's music on the spot, and keep the harp going, all at the same time."

"A terrible strain, I should think," said I, as I grasped the idea.

"Some of 'em were worse than terrible," said Tannhäuser. "But imagine the situation. Take a man like myself, for instance. There wasn't anybody could beat me, and I went around the country singing for ladies' hands, and winning all the time. Now your golf-players can win a hundred cups in the course of a season, but what the deuce are you going to do if you win the hands of a hundred women?"

I began to appreciate some of a tenor's difficulties.

"Particularly if they are all daughters of dukes or kings, or nieces of landgraves," said I.

"Exactly," he replied. "Particularly nieces of landgraves," he added, impressively. "Now really, Miss Witherup, I had more hands of nieces of landgraves than I had any use for. I had hands of nieces of landgraves to burn, but I couldn't burn 'em—I couldn't even keep 'em gloved.

"And there I was on this particular occasion which has given rise to so much gossip. I had been spending a very charming fortnight with my aunt—"

I laughed.

"Your aunt?" I queried.

"Certainly," he replied, ingenuously. "Venus was my step-mother's sister, but she was always just as much of an aunt to me as if we had been twin brothers. She invited me to spend a week or ten days with her at her mountain retreat and get rested up for the annual championship meeting that was to be held here at Wartzburg Castle. Realizing that I was over-sung, I accepted the invitation, and we had a delightful time. The old lady is a born entertainer, and such a good old soul that she wants everybody to have a good time, and I assure you there was no lack of diversion for me while I was there. She invited in her friends to cheer me up. The naiads and the dryads and all the other ads in the neighborhood kept calling, and giving dances in my honor morning, noon, and night. Then we had living pictures—pictures which my aunt arranged for me, each containing some moral lesson that the sweet creature deemed it well I should learn. So much for the pleasurable side of my vacation. Professionally I was helped much. My aunt has a voice that is a perfect wonder. It ranges all the way from 'high C to hully G,' as a small boy in the gallery once remarked, and her technique is exquisite. She's been offered $2500 a note to sing Home, Sweet Home for charity, so you can imagine what a wonder she is; and naturally she is fond of exercising her voice. Hence we used to put in an hour or two every afternoon strolling about the hills singing duets together. In this way I kept my voice in trim and gained a great deal of valuable experience."

"If you can only prove all this," I cried, "it will shed so much light on a perplexing bit of rumor. People thought you a sad flirt."

"Bosh!" ejaculated Tannhäuser. "I'd have to be a sad flirt to flirt with my aunt. But to resume. My vacation was over all too soon, and I returned to

"SINGING DUETS TOGETHER."

Wartzburg for the championship. When I arrived the town was full of contestants, and simultaneously a large party of alleged pilgrims arrived on their way South—a sort of Cook's tourist crowd, who walked about the town two by two, like the animals going into the Ark, bellowing a chorus which was not at all bad, and which got ringing in my ears so that it raised the deuce with my game later on.

"Among the competitors were several old contestants of mine in previous matches. There was a chap named Walther, with a voice that sounded as if it had a tack in it somewhere; I'd beaten him four up and two to sing the previous spring on the Fogelveide links, and he never forgave me. Then there was old man Biterolf, who got his form out of the books, and never sang a bar without foozling his attack. And finally Wolfram, who had been runner-up in several competitions with me, and who was about the only fellow I considered at all dangerous.

"We met and tried a few practice strokes together, and it looked as if I was going to win hands down, when I discovered that Wolfram was really in love with Elizabeth, and wanted her hand in the worst way, but was purposely playing off so that I might win, since the lady was so thoroughly enamored of my personal charms that she couldn't be happy with anybody else."

Here Tannhäuser adjusted his neck-tie, and leaning over, gazed, with a very manifest appreciation of his charms, at the reflection of his noble face in the mirror-like surface of his patent-leather shoes.

"She had all the weakness of a matinée girl for tenors," he added, reflectively, "and had several times embarrassed me in previous competitions by hitting me in the neck with bouquets just as I was about to take a top note, and I frankly didn't care for her, so I decided to throw the match. How to do it without destroying my standing as a singer puzzled me at first, but when I learned that the theme for the competition was to be, 'What is Love?' it was easy. The Thuringians are a sentimental, emotional lot, and view love as a most entrancing and poetical abstraction. That was the way Wolfram treated it, and he brought down the house. When my turn came I took the other view. I dilated upon the humorous aspects of housekeeping; intimated that while love was sweet, cake was better to sustain life—in fact, so enraged everybody by the extremely material view I took of love, that I was out of the contest at the end of the first round, and the people jumped into the ring and tried to mob me before I was half through the second. I had all I could do to escape their violence, and I think if it hadn't been for the Landgrave and Elizabeth, I should have been killed. As it was, they had to disguise me as one of the Cook's tourists to get me safely out of town, and I went off with them after they had done the Thuringian galleries, and so escaped."

THE RUNNER-UP.

"And how did it happen that you failed to get absolution?" I asked.

Tannhäuser laughed.

"That's another fairy-tale. I never tried," he said. "Those pilgrims were all a fake. As soon as they got outside they changed their clothes and went about their business. They were only hired for the occasion. Later on we all returned to Thuringia, and had a little more music and ended up the story."

"But, Mr. Tannhäuser," said I, "didn't Elizabeth die of a broken heart?"

"Not she!" he cried. "Broken heart! Why, Miss Witherup, she went on the operatic stage, and if you'll come around here next Wednesday night you'll see her earn her little fifteen hundred singing Juliet. Broken heart! Broken manager's more like it."

"And your aunt?" I said.

"Still on deck, madam. She sang for a hospital at the Walledoff last Thursday night. They took in $8000," said Tannhäuser. "I understand the hospital netted $8 75. She's a generous old soul, Aunt Venus is. Most people in her position would have taken all the receipts."

And I left the great Tannhäuser reflecting affectionately upon the good qualities of his aunt, which seems to have been many in spite of her undoubtedly flirtatious disposition.

MAY

MAY has come with all the graces,
Prue and Amy, Kit and Jean.
Bless their pretty frocks and faces—
Will they NEVER clear the green!

THEATRICAL COOLNESS.

"ONE of the best actors I ever knew," said the old property-man, "was a feller named Wilkinson Natwick. Cool, Natwick was. Played in melodrama and the legit. He was an artist, too, and was up on the technique of the drama. You never seen him open a business letter on the stage and read it without first hitting the sheet a smart rap with the back of his hand, and then holding it at arm's-length and reading it off like greased lightning. And if the letter was of love instead of business, he would hold it four inches from the end of his nose, and wag his head like a butler's pantry door. He'd been a stoodent of the old school, and had the small but important details of his art down fine. I've seen some alleged villains on the stage dooring the past few years who will talk confidentially with another man without hanging their leg over the back of a chair; but you never seen Natwick make no such breaks. And when *he* was a villain, as he usually was, he wore high boots, and smoked cigarettes too. I saw a villain a week ago—high-salaried man, mind you—who in the fourth act thought of his innocent childhood—or at least he *said* he did—and never once beat his forehead with the palm of his hand. You bet when Natwick thought of *his* innocent childhood in *any* act, he slapped his forehead till it jarred the thunder-machine up in the flies. And his voice—had the most wonderful control over it: when he soliloquized, he just filled the house; when he whispered, you could hear him out at the box-office; but when you was driving by in a cab and heard the voice of Wilkinson Natwick, you could know that he was simply thinking.

"Great smoker, Natwick was. Smoked all the time off the stage, and always willing to take a poorer part in the cast if it would allow him to smoke on the stage. Remember one time out at Lansing, Michigan. Natwick was the villain, as usual. Couldn't smoke much in the part. Shot himself at the end of the fourth act, and died between the centre and second O. P. entrance—or ought to, but he was so strong on dyings that he was liable to hand in his checks 'most anywhere. Got the curtain soon as he was quiet, and always set up and lit his pipe the first thing. This night he welted his forehead when he thought of his childhood, and then pulled the trigger and began to die the death of a wicked man. Reminded you some of two men shaking a stair-carpet. Smote the stage first with his head, then with his feet, then with his head again, and so on. Got mixed up, and breathed his last too far down front. Curtain dropped, and left him betwixt it and the foot-lights. He never knew it, set up, took out his pipe, struck a match on his boot sole, and went to puffing away. Just then the audience busted out a-hissing. He stopped, looked around startled a minute, remembered his pipe, just saved it from going out with three or four hard pulls, then got up, motioned for the house to stop its hissing, and said, 'Ladies and gentlemen, after a villain is dead, naturally he smokes,' and walked off cool as an ice-wagon. They don't have such actors now'days." H. C.

HE MAY CALL AGAIN.

SAM PEASLEY was an odd character. He used to go and sleep in the graveyard—said it was "better than sleeping out-doors, anyway." Judge Sawyer once built a new tomb, and Sam took the first night after it was done to sleep in it. Meeting the owner next day, he called out: "Hello, Judge! I laid in your tomb before you did."

"Did you really, Sam? Well, did you see anything?"

"Nothing much. Towards morning the devil came along and looked in, but he see 'twa'n't Sawyer, so he went away again."

EDUCATED.

WHEN you were younger—long before
  You showed such elegance in diction,
With tresses half-way to the floor,
  Defying hair-pins and restriction—
Then, then it was you used to speak
  A language femininely simple,
And every smile that crossed your cheek
  Betrayed its presence by a dimple.

To fall in love was easy then,—
  And I fell in before I knew it;
But now, when I fall in again,
  You greet my words with "*Tempus fuit;*"
"*Auf wiedersehen,*" when I depart;
  "*Bonjour,*" on every fit occasion;
And "*Pas encore,*" when to your heart
  I offer any old persuasion.

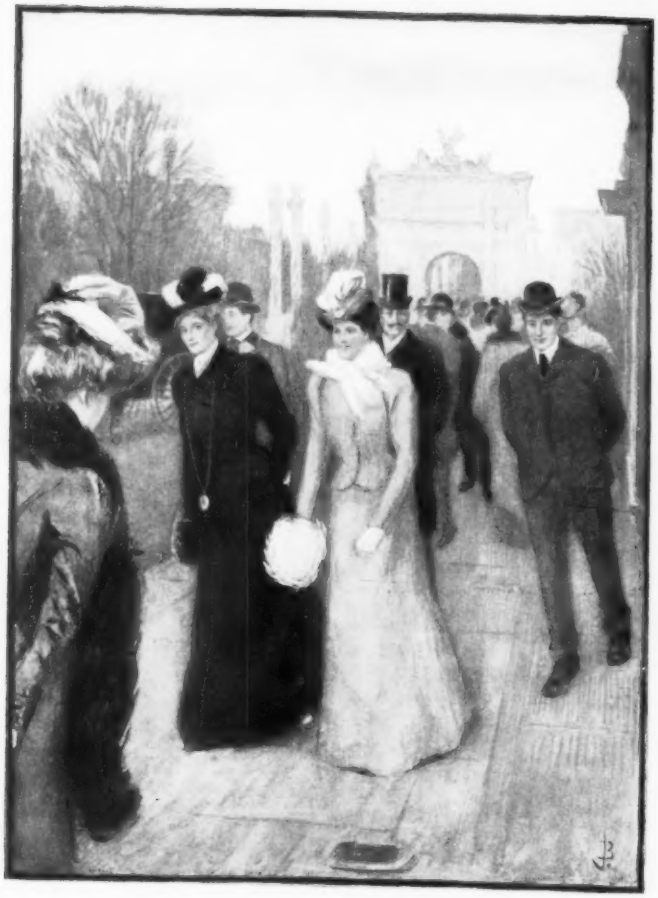
And "*οἱ πολλοί*" you scorn, you say,—
  I hope I am not classed among them!
Old notions you have flung away,—
  I wish I knew just where you flung them!
Of course I'm satisfied that you
  Enjoy the "*dolce far niente.*"
But I confess I never knew
  A girl enjoyed so much at twenty.

Can you not see this verbal froth
  Is much too light for me to handle?
Will you not pity this dull moth
  Whose wings are singed in culture's candle?
I loved you ignorant and young,
  Ere Wisdom put your brain in bridle,—
But now your learning chains my tongue,
  And Love lies destitute and idle!

P. MEDERST.

TOO ANXIOUS.

IT was at a wedding, and as the soon-to-be-wedded couple walked down the aisle of the little church, embarrassment was plainly written on the face of both; but when, in response to the question by the minister if either of them knew of any reason why they should not lawfully be joined together, there came boldly forth from each the answer, "*I do,*" the evident embarrassment on their part was changed to one of real on the part of the clergyman.



Maude. "Is she married?"
Mabel. "No. Unmarried for the fourth time!"

ELIZABETH'S ANNOYANCE.

ELIZABETH and Annie are sisters. Elizabeth is a little over six years old, while Annie is a little beyond eighteen.

Annie was expecting a caller a few afternoons ago, and had gone to particular pains to prepare herself for her visitor.

Elizabeth was already entertaining a visitor, a girl of her own age who lived in the neighborhood, and the two children were having a boisterous time. At length it was decided that as other forms of amusement had palled upon the little girls, they would write letters. Elizabeth went up stairs into her father's den for paper, pens, and ink, and had piled the stationery on a tray to facilitate its transportation to the back parlor, where the little girls were playing. While Elizabeth was collecting the writing materials, Annie's expected visitor arrived and was shown into the parlor. Apprised of his arrival, Annie rushed into her room to put the finishing touches to her hair, and then rushed out to go down stairs into the parlor. She did not notice Elizabeth, who was coming out of papa's den with her load of writing material, and the little girl and the big girl collided. Both kinds of ink went all over Annie's nice gown, the black and the purple uniting to form striking impressionist effects.

Annie stood speechless with horror when she saw the devastation. Not so Elizabeth, however, who was indignant at the waste of good writing material. In an impatient voice the little girl exclaimed, "Now see what you've done!"

GENERAL LIBRARY,
UNIV. OF MICH.
APR 30 1900

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

No. 600.
MAY, 1900.
25 Cents.

1850

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers,
NEW YORK AND LONDON.

1900

"TO SEE OURSEL'S AS ITHERS SEE US" USE SAPOLIO

BIRD

Ask for it.

The Fit for a Queen MSC ULTRA

THE ULTRA SHOE for women $3.50

NO matter how many shoes you have, it is economy to buy a pair of ULTRA SHOES. It will make all the others wear better, used alternately, and when by comparison you have proved the superior comfort and perfection of the ULTRA SHOE, you will see the economy of using it altogether.

Our earnest efforts to make a better shoe than has been offered you before do *you* no good unless you ask for it, buy it, and wear it. Our guarantee protects you.

This dainty Oxford is a Summer suggestion that has a variety of attractive companions in our free catalogue. Oxford price, $3.00; Boots, $3.50.

MOORE-SHAFER SHOE MFG. CO.
191 Main St., BROCKPORT, N. Y.

S
RS

0

BIRD

GENERAL LIBRARY,
UNIV. OF MICH.
APR 26 19

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

CONTENTS

MAY NUMBER

"Good-night, Allegra" . . . . . Frontispiece
Illustration for "The Mantle of Elijah." By LOUIS LOEB.

Inside the Boer Lines. Part I. . . . . . E. E. EASTON 815
Illustrated by G. W. PETERS, VICTOR PERARD, and T. V. CHOMINSKY; and from Photographs.

The Angel and the Child. A Story . . . . . HOWARD PYLE 831
Illustrated by SARAH S. STILWELL.

The Mantle of Elijah. A Novel. Part I. . . . . . I. ZANGWILL 835
Illustrated by LOUIS LOEB. (Frontispiece.)

The Watch-Tower of the Soul. A Poem . . . . . ANNA HEMPSTEAD BRANCH 857

From a Winter Note-Book . . . . . RUDYARD KIPLING 859
Illustrated from Photographs of the Scenes described.

Father and Mother. A Mystery . . . . . W. D. HOWELLS 869
Illustrated by LUCIUS HITCHCOCK.

The Art of E. A. Abbey, R. A. . . . . . HENRY STRACHEY 875
Illustrated by Examples of Mr. ABBEY'S Work; and from Photographs by BASSANO (London), and CURTIS and CAMERON (Boston).

The Game and the Nation. A Story . . . . . OWEN WISTER 884
Illustrated by FREDERIC REMINGTON.

In the Hollow. A Poem . . . . . MARGARET E. SANGSTER 905

The Cat. A Story . . . . . MARY E. WILKINS 906
Illustrated by A. B. FROST.

Dawn in the Tropics. A Poem . . . . . WILLIAM McLENNAN 910

Eleanor. A Novel. Part V. . . . . . MRS. HUMPHRY WARD 911
Illustrated by ALBERT STERNER.

The Problem of Asia. Part III. . . . . . A. T. MAHAN, Captain United States Navy. 929

Acts and Entr'Actes. A Story . . . . . KATRINA TRASK 942

Fifty Years of Harper's Magazine . . . . . THE EDITOR 947
Illustrated by Portraits, and a Drawing by A. I. KELLER.

Whilomville Stories. X. The Trial, Execution, and Burial of Homer Phelps. . . . STEPHEN CRANE 963
Illustrated by PETER NEWELL.

The Drawer. Introductory Story by . . . . . ANNE WARRINGTON WITHERUP 969
Illustrations by HENRY MAYER, A. B. FROST, and BAYARD JONES.

HARPER'S *for* JUNE

ONE hundred volumes of HARPER'S MAGAZINE have been published—a mighty storehouse of treasures, literary, historical, scientific, artistic—the benefits of which millions of readers have shared, wherever the English language is read. The June Number, opening the first of a new century of volumes, will be, in attractiveness and interest, a foretaste and promise of the future.

The Number will be especially rich in fiction, containing instalments of **Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Eleanor"**—which is unquestionably the literary triumph of the year—and of **Israel Zangwill's** remarkable study of English social and political life, **"The Mantle of Elijah."** ALBERT STERNER is illustrating "Eleanor," and LOUIS LOEB's drawings for "The Mantle of Elijah" are particularly happy. In addition to these serials is a lively summer romance, the opening chapters of which will be found in the June Number—**"A Bicycle of Cathay,"** by **Frank R. Stockton,** whose whimsical fancy is at its best in gently satirizing the subject of summer flirtations. ORSON LOWELL has caught the spirit of the author, and his clever pencil has produced many sprightly pictures.

Four short stories of more than average worth will be printed in the June Number: **"The Fight"**—in **Stephen Crane's** "Whilomville" series—an amusing study of boyish nature, illustrated by PETER NEWELL; **"The Debut of Jack,"** by **E. W. Townsend,** Author of "Chimmie Fadden"; **"The Singing of a Bird,"** by **Julian Hawthorne,** illustrated by F. D. STEELE; and **"Delia,"** A Story of Factory Life, by **Gertrude Roscoe.**

Dr. J. H. Hyslop has contributed to the June HARPER'S a study entitled **"Life After Death,"** a paper of remarkable interest to all who consider psychical phenomena; **Captain M. S. Wellby,** a record of his **"Journey to the Abyssinian Capital,"** illustrated from photographs taken by the author; and **Charles Henry Hart,** a study of the paintings of **"Jouett's Kentucky Children,"** illustrated by copies after JOUETT.

One of the striking contributions to HARPER'S MAGAZINE for June is **General Greely's** paper, **"Balloons in Warfare,"** in which is traced the history of military aeronautics from the Civil War in America to the present time. This article is fully illustrated, and contains descriptions of experiments with balloons, an estimate as to the actual value of the service during hostilities, and anecdotes showing how balloons have been and are constructed, transported, and used.

Newspaper correspondents travelling with British troops have told the world about one side of the South African War; but HARPER'S for June will publish a second article by **E. E. Easton,** who went with President Krüger's permission **"Inside the Boer Lines,"** and who tells in this part of the movements executed early in the war by soldiers of the two South African Republics. The illustrations of this article are from photographs made and obtained by Mr. EASTON.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers, Franklin Square, N. Y.

A. C. McClurg & Co.'s

Spring Announcement of New Books

THE CARDINAL'S MUSKETEER

By M. IMLAY TAYLOR, author of "The House of the Wizard," "The Yankee Volunteer," "An Imperial Lover," "On the Red Staircase." 12mo, $1.25.

The scene of Miss Taylor's latest historical romance is laid in France in Richelieu's time. It is a tale of love and chivalry of absorbing interest.

"There is love enough to warm and color the adventure, but not to cloy the taste; there is dramatic contrast of character and situation, swiftness of movement, and an easy, confident flow of style that combine to make a delightful tale—one that the reader will lay down with a regret that there is not more of it."—*Chicago Chronicle.*

THE DREAD AND FEAR OF KINGS

By J. BRECKENRIDGE ELLIS. 12mo, $1.25.

This romance, of which the historical background is the reign of terror in Rome in the time of Tiberius, will take rank with the most famous novels of ancient Rome.

The historical setting is careful and accurate, and gives a vivid picture of the reign of the profligate Cæsar. A skilful love story runs throughout, and the book will prove excellent material for summer reading.

MAN AND HIS DIVINE FATHER

By JOHN C. C. CLARKE, D.D. 12mo, $1.50.

A scholarly and instructive treatment of systematic divinity from the point of view of the conservative theologian. In reaching his conclusions the author takes into account the most recent results of scientific inquiry.

OPPORTUNITY

And other Essays and Addresses

By J. L. SPALDING, Bishop of Peoria, author of "Thoughts and Theories of Life and Education," "Education and the Higher Life," "Things of the Mind," "Means and Ends of Education," etc. 12mo, $1.00.

True humanity, shrewd common-sense, refined thought, and scholarly expression characterize all of Bishop Spalding's works. The new volume of essays exhibits all his well-known beauties of style, besides being full of the genial sympathy and practical wisdom for which his readers love him. It may well be said of him that he writes nothing which does not improve and entertain his readers.

MEMOIRS OF ALEXANDER I. AND THE COURT OF RUSSIA

By Mme. LA COMTESSE DE CHOISEUL-GOUFFIER. Translated from the French by Mary Berenice Patterson. With Portraits. 12mo, $1.50.

The author was an intimate friend of Alexander, and her book is recognized as an authority by students of Russian life and history. It presents a vivid picture of life in Russia and Poland at the time of the French invasion, and is the first translation of the work into English.

BACK TO CHRIST

By WALTER SPENCE. 12mo, $1.00.

A book that will be read with pleasure by laymen and theologians who desire a clear and straightforward statement of the differences between the new and the old theology.

McLOUGHLIN AND OLD OREGON

By EVA EMERY DYE. With Frontispiece. 12mo, $1.50.

A picturesque and most enjoyable history of the movement that added to the United States the vast territory of which Oregon formed a part. The author has had unusual facilities for the acquisition of new and reliable information on the subject.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS

Judea

From Cyrus to Titus, 537 B.C.–70 A.D.

By ELIZABETH WORMELEY LATIMER, author of "France in the 19th Century," "Spain in the 19th Century," etc., etc. Illustrated. 8vo, $2.50.

The Divine Pedigree of Man

By THOMSON JAY HUDSON, LL.D., author of "The Law of Psychic Phenomena," "A Scientific Demonstration of the Future Life." 12mo, $1.50.

The Bee People

A Book for Young People

By MARGARET W. MORLEY. Illustrated. 12mo, $1.25.

The Honey-Makers

By MARGARET W. MORLEY, author of "The Bee People," "A Song of Life," "Life and Love," etc. Illustrated. 12mo, $1.50.

The House of the Wizard

By M. IMLAY TAYLOR, author of "The Cardinal's Musketeer," etc. 12mo, $1.25.

Those Dale Girls

By FRANCES WESTON CARRUTH. Illustrated. 12mo, $1.25.

Tales of an Old Château

By MARGUERITE BOUVET, author of "Sweet William," "My Lady," etc. Illustrated by Helen Maitland Armstrong. 16mo, $1.25.

The Dear Irish Girl

By KATHARINE TYNAN, author of "The Handsome Brandons," "Oh, What a Plague is Love!" etc. 12mo, $1.50.

On General Thomas's Staff

A new volume of "The Young Kentuckians Series." By BYRON A. DUNN, author of "General Nelson's Scout." Illustrated. 12mo, $1.25.

A General Survey of American Literature

By MARY FISHER, author of "A Group of French Critics." 12mo, $1.50.

Moments with Art

Short Selections in Prose and Verse for Lovers of Art. Collected and arranged by J. E. P. D. Uniform with "Musical Moments." 16mo, Gilt Top, Deckle Edges, $1.00.

For sale by booksellers generally, or mailed on receipt of price, by the publishers,

A. C. McCLURG & CO., CHICAGO

SCRIBNER'S IMPORTATIONS

Some Spring Announcements

FIFTEEN YEARS' SPORT AND LIFE

In the Hunting Grounds of Western America and British Columbia

By W. A. Baillie-Grohman. Illustrated by 77 photographs and 3 maps. Royal 8vo, $5.00 *net.*

The most brilliant book of large-game hunting in the Rockies, etc., yet written.

THE LATEST AND BEST BOOK ON SOUTH AFRICA

SIDE LIGHTS ON SOUTH AFRICA

By Roy Devereux. With an excellent map. 12mo, $1.50.

"The charm and value of the book consists in its treatment of the South African question as a question not only of Imperial politics, but of advancing civilization, and of a humanity broader and more generous than has ever emerged into the Boer's conception of the State."—London *Daily News.*

THE HISTORY OF THE GREAT BOER TREK AND THE ORIGIN OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN REPUBLICS

By the late Hon. Henry Cloete, H. M. Com. for Natal. Edited by his grandson, W. Broderick-Cloete. 12mo, 75 cents.

BOERS OR ENGLISH

Who are in the Right? By Edmond Demolins, author of "Anglo-Saxon Superiority." 12mo, paper, 40 cents.

THE CAROLINE ISLANDS

Travel in the Sea of the Little Lands. By F. W. Christian. With introductions by Admiral C. A. G. Bridge, R. N. With 43 illustrations and 5 maps and plans. 8vo, $4.00.

IN DWARF LAND AND CANNIBAL COUNTRY

A Record of Travel and Discovery in Central Africa. By A. B. Lloyd. With 140 illustrations and 3 maps. 8vo, $5.00.

TWO YEARS IN PALESTINE AND SYRIA

By Margaret Thomas. With 10 illustrations reproduced in colors in facsimile of the original paintings by the author. Demy 8vo, $5.00.

An unusual book of journeying in out-of-way places in Palestine.

THE BOOK OF GARDENING. A Handbook of Horticulture

By J. M. Abbott, W. G. Baker, Charles Bennett, H. J. Chapman, James Douglas, Charles Friedrich, A. Griessen, F. M. Mark, Trevor Monmouth, Geo. Schneider, Mortimer Thorn, J. J. Willis, and Alan Wynne, and edited by W. D. Drury, author of "Home Gardening," etc. 750 illustrations. Thick demy 8vo, $6.50 *net.*

MEDICINE AND THE MIND

Translated from the French of Dr. Maurice de Fleury. By Stacy B. Collins, M.D. With 14 figures and drawings. 8vo, $4.50.

Contents: Hypnotism; Doctors and the Law; Doctors and Literature; Human Fatigue; Indolence; Melancholy; The Passions; Anger and Its Treatment, etc.

DANTE'S TEN HEAVENS

A Study of the Paradiso. By Edmund G. Gardner. *New, revised, and enlarged edition.* 8vo, $3.50 *net.*

"As a help to the minuter study of Dante it is hardly too much to say that no more valuable work has appeared in English."—*Athenæum.*

A MEMOIR OF H. R. HIGHNESS PRINCESS MARY ADELAIDE, DUCHESS OF TECK

Based on Her Private Diaries and Letters. By C. Kinloch Cooke. With numerous portraits in photogravure and other illustrations from the private collections of their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of York and the Duke of Cambridge (many of them formerly in the possession of H. R. H. the late Duchess of Gloucester), and his Highness the Duke of Teck. The greater number of these illustrations have never appeared before. 2 vols. Demy 8vo, $7.50.

These two volumes will form the most valuable court memoirs of the last half of this century, and are of considerable pictorial value.

THE LIFE OF MADAME DE LONGUEVILLE (ANNE GENEVIEVE DE BOURBON)

By Mrs. Alfred Cock. With portrait. Crown 8vo, $2.25.

"Mrs. Cock's biography is written both with fidelity to the higher authorities and with insight into the character of this great lady."—*Scotsman.*

THE WALLS OF CONSTANTINOPLE

Studies of the topography of the Byzantine City and adjacent objects of interest. By Alexander van Millingan, Prof. History, Robert College. With plans and illustrations. 8vo, $7.50.

THE NOVELS OF THE SISTERS BRONTE

The *Thornton Edition.* Edited by Temple Scott. Delightfully printed after the text of the first edition. 12 vols. Large crown 8vo. gilt top, per volume, $2.00.

JANE EYRE, 2 vols.	**WILDFELD HALL**, 2 vols.	**AGNES GREY.**
WUTHERING HEIGHTS.	**SHIRLEY**, 2 vols.	**VILLETTE**, 2 vols.
LIFE BY MRS. GASKELL.	**PROFESSOR.**	

BAEDEKER'S GUIDE-BOOKS. *Latest Editions*

Illustrated with Numerous Maps, Plans, Panoramas, and Views. All Prices Net.

United States (New Edition)	$3.60	**Germany** (Southern)	$1.50	**Palestine and Syria**	$3.60
Canada (New Edition)	1.50	" (Rhine)	2.10	**Spain and Portugal**	4.80
Alps (Eastern)	3.00	**Great Britain**	3.00	**Switzerland**	2.40
Austria	2.40	**Greece**	2.40	**Traveler's Manual of Conversation**, in English, German, French, and Italian	.90
Belgium and Holland	1.80	**Italy** (Northern)	2.40	**Conversation Dictionary**, in English, French, German, and Italian	.90
Egypt	4.50	" (Central) and Rome	2.25		
France (Northern)	2.10	" (Southern) and Sicily	1.80		
" (South-Eastern)	1.50	**London and its Environs**	1.80		
" (South-Western)	1.50	**Norway and Sweden**	3.00		
Germany (Northern)	2.40	**Paris and its Environs**	1.80		

MURRAY'S EUROPEAN GUIDE-BOOKS. Full lists on application.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, 153-157 Fifth Ave., New York.

SCRIBNER'S NEW BOOKS

A New Novel of American Life by ROBERT GRANT

UNLEAVENED BREAD

In **UNLEAVENED BREAD,** a phrase in which the character of the heroine is epitomized, Mr. Grant has advanced a long step in his literary career. The novel, which is to have its first issue in book form, deals boldly and vigorously with the social conditions peculiar to modern life, the career of the heroine being followed as she attains to one after another of her ambitions. The three large divisions of the novel indicate the stages of this career—"The Emancipation," "The Struggle," and "The Success," although, as the reader of the novel will note, the "success" which the heroine achieves is to be taken satirically as reflecting the point of view of the clever and ambitious woman of the world who has reached her goal. 12mo, $1.50.

THE TOUCHSTONE. By **Edith Wharton,** author of "The Greater Inclination" (5th edition, 12mo, $1.50). A very unusual and brilliant short novel, in which a singular situation is worked out with that searching accuracy and psychological detail which characterized Mrs. Wharton's short stories. 12mo, $1.25.

THE RHYMER. By **Allan McAulay.** A moving romance of Edinburgh and Scotch rural life, of which the poet Burns is the central figure. 12mo, $1.50.

ENOCH WILLOUGHBY. A Novel of the Middle West. By **James A. Wickersham.** This story will be certain to attract attention, both as a study of strenuous spiritual life and as a story of human love. 12mo, $1.50.

TOOMEY AND OTHERS. By **Robert Shackleton.** Strong, clean stories, in which the author has described with fidelity, pathos, and humor the life of one of New York's most picturesque districts. 12mo, $1.25.

SMITH COLLEGE STORIES. By **Josephine Dodge Daskam.** An animated picture of life in a woman's college, showing what this life really is in its varied phases. 12mo, $1.50.

THE GARDEN OF EDEN. By **Blanche Willis Howard,** author of "Dionysius the Weaver's Heart's Dearest." A novel in the author's best manner, in which she has treated one of the distinctive questions of modern society. 12mo, $1.50.

THE GRIP OF HONOR. By **Cyrus Townsend Brady,** author of "For the Freedom of the Sea," etc. An absorbing patriotic romance, full of dramatic action and picturesque incidents. Illustrated by Gibbs. 12mo, $1.50.

RED BLOOD AND BLUE. By **Harrison Robertson.** A charming story of the South, in which the rival efforts of two heroes for the favor of the heroine are ingeniously and interestingly detailed. 12mo, $1.50.

THE MONK AND THE DANCER. By **Arthur Cosslett Smith.** A collection of unusually good short stories, all of which are told with notable literary art. 12mo, $1.25.

BOYS AND MEN. A Story of Life at Yale. By **Richard Holbrook.** "As good a piece of work as will be turned out on the same subject for years to come."—*New Haven Register.* 12mo, $1.25.

OUR NATIVE TREES, AND HOW TO IDENTIFY THEM. By **Harriet L. Keeler.** Technically accurate, Miss Keeler's book is designed for popular use in the identification of the forest trees of Northeastern America, and in the study of their habits and peculiarities. With 180 full-page plates and 170 text drawings. Crown 8vo, $2.00 *net.*

CHOPIN: THE MAN AND HIS MUSIC. By **James Huneker,** author of "Mezzotints in Modern Music" (12mo, $1.50). A biographical and critical study of great value, treating both of the man and his music with insight and authority. *With etched portrait.* 12mo, $2.00.

THE WAYS OF MEN. By **Eliot Gregory** ("An Idler.") Mr. Gregory writes entertainingly of various literary and art topics as well as of social themes, which have made him so widely known as a delightful essayist. 12mo, $1.50.

THE TOILING OF FELIX, AND OTHER POEMS. By **Henry van Dyke.** This volume includes the verse which Dr. van Dyke has written since the publication three years ago of "The Builders, and other Poems," which is now in its fourth edition. 12mo, $1.00.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

Publishers . . . . . New York

Take Fair WARNING!! This

The Million-Dollar Sale of the "Century" will come to a close before the next issue of this Magazine. To share in its price-saving and the easy payment privileges you must join the Wanamaker Century Club—Quickly! Just your name, your address—and a dollar.

LAST

The CENTURY & Cyclopedia at HALF

LITTLE Payments on Receipt of Club $1

A Million-Dollar Sales RECORD

John Wanamaker's agreement to distribute a million dollars' worth of The Century Dictionary & Cyclopedia & Atlas stands on record as the largest contract in the world of book-buying or book-selling at retail. Already over three-quarters of the quantity has been distributed, and *before* the next issue of this magazine the million-dollar limit will have easily been reached—at the present rate of applications.

This will mean *half a million of dollars in cash saved* to members of the Wanamaker Century Club during this famous half-price sale.

Every college in the United States and England now owns a set and consults it as the one great authority. There is a set in every department of the United States Government. The Supreme Court of the United States bases its decisions on the rulings of the "Century."

It is the one great work of the present century which *you* cannot afford to do without.

How to Order

Send $1 for membership in the Wanamaker Century Club. You will receive promptly specimen pages, illustrations, sample map, description of bindings, full details of the half-price offer by which members can purchase a set on little payments that figure only 10c. a day.

But there is no time left for delay now. To secure the half price and the easy payment privileges, you must send in your application at once.

In WRITING mention this magazine, *please*, and address

JOHN

is our CLOSING *Announcement!*

CALL

Dictionary
ia & Atlas
PRICE in
Delivered Complete
Membership Fee of
00

"The Edition of The Century Dictionary & Cyclopedia & Atlas published by us and sold by John Wanamaker, contains all the revisions and additions to date, is complete in every way, and is the latest published.

The Century Company."

A Million-Dollar Set of BOOKS

$1,150,000 were spent in producing the first set of The Century Dictionary & Cyclopedia & Atlas. To compile this great work it took eighteen years of arduous labor on the part of the world's greatest specialists (over 500 altogether). The immense amount of money and the immense amount of time formed the price that was paid to insure a success such as was never known heretofore in the world of books. From its first appearance the "Century" has been universally admitted to be "*the authority of authorities.*"

The edition for 1900 has been thoroughly revised and brought down to date—words, spelling, definitions, encyclopedic matter, proper names, maps and charts—with new material added in every department. The work is complete in ten royal-quarto volumes, which contain 9,100 pages, 500,000 definitions, 300,000 quotations, 150,000 encyclopedic articles, 50,000 proper names, 8,000 illustrations, 310 maps and charts in colors, forming a complete working library, the most practical and all-embracing ever compiled.

It more than takes the place of all other reference works combined, both technical and general. Great corporations and school children, artisans and bankers, artists and bookkeepers—every class of reading people have joined the Wanamaker Century Club in order to secure this great work before the present half-price opportunity is over. Will you be prompt enough to add your name to theirs?

WANAMAKER NEW YORK

THE CENTURY CO.'S NEW BOOKS

ERNEST SETON-THOMPSON.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF A GRIZZLY.

By Ernest Seton-Thompson, Author of "Wild Animals I Have Known," etc., with 75 drawings by the author; the make-up of the book designed by Mrs. Ernest Seton-Thompson. "One of the most entertaining studies of young wild animal life ever written."—*Philadelphia Record.* Square 12mo, with 12 full-page insets in tint, and with numerous marginal illustrations. Price $1.50.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A QUACK.

By Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, Author of "Hugh Wynne," etc. "The best bit of story-writing that Dr. Mitchell has done."—*Post Express, Rochester, N. Y.* 16mo, 150 pages, with illustrations by Arthur I. Keller. Price $1.25.

SAILING ALONE AROUND THE WORLD.

By Captain Joshua Slocum. A personal narrative of the experience of the sloop *Spray* on her single-handed voyage of 46,000 miles. We have to go back to Marryat for anything at all like it."—*Evening Post, New York.* With 63 illustrations, 8vo, 325 pages. Price $2.00.

Copyright, 1899, by The Century Co.

From "Sailing Alone Around the World."

THE SPRAY

KATE WETHERILL.

A Novel by Jennette Lee. A powerful story, whose heroine is a young New England woman married to a man who is her mental inferior. Through spiritual suffering she finally attains peace. 16mo, 200 pages, $1.25.

DEACON BRADBURY.

A Novel by Edwin Asa Dix. This is a study of a man of inflexible integrity whose faith comes to be shaken to its foundations. 12mo, 325 pages, $1.50.

Also "The Wager, and Other Poems," by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, $1.00.

HOLLY AND PIZEN. A collection of stories by Ruth McEnery Stuart. "Some of Mrs. Stuart's best." (*Chicago Tribune.*) Illustrated by Potthast. $1.25.

NO. 5 JOHN STREET. By Richard Whiteing. Fortieth Thousand. "As a study in social contrasts, Mr. Whiteing's new book is brilliant; from a literary point of view it is exquisite." (*Publishers' Circular.*) A romance of the "Other Half" in London. $1.50.

THE ISLAND. By Richard Whiteing. A romance of the Pacific. New edition, 12mo, $1.25.

TRAMPING WITH TRAMPS. By Josiah Flynt. "At last we have an adequate, dignified, coherent narrative of the hobo written by an author of proven ability." (*Evening Express, Portland, Me.*) Fully illustrated, 12mo, 400 pages, $1.50.

THE MANY-SIDED FRANKLIN. By Paul Leicester Ford. Second edition. "A vivid and very readable account of the eminent philosopher." (*Evangelist.*) With nearly 200 pictures, 500 pages, $3.00.

IMPRESSIONS OF SOUTH AFRICA. By Hon. James Bryce, M.P. New edition, revised to date, and containing a prefatory chapter in which the reasons for the present war in the Transvaal are fully described. "The most complete history that has yet appeared on the subject." (*Book Buyer.*) 580 pages, with maps and index, $3.50.

PRESENT-DAY EGYPT. By Frederic Courtland Penfield. "'Up-to-date,' carefully and fluently written, and the conclusions are deliberately formed." (*Public Opinion.*) Fully illustrated, with complete index, 400 pages, $2.50.

CUBA AND PORTO RICO, with the Other Islands of the West Indies. By Robert T. Hill, of the U. S. Geological Survey. "It is doubtful if there has ever appeared in the book-marts of the world a volume more timely and necessary." (*Brooklyn Eagle.*) "A complete handbook." (*Philadelphia Times.*) 60 illustrations, 500 pages, $3.00.

Sold by all dealers, or sent, postpaid, on receipt of price by

THE CENTURY CO., UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK

The Buttes-Chaumont. From "Parisian Pastimes" in the May CENTURY.

PARIS OF TO-DAY

People who are going to the Paris Exposition and those who are not going, but who have an interest in the French Capital, will find in the group of papers on this subject now appearing in

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

a graphic, entertaining and competent description of Paris by one who knows the city thoroughly. No better descriptive papers have ever been contributed to an American magazine. The writer is Richard Whiteing, author of the popular novel, "No. 5 John Street." The papers are as follows:

I The Governmental Machine (Feb.)
II Paris of the Faubourgs (March)
III Fashionable Paris (April)
IV Parisian Pastimes (May)
V Life of the Boulevards (June)
VI Artistic Paris (July)

Richly Illustrated by André Castaigne.

This distinguished French Artist has lately been decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honor. His illustrations in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE have attracted wide attention. Mr. Castaigne will also furnish to THE CENTURY MAGAZINE a series of illustrations of the Paris Exposition.

THE MAY CENTURY

The National Zoo at Washington. Another paper by Ernest Seton-Thompson, author of "Wild Animals I have Known," "The Biography of a Grizzly," etc. Illustrated by the author.

Art in Modern Bridges. An entertaining article by Montgomery Schuyler. Illustrated by Harry Fenn.

Our Friend the Sultan of Jolo. An article of timely interest by the Secretary of the Acting Governor of Jolo.

A Word of Warning to Young Actresses. By Clara Morris.

Hardships of a Reptiler. Second part of a stirring narrative of adventure. Illustrated.

Leaves from a Note Book. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

Parisian Pastimes. One of Mr. Richard Whiteing's articles on Paris of To-day, with illustrations by Castaigne.

Henri Fantin-Latour. An article on this famous French artist by Frederick Keppel, with reproductions of some of his lithographs on musical motives.

Significant Ignorance About the Bible, as shown among college students of both sexes. By Rev. Charles F. Thwing, D. D.

Popular Illusions About Trusts. By Andrew Carnegie.

Serial Features. John Morley's "Cromwell Papers," Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's "Dr. North and His Friends." Other illustrated articles and complete stories. *The frontispiece of the number is a portrait of Wordsworth, after a sketch from life, printed in tint.*

A Letter from a Subscriber.

Editors of The Century:

Messrs:—I sometimes wonder whether the editors of the great magazines care to hear from remote members of their audience, and yet I never receive a new number of the Century, or take up an old one, that I do not feel impelled to tender a "vote of thanks."

Last fall when I was talking to my class about illustrators and engravers I read to them a paragraph from your prospectus in regard to Castaigne and Cole. "And yet," I said to them, "that is far too modest an estimate of the work of these men." I had talked to them so much about Cole and his work that I was fearful they might grow tired.

How superb the work of Cole is! I have seen many of the originals of his engravings of the Italian, Dutch and English pictures and these engravings seem no less wonderful than the original pictures. You are placing the lovers of art under great obligations in publishing this beautiful series of pictures.... Your magazine is at the pinnacle.

Faithfully, _____

Subscriptions may begin at any time.
$4.00 a year.

THE CENTURY CO., UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK

The Times

(LONDON.)

THE LAST SETS OF THE ENCYCLOPAEDIA

GENUINE

THE STORY AND RESULTS

PORTRAITS OF A FEW OF THE CONTRIBUTORS.

RT. HON. JOHN MORLEY.

LORD KELVIN.

REV. DR. E. E. HALE.

(I)

THE OCCASION OF THE OFFER

The Ninth Edition of the ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA is universally recognized to be the most scholarly and useful work that has ever been published. No one questions its position as the greatest library of reference in the world, nor that it is practically indispensable to all educated persons who can read the English language. It consists of twenty-five large volumes, containing 22,000 double-column pages and 10,000 illustrations. It is the product of the greatest men and best writers of the nineteenth century. Every contributor was chosen simply because he was better qualified to write on his particular subject than anyone else in the world. The mere size of the work, the character of the contributors, the fact that the volumes were published one at a time and in small quantities, all combined to make the work expensive. The actual cost of the ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA was over $1,100,000. The price fixed by the publishers for a set of the work in the cheapest binding was £37 ($179.45). There was urgent need for a work as authoritative as the ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA at a moderate price.

(II)

THE OFFER ITSELF

This, in brief, was the situation—an almost universal demand and an almost prohibitive price—when *The Times* (London) made its arrangements with the publishers for a special edition of the work to be sold through the medium of that paper. A cheap imitation was not considered for a moment; but two things could be done, and were, to reduce the price.

(1) *The Times* caused to be printed an enormous edition, involving the largest printing and binding order ever given in England or America, instead of printing one volume at a time in small quantities. (Over twenty per centum saved.) (2) *The Times* decided to bring the books straight from the publishers to the purchaser, without the intervention and consequent profits of bookseller, agent, or other middleman. (Over thirty per centum saved.)

In this way *The Times* was enabled to offer identically the same work as the publishers' original edition—the same in every detail—for less than half the former price. Every word, every illustration, every map, every element of value, is preserved intact. The paper is as good, the press-work as good,

PROF. MAX-MULLER.

LORD RAYLEIGH.

MR. GEO. W. CABLE.

ALG. C. SWINBURNE.

The Times

(LONDON.)

BRITANNICA AT LESS THAN HALF-PRICE
EDITION
OF A REMARKABLE OFFER

the binding as good; there is not the slightest cheapening of the product to offset the remarkable diminution in price.

Moreover, and most important of all, the sets of the ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA at present offered by *The Times* at less than half-price are the only ones now furnished to anyone anywhere in the world by the publishers, Messrs. A. & C. Black, of London and Edinburgh. No sets other than those printed from the plates of the publishers, Messrs. A. & C. Black, are or can be genuine.

(III)

THE RESULTS OF THE OFFER

The offer of the work through *The Times* (London), at the special reduced price, was kept open in Great Britain for just 365 days. Over 20,000 sets—or over half a million volumes—were rapidly taken. Among those who availed themselves of the offer of *The Times* were Lord Salisbury, Mr. Alfred A. Rothschild, and the Lord High Chancellor, in the world of affairs; Mr. Bryce, Rudyard Kipling, and Herbert Spencer, in the world of letters; the Princess Louise, daughter of the Queen, and H. S. H. Prince Louis of Battenberg, among royal personages—to instance but a few among the 20,000 purchasers.

When the arrangements were first made with the publishers, a limited number of sets were reserved for distribution in America, and a few months ago *The Times* had the honour to announce to the American people the opportunity to secure a set of the genuine edition of the ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA at the same prices as in Great Britain, and with the ocean freight and import duty paid. These sets have been widely subscribed for, and the supply is nearly exhausted. Those who desire to avail themselves of the opportunity to secure the work at the present special prices offered by *The Times* should file their orders at once. *The Times* cannot undertake to fill belated orders.

A Pamphlet of Specimen Pages, Coloured Plates, and Brief Extracts from the ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA, with full particulars as to this offer, will be sent upon application to the American office. Address (mentioning this magazine)

American office of The Times (London), 290 Broadway, N. Y.

PORTRAITS OF A FEW OF THE CONTRIBUTORS.

RT. HON. JAMES BRYCE.

PRES. A. T. HADLEY.

DEAN FARRAR.

SIR WM. CROOKES.

PROF. J. A. H. MURRAY.

DR. RICHARD GARNETT.

PROF. W. D. WHITNEY.

DODD, MEAD & CO.

Resurrection

By Count LEO TOLSTOY

Author of "Anna Karenina," "War and Peace," etc.

12mo, cloth, illustrated, $1.50.

"As we close this book of his old age, we are tempted to declare that, take it all in all, it is the greatest work of its great author."—*New York Times.*

Joan of the Sword Hand

By S. R. CROCKETT

Author of "The Lilac Sun Bonnet," "The Raiders," etc.

12mo, cloth, illustrated, $1.50.

"It is a robust romance, full of color and life, opulent in action, with movement, passion, sentiment, and the glamour of chivalric deeds."—*Brooklyn Times.*

The Alabaster Box

By WALTER BESANT

Author of "The Orange Girl," "The Demoniac," etc., etc.

12mo, cloth, $1.50.

"This is a story of settlement life, and in it is shown from actual knowledge and observation the effect of the life upon the workers."

The Strength of Gideon

By PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

Author of "Folks from Dixie," "Poems of Cabin and Field," etc.

12mo, cloth, illustrated by Kemble, $1.25.

"This volume again illustrates his command of humor and pathos. Some of these stories have appeared in the magazines, others are now published for the first time."

Three Men on Wheels

By JEROME K. JEROME

Author of "Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow," etc.

12mo, cloth, illustrated, $1.50.

"This book is a sequel to 'Three Men in a Boat.' The men are the same, and their experiences are as delightful as on their former expedition."

Cape Town to Ladysmith

By G. W. STEEVENS

Author of "With Kitchener to Khartum," etc., etc.

12mo, cloth, $1.25.

"Kipling himself could not combine the accurate statement of fact with the same genius for swift and vivid delineation. He was the greatest master of descriptive writing."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Feo

By MAX PEMBERTON

Author of "The Garden of Swords," "Kronstadt," etc., etc.

12mo, cloth, illustrated, $1.50.

In England, Mr. Pemberton is one of the most popular writers of the present day in fiction, and it is gratifying to note that the sale of his novels in America is increasing with every year.

A History of Scotland

By ANDREW LANG

To be completed in 3 volumes. Volume I. ready shortly.

8vo, cloth, $3.50 net.

This is the first volume of an important and authoritative history of Scotland. Mr. Lang is himself a Scot, and imparts, therefore, a fervor and an interest to the narrative quite his own.

DODD, MEAD & COMPANY

5th Ave. & 35th St., New York, Publishers

200th Thousand

To Have and to Hold

By MARY JOHNSTON

Crown 8vo, $1.50

Prisoners of Hope

Crown 8vo, $1.50

Mr. JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS ["Uncle Remus"] writes:

"I think Miss Johnston's two books represent, with respect to their art, their style, and their noble ideals, the high-water mark of American fiction that has appeared since Hawthorne died. I have read pretty nearly every American story of the better class, especially the so-called historical novels. None compares with Miss Johnston's books."

SIX NEW BOOKS

ROBERT TOURNAY

A Romance of the French Revolution. By WILLIAM SAGE. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, $1.50.

This story has much of the interest of Dickens's French Revolution story, "A Tale of Two Cities." The spirit and atmosphere of that tremendous time pervade it. Tournay is a fascinating character—patriotic, well-nigh omnipresent, fertile in resource, chivalrous, especially to the aristocratic lady he loves.

KNIGHTS IN FUSTIAN

By CAROLINE BROWN. Crown 8vo, $1.50.

This is a story of the attempt at insurrection in Indiana during the War for the Union. Details of the conspiracy, secret meetings, escapes of loyal spies, and a good love-story make a very interesting book, which has also the merit of being in some good degree historically accurate.

THE PROSE OF EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

With an Introduction comprising some Familiar Letters. 16mo, $1.25.

Lovers of Sill's poems will welcome this volume of his prose. It contains essays on literary and educational topics, and brief papers of uncommon charm and brilliancy which Mr. Sill wrote for The Contributors' Club in *The Atlantic Monthly*.

THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY IN THE CIVIL WAR

By JOHN FISKE. With 18 Maps. Crown 8vo, $2.00.

An exceedingly clear and interesting account of the course and significant events of the War for the Union in the Valley of the Mississippi.

THE QUEEN'S GARDEN

By Mrs. M. E. M. DAVIS, author of "Under the Man-Fig" and "The Wire-Cutters." 16mo, $1.25.

A romantic story of New Orleans, including a yellow-fever episode: a Paul-and-Virginia love affair which prospers as it should; and attractive descriptions of scenes in the city — all told in a fresh and interesting way.

THE SON OF THE WOLF

Tales of the Far North. By JACK LONDON. Crown 8vo, $1.50.

Mr. London, a born story-teller, here makes the first contribution from Alaska to the literature of fiction. The stories are based on his experience and observations in that region, and contain vivid pictures of life in the vicinity of the Yukon, with its privations, hardships, heroisms, and romance.

Sold by all Booksellers. Sent, postpaid, by

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., BOSTON 11 East 17th Street, NEW YORK

FOR SPRING READING

The Action and The Word
By BRANDER MATTHEWS

A story of a young married woman's infatuation for the stage.

Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, $1 50

Their Silver Wedding Journey
By W. D. HOWELLS

A new one-volume edition of Mr. Howells's latest novel, uniform with his earlier books. **Cloth, $1 50**

Adam Grigson
By Mrs. HENRY DE LA PASTURE

A powerful story of the present day by a brilliant new writer.

Cloth, $1 50

Woman and Artist
By MAX O'RELL

The first and only novel by the author of "Jonathan and His Continent."

Cloth, $1 25

The Passing of Thomas And Other Stories
By THOMAS A. JANVIER

A new collection of the author's most amusing tales.

Ill'd by Gibson and Others. *(In Press.)*

The Jimmyjohn Boss And Other Stories
By OWEN WISTER

Being more of Mr. Wister's picturesque stories of Western life.

Illustrated. Cloth, $1 25

The Booming of Acre Hill, and Other Stories
By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

Tales dealing with the amusing difficulties which confront the suburbanite.

Illustrated. Cloth, $1 25

Men With the Bark On
By FREDERIC REMINGTON

Short stories and sketches of the rough type of manhood.

Illustrated by the Author. Cloth, $1 25

As Seen By Me
By LILIAN BELL

Pictures of life on the Continent and elsewhere, full of both humor and pathos.

With Portrait. Cloth, $1 25

Nature's Calendar
By ERNEST INGERSOLL

A book which should be the daily companion of all lovers of nature. Blank spaces for memoranda.

Illustrated. Cloth, $1 75

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS

MAKERS of HISTORY

These ***thirty-two important and interesting volumes*** provide the way for all to become acquainted with the ***makers of the world's history.*** They are not ***dull-hard-to-read*** books, but, on the contrary, ***most instructive,*** and written in an ***exceptionally entertaining manner.***

Alfred the Great
Margaret of Anjou
Richard I.
Richard II.
William the Conqueror
Alexander the Great
Cyrus the Great
Darius the Great
Genghis Khan
Peter the Great
Xerxes
Hannibal
Julius Caesar
Nero
Pyrrhus
Romulus

That these are books of real merit, books whose ownership is appreciated, is best evidenced by their unequalled sale of over

650,000 VOLUMES

This publication, ***Abbott's Biographical Histories,*** has been adopted by Boards of Education in many states, and certainly no library can be termed complete without this work.

The complete set, thirty-two volumes, well printed upon extra quality of book paper, profusely illustrated by engravings, durably and artistically bound in buckram, with appropriate design in two colors on cover, will be forwarded for inspection upon request. If, upon examination, you decide to retain the work, remit us one dollar a month for sixteen months. The ***Special Library Binding,*** leather back and cloth covers, will be supplied for an additional fifty cents a month for the sixteen months. If not satisfactory you return at our expense.

Charles I.
Hortense
Josephine
Madame Roland
Marie Antoinette
Henry IV.
Hernando Cortez
Joseph Bonaparte
King Philip
Louis XIV.
Louis Philippe
Charles II.
Mary Queen of Scots
Queen Elizabeth
Richard III.
Cleopatra

HARPER'S HISTORY CLUB, 142 Fifth Ave., New York

Complete Set Delivered at Once. 32 volumes, only 50 cents each, payable $1.00 a month for 16 months.

Present Terms not Guaranteed after June 1st.

Harper's Bazar

(NEW SERIES)

IN MAGAZINE FORM

BEGINNING with the issue of May 5th, HARPER'S BAZAR will appear in a new form as a Magazine—*A WEEKLY MAGAZINE.*

Issued Weekly ❧ *Price Unchanged*

10 CENTS A COPY **$4.00** A YEAR

It will be under new editorial management, with a new policy, still retaining, however, all the features which have won its unique position in American homes, and adding all others essential to keep step with the progress of the age.

Its price will remain the same.

Its contributors will be the most capable and best-equipped writers and artists of the present day.

It will be as strong, as brilliant, and as "up-to-date" as brains and money can make it.

It will have opinions and express them.

It will contain the best short stories, the best pictures, the best essays, and the best fashions to be found in any woman's journal in the world.

It will pay particular attention to music, literature, and art.

Practical and domestic subjects will be treated, not by novices, but by experts.

These facts cannot fail to interest you. We feel so confident of your approval of the new BAZAR that we do not hesitate to solicit your co-operation—and your subscription.

HARPER & BROTHERS
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK

CONTENTS OF ISSUE OF MAY 5th

The First Issue in Magazine Form

Heroines of Nineteenth-Century Fiction. With frontispiece and two illustrations by H. C. Christy. WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS
Told in Trust. A Story of the Future Life. Illustrated. ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD
Sorrows of May. A Poem. Illustrated EDITH M. THOMAS
The Outlook for the College Woman DAVID STARR JORDAN (President of Leland Stanford University.)
Settlement Work in London. With an introduction by Mrs. Humphry Ward. Illustrated DOROTHY WARD
The Problem of the Young Person MRS. SCHUYLER CROWNINSHIELD
Fine Points in Golf. Illustrated ARTHUR POTTOW
Women in the World's News. Illustrated
The Meloon Farm. Illustrated MARIA LOUISE POOL
New Effects in Embroidery. Illustrated
The Dining-Room and Its Arrangement. Illustrated. LILLIE HAMILTON FRENCH
May Recipes. Illustrated. MARIA BLAY
Health and Beauty DR. GRACE PECKHAM MURRAY
The Hygienic Care of Babies MARIANNA WHEELER
The World of Fashion. With numerous Illustrations. ANNIE T. ASHMORE
Cut Paper Patterns. Illustrated
The Club Woman of To-Day FRANCES HUMPHREYS GAFFNEY (President of the National Council of Women.)
Correspondence—Wit and Humor—Editorial Comment

FOR SPECIAL OFFERS, ETC., SEE OPPOSITE PAGE

Harper's Bazar

(NEW SERIES)

Some of the Features for the Coming Months:

HEROINES OF NINETEENTH-CENTURY FICTION

By William Dean Howells

A valuable series of essays illustrated by famous artists.

THE CORA STORIES
"The Live Little Girl in Fiction."
By Stephen Crane

NEW ENGLAND TALES
"Sketches of an Old New England Town."
By Mary E. Wilkins

CHILD STORIES. By E. Nesbit

SHORT STORIES by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, Octave Thanet, Mrs. Burton Harrison, Alice Brown, Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, Edith Wharton, and Mrs. Schuyler Crowninshield.

AMONG THE BAZAR'S ARTISTS are W. T. Smedley, Peter Newell, William H. Hyde, Frederick McCormick, Lucius Hitchcock, Ernest Haskell, A. I. Keller, Everett Shinn, H. C. Christy, Frank V. Du Mond.

SPECIAL ARTICLES by Jeannette L. Gilder, Olive Thorne Miller, Margaret E. Sangster, Agnes Repplier, Cornelia Pratt, Marguerite Merington, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Dr. Henry van Dyke, Dr. Lyman Abbott, Cardinal Gibbons, James Whitcomb Riley, Hamilton W. Mabie.

Other Notable Features

TEN SINGING LESSONS. By Marchesi, the greatest living teacher.

THE FASHIONS will, as heretofore, be a most important feature of the BAZAR. **Ethel** and **Guy Rose**, the great designers, will continue to contribute weekly drawings of Paris fashions.

DOMESTIC TOPICS. By well-known women.

CLUB WORK. Under direction of Mrs. Margaret H. Welch.

HEALTH, HYGIENE, AND BEAUTY By Dr. Grace Peckham Murray

HOME SEWING AND FANCY WORK—HOME-MAKING AND DECORATING, and every other subject of interest to women.

Special Offer

FOR INTRODUCTION

$2.00 HARPER'S BAZAR (magazine form) will be sent to any address from May 1, 1900, to January 1, 1901, for $2.00. (Eight months for the price of six.)

25c. The first four issues in the new magazine form, May 5th, 12th, 19th, and 26th, will be sent to any address for 25 cents.

DO IT NOW

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS

NOW READY

Our Presidents

And How We Make Them

By Col. A. K. McCLURE

Colonel McClure's political and journalistic career extends over a period of more than fifty years. During this time he has been in personal touch with every national convention, and has followed closely the details of every Presidential campaign. His work contains much entirely new matter concerning the Lincoln and Blaine campaigns, and gives us a new view of many notable political quarrels, such as those between Buchanan and Forney and Cleveland and Dana. It also contains a detailed account of every ballot taken in every national convention.

With an Introduction by Postmaster-General Charles Emory Smith, and Portraits of the Presidents. Crown 8vo, $2 50

The Unknown

By CAMILLE FLAMMARION

The publication of this remarkable work, which has created a sensation in France, can scarcely fail to arouse the greatest interest in this country. There can be no question as to the importance of the book. It is a thoroughly scientific yet popular study of the phenomena of the spirit world. Among the points upon which the author touches are: Hallucinations, Manifestations of the Dying, Distant Sight in Dreams, and Thought Transmission. In discussing the various forms of psychic phenomena, M. Flammarion adduces a large number of absolutely authenticated instances, which make many of the chapters as weirdly fascinating as the most fantastic of Poe's tales.

Crown 8vo, Cloth, $2 00

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS

HARPER'S NEW BOOKS

The Love of Parson Lord

And Other Stories. By MARY E. WILKINS.

Miss Wilkins is supreme in her chosen field.—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

Illustrated. 16mo, Cloth, $1 25

With Sword and Crucifix

By E. S. VAN ZILE

The story is told with great spirit, and there is not a dull page in it.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, $1 50

The Nerve of Foley

And Other Stories. By FRANK H. SPEARMAN.

No better stories of railway life have been published in this country, and in saying this we do not forget Mr. Kipling's "007."—*The Outlook.*

Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, $1 25

A Manifest Destiny

By JULIA MAGRUDER

Full of dramatic possibilities, which are well managed by the experienced writer.—*Cleveland Plain-dealer.*

Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, $1 25

The Haworth Brontë

Six volumes of this standard edition of the works of the Brontë sisters are now ready. The seventh volume, which will complete the edition, will be issued shortly. It contains Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë," with notes by Clement K. Shorter. **With Photogravure Illustrations. Crown 8vo, Cloth, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $1 75 per volume**

Published under Authority of the South African Republics

The Story of the Boers

By C. W. VAN DER HOOGT, MONTAGU WHITE, GENERAL JOUBERT, and others. Illustrations, Maps, Portraits, Boer National Hymn, etc.

Cloth, $1 00 - With Portraits, Paper, 50 cents

Healthy Exercise

By ROBERT H. GREENE, M.D.

"Every member of the family will be the better for reading it, and every young person should own and study it."—*Rochester Chronicle.*

With Diagrams. 16mo, Cloth, $1 00 net

Thackeray's Hitherto Unidentified Contributions to "Punch"

By M. H. SPIELMANN

A book which no Thackeray lover can afford to be without.

Fully Illustrated. Uniform with Biographical Thackeray, $1 75

To-Morrow in Cuba

By CHARLES M. PEPPER

A most valuable study of the Cuba of to-day and of its possibilities for the future.

With Map. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $2 00

Recollections—(1832–'86)

By Sir ALGERNON WEST, former Secretary to Mr. Gladstone.

It sparkles with anecdote and repartee, and is one of the most entertaining books of its kind.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Portraits. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $3 00

Whist

American Leads and Their Origin. By NICHOLAS BROWSE TRIST.

A very important contribution to the literature of the subject, and will prove indispensable to every student of the game of whist.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

16mo, Cloth, $1 00 net

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS

Concerning the Romantic Novel

A WORD TO ITS ADMIRERS

DESPITE the heading at the top of this page, before approaching the subject of the romantic novel there is something to be said concerning the exceeding changeableness of public taste. Not so many months ago the demand was all for realism, for problems—for the so-called "pulmonary novel." Then came a dashing romantic story or two, and—presto! the public taste is changed, the problem novel is put aside, and the public is enthralled by the glamour of courts and the clash of rapiers. With the single exception of "Red Pottage," the recent successful books have all been romantic. Don't imagine for an instant that this is a protest against the change. If the public demands the romantic novel, it's the publishers' business to supply the demand, and, as it happens, we are quite ready to do so.

A FEW years since, Mr. H. B. Marriott Watson wrote a story called "Galloping Dick," then one called "The Adventurers," and later "The Princess Xenia." Recently we published still another story of his called **"The Rebel,"** and to those who love a stirring tale with as blithe and daredevil a hero, and as fair a heroine as can be found in fiction, we recommend this book.

Then there's a story by a writer who, if we mistake not, will be better known inside of a very few weeks, Mr. Hamilton Drummond. His book is called **"A Man of His Age,"** and it's a rattling good story of life and love in France, in the days of Catherine and of the great Henry of Navarre, when life was cheap and no man knew how long his head would remain on his shoulders.

WE come down to the present day in **"The Conspirators,"** by Robert Chambers, who wrote "Lorraine" and "The King in Yellow." It is a delightful love-story, and is written with the dash and vigor that characterize all the author's work, and there's just a little satire thrown in.

The last book in the list is **"Princess Sophia,"** by E. F. Benson, author of "Mammon and Company" and "Dodo." It's a story of a principality broken down by gambling. It is fantastic, but shows both dramatic force and humor.

The Rebel, - - - - -	**$1 50**	**The Conspirators. Ill'd -**	**$1 50**
A Man of His Age. Ill'd -	**1 25**	**Princess Sophia, - - -**	**1 25**

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS

85 *Thousand in England and America*

Red Pottage

By MARY CHOLMONDELEY

In the April Number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE we stated that "Red Pottage" had come to the point where it was its own best advertisement. Since that time its sales have gone ahead considerably, but we can't help stating just a few more facts about this remarkable book. In spite of the wonderful success of certain more recent novels, "Red Pottage" continues to maintain its popularity. In *The Bookman's* list of best-selling books for the past month, "Red Pottage" has the second place, having passed ahead of such books as "Richard Carvel," "Janice Meredith," and "When Knighthood was in Flower." In England "Red Pottage" still maintains the leading position.

An Earlier Book by the Author of "Red Pottage" is

The Danvers Jewels

RED POTTAGE $1 50

This little volume contains two excellent tales, one a detective story worthy of Conan Doyle, the other a charming love story. Although they have been published some time, the demand for them is now greater than ever before, and they fully deserve their success.

THE DANVERS JEWELS $1 00

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK

Books of Timely Interest

The Elements of International Law

By Lieut-Col. GEORGE B. DAVIS

Professor of International Law at the United States Military Academy. In view of our increased interests in foreign affairs, every one should have some knowledge of this subject.

Cloth, $2 50

The Nicaragua Canal

By W. E. SIMMONS

In view of the recent Hay-Pauncefote negotiations, the book is of imminent interest and importance.—*N. Y. Herald.*

With Large Map and Illustrations, $1 25

Life of Seward

By FREDERIC BANCROFT

Mr. Bancroft has produced a work that will stand wear. It is critical, discriminating, and interest-compelling.—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

Portraits. 2 vols, $5 00

The First American

His Homes and His Households

By LEILA HERBERT

One of the most highly entertaining and satisfactory books which have ever been written about George Washington.—*Boston Beacon.*

Illustrated. Cloth, $2 00

Puerto Rico

Its Conditions and Possibilities

By WILLIAM DINWIDDIE

In view of the present interest in the Puerto Rican tariff, the author's study of economic conditions on the island is of great timely importance.

Illustrated. Cloth, $2 50

The Conquest of Arid America

By WILLIAM E. SMYTHE

This book is a valuable contribution to the economic history of the United States. The author is an authority upon modern scientific irrigation, and in the book he treats of the miracles in the deserts of the West wrought by this system in connection with colonization with co-operative capital.

With Map in Color and Illustrations. $1 75

The Klondike Stampede

By TAPPAN ADNEY

The author visited the Klondike gold-fields as correspondent for HARPER'S WEEKLY. His descriptions of the scenes of the gold-fever are augmented in value by his many sketches and photographs.

Illustrated. Cloth, $3 00

The Northwest Under Three Flags

By CHARLES MOORE

It reads like a romance, and there is more adventure crowded within the pages of this history than can be found in many historical novels.—*Troy Press.*

Fully Illustrated. Cloth, $2 00

Harper's Guide to the Paris Exposition

By far the best and most complete hand-book for those intending to visit the Exposition. Practical French phrases translated—guides to all parts of Paris, detailed guides to all parts of the Exposition—handy information on all subjects.

Handy Pocket Size. Flexible Covers. Map, Illustrations, and Diagrams, $1 00

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS

SCHOOLS & COLLEGES.

NEW YORK CITY.

Miss Spence's Boarding and Day School

for Girls. Number in each class limited to eight pupils.

6 West 48th Street and annex.

The Misses Graham

(*Successors to the* Misses GREEN)
Boarding and Day School for Girls.
ESTABLISHED IN 1816.
176 West 72d St., Sherman Square.

The Comstock School.

Family and Day School for Girls. 37th year.
College preparation. 32 West 40th Street.

Miss Annie Brown's

Boarding and Day School for Girls. Primary, Preparatory, Academic, and Musical Departments. Preparation for College. Special Courses. Otis Elevator.
711-713-715-717 FIFTH AVENUE.

The Veltin School for Girls.

College Preparation.
Fire-proof school building.
160 and 162 West 74th Street.

Miss Mary E. Merington.

Boarding and Day School for Girls.
181 Lenox Avenue, corner of 119th Street.

The Misses Ely's School for Girls.

Riverside Drive, 85th and 86th Streets.

The Misses Wreaks'

Thoroughly graded School for Girls. College-Preparatory class. Resident pupils. Kindergarten. 12 East 73d Street.

The Misses Moses.

Boarding and Day School for Girls. Prepares for Barnard and other colleges. 647 and 649 Madison Avenue.

Boesé School for Girls.

(Formerly The Ruel School.)
Resident and Day Pupils. Little Boys in the Primary.
26 East 56th Street.

Mrs. Leslie Morgan's

Boarding and Day School for Girls. Thorough English, Languages, Art. Kindergarten through College-Preparatory.
13 and 15 West 86th Street.

The Misses Rayson

Boarding and Day School for Girls. Small Classes. College Preparation.
176, 178, 180 West 75th Street.

Miss S. D. Doremus.

Home and Classes for Special Students.
735 Madison Avenue.

Miss Whiton and Miss Bangs'

Boarding and Day School for Girls. Prepares for all colleges open to women. Certificates accepted by Smith, Vassar, Wellesley, and Mt. Holyoke. Advanced courses and opportunities of New York City for out-of-town students.
43 West 47th Street.

New York Collegiate Institute.

Miss MARY SCHOONMAKER'S School for Girls.
Certificate admits to Smith, Vassar, Wells, Wellesley.
Oct. 2. 241 Lenox Avenue, corner 122d Street.

Mrs. Darrington Semple's

Boarding and Day School for Girls.
Preparation for College. Special Students.
292 West End Avenue.

Miss M. S. Morgan.

Boarding and Day School for Girls. College Preparation. Kindergarten. 113 East 19th St., near Gramercy Park.

Stanhope-Wheatcroft Dramatic School.

Summer monthly classes and private lessons from May 1. Prospectus by mail. 1440 Broadway.

NEW YORK CITY (continued).

Home Boarding and Day School for Girls.

College preparation. Superior musical advantages. Rev. Dr. and Mrs. CHARLES H. GARDNER. 607 Fifth Avenue.

American Academy of Dramatic Arts.

FRANKLIN H. SARGENT, President. A practical training-school in conjunction with Mr. Charles Frohman's Empire Theatre and travelling companies. Apply to
E. P. STEPHENSON,
Carnegie Hall.

Miss Keller's School.

For Girls, Complete Course, Kindergarten to College.
For Boys, thorough grounding in Elementary Branches.
Both courses combined with Manual Training. Large Playground.
25 West 55th Street.

NEW YORK.

"An Ideal School" for boys is

Bedford Academy, 63 New York Ave., BROOKLYN B.
GEORGE RODEMANN, A.M., Ph.D. (Berlin, Harvard), Prin.

The Katherine L. Maltby Home and School.

Highest City advantages. Academic, Collegiate, and Special Courses. Regular resident students, $500. 12th year.
160 Joralemon St., Brooklyn Heights.

Cathedral School of St. Mary.

Endowed School for Girls.
Combining Suburban and City advantages.
Miss ELIZABETH L. KOUES, Principal.
GARDEN CITY, L. I.

St. Austin's School.

Rev. GEO. E. QUAILE, M.A., Head Master.
WEST NEW BRIGHTON, STATEN ISLAND.

Mrs. Hazen's Suburban School for Girls.

Half-hour from New York.
PELHAM MANOR.

Rye Seminary.

For particulars, address
Mrs. S. J. LIFE, The Misses STOWE, RYE.

Mrs. Piatt's School for Girls.

The next school year begins Thursday, January 4, 1900.
UTICA.

Miss C. E. Mason's School for Girls.

40 minutes from N. Y. City. Miss C. E. MASON, LL.M., Prin.
"THE CASTLE," TARRYTOWN-ON-HUDSON.

Miss Bennett

will limit her class for 1899-1900 to twenty-eight girls over sixteen wishing fine work in Music, Art, French, German, English, Literature, History, Psychology, Ethics, and Preparation for Foreign Travel. Special tutoring in other branches.
(45 minutes from New York.) IRVINGTON-ON-HUDSON.

Houghton Seminary for Young Women.

40th year. Advantages unsurpassed.
A. G. BENEDICT, A.M. CLINTON.

Schools and Colleges continued on next page.

SCHOOLS & COLLEGES.

NEW YORK (continued).

Wells College

AURORA, N. Y.

Wells College aims to be thorough in the efficiency and cultural value of its instruction. It was founded in 1868 by Henry Wells, Esq. (originator of Wells-Fargo Express Co.), and subsequently the recipient of gifts from him and from Mr. Edwin B. Morgan. The spirit of Wells College is progressive; its courses of study have been broadened, and its standard for entrance and graduation raised until now it is among the foremost in its educational facilities. Young women who intend taking a college course are invited to send for the prospectus of Wells College; or, if possible, give it a personal inspection. Address

WILLIAM E. WATERS, Ph.D., President.

Granger Place School for Girls.
In beautiful lake region of Western New York. 25th year begins September 19th. Certificate admits to leading Colleges. Strong Music Department. Academic and College-Preparatory Courses. Send for illustrated circular.
SAMUEL COLE FAIRLEY, Principal. CANANDAIGUA.

The Lady Jane Grey School.
Mrs. Hyde and Daughters' School for Girls. Special and regular courses. Preparation for College and European travel.
Address MRS. JANE GREY HYDE, BINGHAMTON.

Riverview Military Academy.
Many men of mark followed the trend of training received at Riverview before they became successful. Why not place your boy on the same road? 64th year.
JOSEPH B. BISBEE, A.M., Principal.
POUGHKEEPSIE.

Albany Female Academy.
Location unsurpassed. Conditions healthful. Four courses of study. Best of instructors.
LUCY A. PLYMPTON, Principal.
155 Washington Ave., ALBANY.

Mt. Pleasant Military Academy.
Refers to Hon. J. H. CHOATE, Dr. H. W. MABIE, and Mr. CHARLES B. HUBBELL. SING-SING-ON-HUDSON.

The Peekskill Military Academy.
37th year. Prepares for Colleges and Government Schools. Thorough business course. New gymnasium. U. S. Army officer detailed by War Department. Begins September 19th.
Address THE PRINCIPALS,
PEEKSKILL-ON-HUDSON.

Ossining School for Girls, on the Hudson.
Miss C. C. FULLER, Principal.
SING-SING-ON-THE-HUDSON.

Lyndon Hall School for Girls.
Academic and College-Preparatory Courses.
Vassar Preparation a specialty.
Circular gives full particulars.
SAMUEL W. BUCK, A.M.
POUGHKEEPSIE.

Emma Willard School.
Formerly the Troy Female Seminary. Academic and Graduate courses. Departments of Music and Art. Certificate admits to Wellesley, Smith, and Vassar Colleges and Cornell University. 87th year opens September 19, 1900.

MISS MARY ALICE KNOX, Principal.
TROY.

NEW YORK (continued).

New York Military Academy.
Near West Point. Prepares for all Colleges. Now represented by its graduates in the army, navy, and 21 colleges and universities. Summer session.
For catalogues, address the SUPERINTENDENT,
CORNWALL-ON HUDSON.

NEW JERSEY.

Gerlach Academy,

BRIELLE, N. J.

MILITARY BOARDING SCHOOL. Located in one of the prettiest spots on the Jersey shore—truly an ideal spot for a boys' school. Includes practical instruction in Geometrical, Architectural, Free-hand, and Industrial Drawing; also prepares for American and European Universities.
Will care for your boy while you visit Paris.
Address "Treasurer" for Illustrated Catalogue.

Dwight School for Girls.
11th year. Preparation for College. Special Courses.
Half-hour from New York.
MISS CREIGHTON, MISS FARRAR, } Principals.
ENGLEWOOD.

Montrose School for Girls.
The old Gould property, South Orange. Suburban to New York. For catalogue, address
MRS. L. L. M. BRYANT, Principal, SOUTH ORANGE.

The Priscilla Braislin School for Girls.
A Home School for Girls. Situated on the bluffs of the Delaware in a quiet residence town. Exceptionally efficient college-preparatory and music courses.
BORDENTOWN.

Kent Place School for Girls.
Special attention to College Preparation. Certificate admits to Wellesley, Smith, and Vassar colleges.
MRS. SARAH WOODMAN PAUL, Principal.
President of Board of Directors, HAMILTON W. MABIE, L.H.D. SUMMIT (near New York).

Miss Townsend's School for Girls.
Academic and College-Preparatory Departments. Special Courses. 54 Park Place, NEWARK.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Mrs. Comegys' and Miss Bell's
Boarding and Day School for Girls.
Students prepared for College.
Chestnut Hill, PHILADELPHIA.

Ogontz School for Young Ladies.
Twenty minutes from Philadelphia, two hours from New York. Mr. Jay Cooke's fine property. For circulars, address MISS SYLVIA J. EASTMAN, Prin., Ogontz School P.O., OGONTZ.

Thurston Preparatory School.
DAY SCHOOL AND RESIDENCE.
Limited number of young ladies received in the Residence. For further information apply to
MISS ALICE M. THURSTON, Principal.
Shady Avenue, PITTSBURG.

Schools and Colleges continued on next page.

SCHOOLS & COLLEGES.

PENNSYLVANIA (continued).

Haverford College Grammar School,

HAVERFORD, PA.

Parents who desire the *best* for their sons should visit HAVERFORD COLLEGE GRAMMAR SCHOOL. Throughout its existence the end always in view has been to bring together the conditions most favoring the development of all the powers and good qualities of boys. It offers advantages in thoroughness of instruction, in efficiency of teachers, in completeness of equipment, in beauty of environment, in character and traditions of the student-body, such as few schools possess.

Preparation for any American college, university, or technical school. Terms, $650 to $800. The Head Master will give any further information.

CHARLES S. CROSMAN, Head Master, Haverford, Pa.

Walnut Lane School

and Wellesley Preparatory. Prepares for all Colleges. Academic and Special Courses. Address
Mrs. THEODORA B. RICHARDS, Principal,
Miss SARA LOUISE TRACY, Associate,
Germantown, PHILADELPHIA.

Marshall Seminary.

For Girls and Young Ladies. Academic and Music Departments. College-Preparatory and Special Courses. Ideal location. Comfortable and cultured home life.
For particulars, address
The Misses MARSHALL, Oak Lane, PHILADELPHIA.

Cheltenham Military Academy.

Pennsylvania's leading college-preparatory boarding-school, under the military system. Ideally located. Illustrated catalogue. Rev. JOHN D. SKILTON, A.M., Principal. OGONTZ.

Pennsylvania Military College.

38th year. Civil Engineering (C.E.), Chemistry (B.S.), Arts (A.B.). Thorough Preparatory Courses. Infantry, Artillery, Cavalry. Catalogue of
Col. C. E. HYATT, President,
CHESTER.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Miss Chamberlayne's

School for Girls.
253 Commonwealth Avenue, BOSTON.

Miss Frances V. Emerson's

Home and Day School for Girls.
401 Beacon Street, BOSTON.

Boston Normal School of Gymnastics

(Established in 1889 by the late Mrs. Mary Hemenway) began its 11th year September 26, 1899.
Miss AMY MORRIS HOMANS, Director.
Huntington Avenue, BOSTON.

The Commonwealth Avenue School.

A Home and Day School for Girls. The Misses GILMAN, Principals. 324 Commonwealth Avenue, BOSTON.

Lawrence Academy.

Limited Boys' School. Founded 1793. Prepares for all Colleges and Technical Schools. Non-sectarian. Terms, $430. *No extras.*
Address H. H. C. BINGHAM, Principal,
GROTON.

Prospect Hill School for Girls.

33d year. Graduate, elective, and college-preparatory courses. Illustrated circular.
Miss IDA F. FOSTER, } Principals.
Miss CAROLINE R. CLARK, }
GREENFIELD.

MASSACHUSETTS (continued).

Bradford Academy

Time's test has tried the methods of Bradford Academy and found them true to high ideals. It was one of the first schools established in this country for the higher education of women. It has maintained its position for close upon a century. To-day its equipment is unsurpassed. Every department is under the supervision of expert teachers. Healthful surroundings, refining influences, home comforts. Catalogue on application.

Miss IDA C. ALLEN, Principal, Bradford, Mass.

Wheaton Seminary for Young Women.

66th year begins Sept. 19, 1900. Endowed. College-preparatory, with advanced courses for high-school graduates and others not wishing full college course. Art and music. Gymnasium, tennis, golf, etc.; extensive grounds. Christian home influences. Beautifully and healthfully situated, 28 miles from Boston.
For circular and views, address the president,
Rev. SAMUEL V. COLE, D.D.,
NORTON.

Worcester Academy.

Prepares boys for College or Scientific School. Buildings of modern construction. New Science Hall, seven groups of laboratories. Manual training. Infirmary. Gymnasium. Oval and cinder track. 67th year begins September 11, 1900.
D. W. ABERCROMBIE, LL.D., Principal. WORCESTER.

Rogers Hall School.

For girls of all ages. Endowed. Certificate admits to Smith, Vassar, Wellesley, and Wells. Special preparation for the Barnard, Bryn Mawr, and Radcliffe examinations. Fine opportunity for athletics. Four acres of ground for out-door sports. Address Mrs. E. P. UNDERHILL, M.A., Principal, LOWELL.

Walnut Hill School for Girls.

Certificate admits to seven leading colleges. Advanced courses offered. Ample grounds for golf, tennis, basket ball. Catalogue and Views sent on application.
Miss CONANT and Miss BIGELOW, Principals.
NATICK, near Wellesley and Boston.

OHIO.

The H. Thane Miller School for Girls.

Preparation for College and Foreign Travel. Advanced courses in Language, Literature, History, and Art. Diplomas given. Address
Mrs. EMMA P. SMITH MILLER,
Lenox Place, Avondale, CINCINNATI.

Harcourt Place Seminary

for Girls. The highest intellectual advantages, a beautiful and comfortable home, careful attention to all that pertains to good health. Thorough mental training. Refined manners and the best general culture.
Mrs. ADA I. AYER HILLS, Principal. GAMBIER.

Kenyon Military Academy.

One of the oldest and most successful boarding-schools for boys. Close personal supervision. Prepares for Colleges and Technical Schools. Flexible two-years business course. Illustrated catalogue free. Address
THE REGENTS, GAMBIER.

Miss Mittleberger's School for Girls.

Prepares for all Colleges open to women.
Fall term begins September 20, 1900.
1020 Prospect Street, CLEVELAND.

1875—Bartholomew—1900.

English and Classical Home and Day School for Girls.
For circular address
G. K. BARTHOLOMEW, Ph.D., CINCINNATI.

Schools and Colleges continued on next page.

SCHOOLS & COLLEGES.

CONNECTICUT.

Black Hall School.
For a limited number of boys. Individual care and training combined with class work.
CHARLES G. BARTLETT, Principal.
BLACK HALL.

Miss Low's Boarding and Day School
for Girls.
Miss LOW and Miss HEYWOOD, Principals.
STAMFORD.

Academy and Home for 10 Boys.
75th year. Thorough mental, moral, and physical training. Genuine and beautiful home. Unsurpassed healthfulness. Ideal combination school and home life. References.
J. H. ROOT, Principal.
GREENWICH.

Miss Baird's Institute for Girls.
44 miles from New York City. Primary, Academic, and College-Preparatory Classes. Music, Art, and the Languages. New buildings, steam heat, incandescent light. Gymnasium. 29th year.
NORWALK.

Delightful Summer Home For Fifteen Girls.
During months of July and August. Tuition in French or Spanish, and Art or Music. Afternoons devoted to pleasure. One hour from New York. Close by the Sound. Charming drives and other recreations afforded. Terms, $125. Early application necessary. For particulars, address
Miss CORNELIA F. BAIRD. NORWALK.

Woodside Seminary.
Every opportunity for culture and study. The best advantages of city combined with rural surroundings. An ideal situation. Send for illustrated circular.
Miss SARA J. SMITH, Principal. HARTFORD.

McLean Seminary for Girls.
College-Preparatory, English, Special Elective Courses. For particulars, address Rev. J. B. MCLEAN, SIMSBURY.

MARYLAND.

The Woman's College.
Confers degrees. Conservatory of Music and Art. School of Expression. Library, Laboratories, Gymnasium, Infirmary. Enlarged accommodations. Unrivalled climate. Endowment.
J. H. APPLE, A.M., President.
FREDERICK.

MINNESOTA.

Stanley Hall.
Home School for Girls and Young Women. Certificate admits to Eastern Colleges. Two years of College work. 11th year opens September 18. Six Scholarships (value $200 each). Terms $450.
OLIVE ADELE EVERS, Principal. MINNEAPOLIS.

ILLINOIS.

Rockford College for Women.
Fall term opens Friday, September 14, 1900. Classical and Scientific Courses. Music and Art. Well-equipped Library, Laboratories, and Gymnasium. Resident Physician. Address
PHEBE T. SUTLIFF, A.M., President, Lock Box 3,
ROCKFORD.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Asheville College for Young Women.
Founded 1842. Thorough and elegant equipment. College, Seminary, and Preparatory courses. Beautifully situated. Superb climate. Handsomely illustrated brochure of information free.
ARCHIBALD A. JONES, A.M., President.
ASHEVILLE.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Washington, D. C., Suburbs.
Seven separate buildings. Beautiful grounds. A bright, cheery, artistic home. Finest advantages. No examinations. $400 to $500. Sight-seeing every Monday.
"It is a liberal education to live in Washington."
For illustrated catalogue, address Box 101, Forest Glen, Md.

Washington Seminary.
For the higher education of girls. Invites comparison in method, course of instruction, earnest work, character of pupils, and the comfort and culture of surroundings. For illustrated catalogue, address
Mr. and Mrs. G. T. SMALLWOOD, Principals,
1523 New Hampshire Avenue, WASHINGTON.

Chevy Chase French and English School
for Girls. Suburb of Washington. French the language of the house. Mlle. L. M. BOULIGNY, Principal.
City Post-Office, WASHINGTON.

MICHIGAN.

The Detroit Seminary.
Prepares for college, with entrance certificate to Smith, Wellesley, and other colleges. Catalogues on application. Home department limited to 12. Re-opens September 20.
Mrs. HAMMOND, Miss BROWNING, Principals.
643-645 Jefferson Avenue, DETROIT.

The Detroit Home and Day School.
22d year opened September 27. Certificate admits to best colleges open to women. 20 received in the school-family.
ELLA M. LIGGETT, A.B., Prin.; JEANNETTE M. LIGGETT, Associate. 75 Stimson Place, DETROIT.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Holderness School.
Owing to its recent endowment, this School, of high repute among Colleges and Scientific Schools for the thorough preparation of its graduates, can now offer additional advantages to its patrons. Send for catalogue. The Rt. Rev. W. W. NILES, D.D., Prest. of Trustees. The Rev. LORIN WEBSTER, M.A., Head Master. PLYMOUTH.

S. Mary's Diocesan School for Girls.
Healthful location. Charges moderate. Pupils prepared for college. Re-opens September 17. Correspond with Miss ISABEL M. PARKS, Principal. CONCORD.

We will insert your advertisement
in a space of this size at the following rates: one time, seventeen dollars and fifty cents; three times, fifteen dollars and seventy-five cents each insertion; twelve times, thirteen dollars and thirteen cents each insertion.
HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

Schools and Colleges continued on next page.

SCHOOLS & COLLEGES.

CANADA.

French and English School for Girls.
Founded 1858. Terms $250, Board and Tuition.
Mme. CLEMENTS, Mlle. AMARON.
BERTHIER-EN-HAUT (fifty miles from Montreal).

TO TRAVEL ABROAD

A lady of high social position and experience in travel wishes to chaperon one or three young ladies on a summer trip to Europe. Best references given and required. Address S. L. Care of HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, New York City.

THE EUROPEAN PARTY
of Miss Mason's School

"THE CASTLE," Tarrytown-on-Hudson, will have vacancies for a few young ladies giving strict references. For full information address the Principal,
TARRYTOWN-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

HARPER'S BAZAR
Cut Paper Patterns are the Best.
For further information, address
HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Sq., N. Y.

ENGLAND.

Madame Thayer, Kensington, London, England,
Six years on staff of The Ladies College, Cheltenham, receives young ladies in her well-appointed home for Chaperonage or Study. Exceptional social advantages. Tours arranged. For circulars, address Miss STUART,
Stuart School, 1226 15th St., N. W., WASHINGTON, D. C.

STAMMERING CURED

Our 200-page book, The Origin of Stammering, with full particulars regarding treatment, sent Free to any address. Enclose 6 cents to pay postage. Address,
THE LEWIS SCHOOL, 13 Adelaide Street, Detroit, Mich

Deaf or hard-of-hearing adults can acquire
LIP-READING
in six weeks, one lesson daily; or three weeks, two lessons daily. Easy, practical, interesting system. Day or evening.
Thirty-ninth Year.
DAVID GREENE, 1122 Broadway, Madison Square, New York.

IF you are a teacher seeking advancement and worthy of it, AND IF you knew how many places the School Bulletin Agency filled, and how it filled them, YOU WOULD register in it and keep registered.
Illustrations and testimonials sent on application.
C. W. BARDEEN, Syracuse, N. Y.

"A Second 'Cranford'"

Old Chester Tales

By MARGARET DELAND

Author of "John Ward—Preacher"

Mrs. Deland is at her best in village stories; in the tales of Old Chester, at the best of her best.—*The Nation.*

The book is heartily welcome. It is a pleasure to acknowledge its humor, its tender feeling, and its style of polished simplicity.—*New York Tribune.*

Illustrated by Howard Pyle. Post 8vo, Cloth, $1 50

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS
NEW YORK AND LONDON

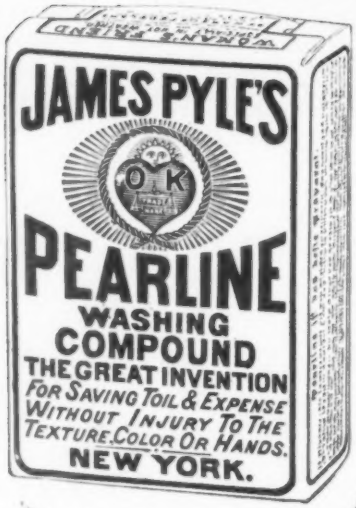
SPANISH OXFORD
THE FAMOUS SHOE FOR WOMEN
Special $3.
PATENT KID MANNISH
QUEEN QUALITY
ELITE OXFORD
LA SENORITA HIGH ARCHED
BYKE BOOT
FOOT COMFORT
In the Spring more than at any time should the item of perfect fit in shoes be carefully considered. The feet are then sensitive and easily distressed. Misfit shoes will tire a woman more than exertion.
QUEEN QUALITY SHOES
are scientifically modelled. They are made of high-grade leathers and combine Fashionable Elegance with Foot Comfort and Excellent Service.
Styles for every occasion and all uses—Street, Dress, House, Outing.
All at one price. $3.00.
(Oxfords, $2.50.)
SOLD BY ONLY ONE DEALER IN A TOWN
Fast-color eyelets used exclusively. Never grow brassy.
OUR CATALOGUE
shows our many styles, and will be sent FREE, with address of local dealer, on request. Boots sent prepaid for $3.25. (Oxfords, $2.75.)
P. S.—In Canada, and countries where duty is paid, Boots, $3.75; Oxfords, $3.00.
LOOK FOR THIS
Queen Quality
STAMPED ON SOLE
THOS. G. PLANT CO.
BICKFORD ST., BOSTON.
$3.00

THE WHITE SQUADRON.

Over the waters of the world float the ships of our white squadron. They are essential to the peace and dignity of the nation.

Over the waters of thousands of domestic seas float cakes of Ivory Soap, the white squadron of American homes.

99 44/100 Per Cent. Pure.



Avoid Imitations

617

Out of sorts with Soap Powders - then your package does not look like this Never a complaint of Pearline

The Nevius Company

Diamonds
Watches, Fine Jewelry

In the preparation of our

Green Book for 1900

we have given our most careful thought to the CHARACTER rather than merely the quantity of articles shown.

We illustrate something over a thousand distinctly high-class articles, from diamonds and precious stones to inexpensive silver novelties—all from direct photographs, with size and price plainly stated. We make no charge for this beautiful book, and place all of our facilities for all kinds of special-order work at your service.

THE NEVIUS COMPANY

DECKER BLDG. 33 UNION SQ., N. Y.

McPHAIL PIANOS

FOR 61 YEARS

MADE ON HONOR, SOLD ON MERIT.

An Honest Piano at an Honest Price!

McPhail Pianos have been on the market 61 years; have established a reputation as being always reliable. The ***artistic workmanship, elasticity of action, wonderful singing tone, and great durability*** make them the instrument to purchase that will give as great satisfaction 10 years hence as when first received.

SENT ON TRIAL WITHOUT COST TO YOU.

Sold for cash or instalments.
Old pianos taken in exchange.
Catalogue B and printed matter mailed free.

A. M. McPHAIL PIANO CO.,
784 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

We have no agents or branch stores. All orders should be sent direct to us.

New Summer Suits, $5.

We have just received from abroad some entirely new styles in Suits and Skirts for summer wear. We have had these illustrated on a Supplement Sheet, which will be sent *free*, together with our Spring Catalogue and a choice collection of samples of suitings, to the lady who wishes to dress well at moderate cost. We make every garment to order, thus insuring that perfection of fit and finish which is not to be found in ready-made goods. *We pay all express charges.*

Our catalogue illustrates:

New Designs in Summer Suits, $4 up.

In Pique, Crash, Cotton Covert Cloths, Duck, Linens, etc.

Tailor-Made Suits, $5 up.

In All-wool Serges, Cheviots, Broadcloths, Covert Cloths, Venetians, etc.

Duck, Pique, and Crash Skirts, $3 up.

Separate Skirts, $4 up.

Lined with Percaline, well stiffened and bound with Corduroy; made of All-wool Cloths, Serges, Cheviots, etc., in the latest effects.

Special Values in Bicycle Suits in the newest fabrics, $5 up.

Separate Bicycle Skirts, $3.50 up.

Rainy-day Suits and Skirts made of double-face materials.

Our line of samples includes the newest materials, many of them being exclusive novelties not shown elsewhere. We also have a special line of black goods and fabrics for second mourning. All orders filled with the greatest promptness; a suit or skirt can be made in three days when necessary. Write to-day for Catalogue, Supplement, and Samples; you will get them *free* by return mail.

THE NATIONAL CLOAK COMPANY, 119 and 121 West 23d St., New York.

The Value of Reputation.

A reputation based on half a century's experience, dealing directly with the women of the family all over the world, is unique, and stimulates a worthy pride. THE SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY aims to maintain its well-earned reputation for fair dealing during all time. It is permanent, its offices are in every city of the world, and parts and supplies for its machines can always be easily obtained.

Sold on Instalments.
Old machines taken in exchange.

The Singer Manufacturing Co.,

"Sewing Machine Makers for the World."

I have used Fairy Soap and find it excellent.

Mrs G. F. Hoar

(Wife of U. S. Senator Hoar of Massachusetts.)

Before we offered **FAIRY SOAP** to the public we had for years experimented with and tested new materials and new methods, fully determined that we would not make a **floating white soap** unless it was the best. We **want** to convince **YOU**, as we have the wife of the eminent Senator from Massachusetts, that **FAIRY SOAP** is **purer, whiter,** and **more delicate** than any other. Ask your grocer for "FAIRY SOAP." Send for our free Fairy Art booklet.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY

Chicago New York Boston Philadelphia Pittsburg St. Louis

Famous Wheat Fields.

WHEAT grown in the Red River Valley of the North, Minnesota and the Dakotas, contains more gluten, more phosphates, more health-giving strength sustaining qualities than wheat grown anywhere else in the world. It is hard Spring wheat, and makes better bread than Winter wheat.

Pillsbury's Best Flour

is made from this hard Spring wheat, grown in the Red River Valley of the North, Minnesota and the Dakotas. Not from any or all of this wheat, but from the choicest of it, is Pillsbury's Best Flour made. In short, the wheat from which Pillsbury's Best Flour is made is the choicest product of the most famous wheat producing soil in the world.

Grocers everywhere sell Pillsbury's Best Flour. Ask yours for book of Pillsbury Recipes—FREE.

PILLSBURY-WASHBURN FLOUR MILLS CO., LTD., - MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

MAKERS ALSO OF PILLSBURY'S VITOS AND PILLSBURY'S OATS.

Libby's Veal Loaf

When placed on the market m ore than a year ago, was the first and only product of its kind ever offered the American people, perfectly cooked, seasoned and ready to serve from convenient sized key opening cans.

It was the greatest food success of 1899. All who knew about it, bought it, liked it and told their friends about it. Success attracts imitators.

Libby's Veal Loaf is the Original.

All other brands of **Veal Loaf** in tins are imitations of **Libby's.**

When you want a delicious lunch or supper of daintily seasoned meat, get **Libby's Veal Loaf, Chicken Loaf, Cottage Loaf. There are 71 Varieties of Libby's Foods** in tins.

We publish a neat little book called **"How to Make Good Things to Eat,"** which we send free to everyone who requests it by letter or postal. It tells all about Libby's foods and gives recipes for preparing them

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago.

Pettijohn's Breakfast Food

ALL THE WHEAT BUT THE OVERCOAT

That satisfied—well-fed feeling.

There's a satisfied—well-fed feeling after a breakfast of delicious Pettijohn's. It satisfies that natural craving for wholesome food. Pettijohn's is a rich full-flaked wheat food, not an illogical granular or powdered wheat that cooks into a tasteless, starchy mass. Pettijohn's is full-flaked. It never deceives.

Besides being an easily and quickly prepared breakfast dish, delicate, appetizing and nourishing, Pettijohn's Breakfast Food makes unequalled **Griddle Cakes, Gems, Muffins** and **Puddings.** Also an excellent thickening for **Soups.** Cold Pettijohn's Porridge is delicious when fried like corn-meal mush. Write for our Cereal Cook Book, edited by Mrs. Rorer. It tells all about cooking all kinds of cereals all sorts of ways. Sent free, postpaid.

THE AMERICAN CEREAL CO., Monadnock Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

The "Columbia Grand" Graphophone

at $75.00

Is the centre of attraction in the talking-machine world to-day.

The New Home Grand (*Just out*) - **$100**

Graphophone Grand - - - - **150**

All reproducing with the same volume and naturalness as the original itself, and with the same pleasing effect.

COLUMBIA RECORDS ARE SUPERB

The finest talking-machine records are those "Made for the Columbia Phonograph Company." They have the richest quality, purest tone, most brilliant effect, smoothest surface, and are the loudest, best, and most durable. Entire catalogue in both large (Grand) and small sizes.

PRICE: **Small Records, 50 cents each; $5 per dozen. Grand Records, $1.50 each. Graphophones from $5.00 up. Toy Graphophone, for Children, $1.50.**

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE "A. H."

COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH COMPANY

NEW YORK, 143 and 145 Broadway.
Retail Branch: 1155, 1157, 1159 Broadway.
PHILADELPHIA, 1032 Chestnut St.
BALTIMORE, 110 E. Baltimore St.
SAN FRANCISCO, 125 Geary St.
ST. LOUIS, 720-722 Olive St.
CHICAGO, 88 Wabash Ave.
WASHINGTON, 919 Pennsylvania Ave.
BUFFALO, 313 Main St.

The Highest Type of Music Box Ever Manufactured

The only disk Music Box made that changes its tune sheets automatically. Perfect-acting yet simple mechanism. Boxes from $7 up. Illustrated catalogue free.

Regina Music Box Co. Factory, Rahway, N. J. Salesrooms, Broadway & 22d St., N.Y.

WEBER PIANOS

In addition to the regular styles of Grands and Uprights in the choicest woods, we are displaying some special designs in LOUIS XIV., RENAISSANCE, and COLONIAL cases, and will give estimates on other designs conforming to any architectural requirements.

Inspection Invited. Correspondence Solicited.
Old instruments taken in exchange.

WAREROOMS:

Fifth Avenue and 16th Street, New York.
268 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.
181 Tremont Street, Boston.

Aeolian Endorsers

PIANISTS

I. J. Paderewski
Concert Pianist and Composer

Emil Sauer
Concert Pianist and Composer

Moriz Rosenthal
Concert Pianist and Composer

Vladimir de Pachmann
Concert Pianist

Rachel Hoffmann
Concert Pianist

Alberto Jonas
Concert Pianist

G. Sgambati
Concert Pianist and Composer
Pianist to the Court of Italy

S. B. Mills
Concert Pianist and Composer

L. Breitner
Concert Pianist and Composer
Paris

William Mason
Concert Pianist and Composer

Eugene D'Albert
Composer and Pianist

Mrs. Marie Paur
Concert Pianist

VIOLINISTS

E. Ysaye
Concert Violinist

Pablo Sarasate
Concert Violinist

Emile Sauret
Concert Violinist

P. A. Tirindelli
Concert Violinist and Director
Liceo Marcello, Venice, Italy

A. Rivarde
Concert Violinist

ORCHESTRAL LEADERS AND CONDUCTORS

Luigi Arditi
Conductor and Composer

A. Vianesi
Conductor Grand Opera, Paris

The Late Anton Seidl
Conductor German Opera, N. Y.

Emil Paur
Conductor Philharmonic Society and Met. Opera House, N. Y.

Luigi Mancinelli
Composer and Conductor Metropolitan Opera House, N. Y.

E. Bevignani
Conductor Met. Opera, N. Y.

Henry Thomas Fleck
Conductor Harlem Philharmonic Society, New York

The late P. S. Gilmore
Bandmaster

P. Gailhard
Director Paris Opera

Ed Colonne
Conductor Concerts-Colonne

Adolph Rosenbecker
Conductor of Orchestra, Chicago

COMPOSERS

Maurice Moszkowski
Composer and Pianist

Massenet
The Great French Composer

John Philip Sousa
Composer and Band-leader

Siegfried Wagner
Composer

Bruno Oscar Klein
Composer

Alberto Franchetti
Composer "Israel" and "Christoforo Colombo"

G. Puccini
Composer "Manon Lescaut"

Robert Coverly
Composer

Emilio Pizzi
Composer of "Gabriella"

MUSICAL DIRECTORS

Sir A. C. Mackenzie
Musical Director and Editor Cantat. Prin. Royal Academy of Music, London

F. Marchetti
Court Professor
Director Royal Academy of St. Cecilia. Composer of "Ruy Blas"

Eugenio De Guarinoni
Secretary and Professor Milan Conservatory, Italy

Cesare De Sanctis
Professor of Counterpoint and High Composition, Royal Academy of St. Cecilia, Rome

Dr. E. H. Turpin, Mus.D.
Principal of Trinity College, London

C. Hubert H. Parry, Esq., M.A., Mus.D., D.C.L.
Director of the Royal Academy of Music, London

A. Crescentini
Concert Pianist and Professor Conservatory Bologna, Italy

Louis Lombard
President Utica Conservatory of Music, Utica, N. Y.

Alexander Lambert
Director N. Y. College of Music

Albert Ross Parsons
President American College of Musicians

A. Parisotti
Professor and Secretary of the Academy of St. Cecilia, Rome

Aurelio Ceruelos
Concert Pianist and Director of Cosmopolitan School of Art
Troy, N. Y.

LYRIC ARTISTS

Emma Calve
Operatic Soprano

Lillian Nordica
Operatic Soprano

Nellie Melba
Operatic Soprano

Emma Eames-Story
Operatic Soprano

Sofia Scalchi
Operatic Contralto

Jean De Reszke
Operatic Tenor

Edouard De Reszke
Operatic Basso

F. Tamagno
Operatic Tenor

Eugenia Mantelli De Mantovani
Operatic Contralto

Victor Maurel
Operatic Baritone

David Bispham
Operatic Tenor

G. Campanari
Operatic Baritone

Italo Campanini
Operatic Tenor

Lillian Blauvelt
Concert Soprano

Clementine De Vere
Operatic Soprano

Pol Plancon
Operatic Basso

Guiseppe Russitano
Operatic Tenor

ORGANISTS

Ch. M. Widor
Composer and Organist of St. Sulpice, Paris

Alexandre Guilmant
Organist and Composer, Paris

Clarence Eddy
Concert Organist

Remigio Renzi
Organist of St. Peter's, Rome

Homer N. Bartlett
Organist and Composer

R. Huntington Woodman
Organist 1st Pres. Church, B'klyn

William C. Carl
Organist 1st Pres. Church, N. Y.

William S. Chester
St. George's Church, New York

Gerrit Smith
Hon. President American Guild of Organists, New York

O. Ravanello
Organist of St. Mark's Cathedral, Venice, Italy

Richard Henry Warren
Organist of St. Bartholomew's Church, New York

Gabriel Marie
French Organist and Composer

THE AEOLIAN enables any one to enjoy orchestral music at pleasure.

It plays all classes of music, and with that which is the life and soul of all music — expression.

No musical knowledge on the part of the player is required.

Send for descriptive catalogue.

The artistic success achieved by the Aeolian has been of the most pronounced and gratifying character. Since Herr Anton Seidl gave the instrument his warm approval in 1890, the Aeolian has been endorsed by the leading musicians of this country and Europe.

One thing that must impress a person in reading the testimonial letters the Aeolian has received is that they are not couched in the ambiguous terms that would indicate a mere superficial knowledge of the instrument, but are the thoughtful comments of people thoroughly familiar with the subject upon which they have attempted to write.

Fleming & Carnrick Press, New York

THE AEOLIAN CO., 18 W. 23d ST., NEW YORK

ENVIRONMENTS

A BOOK ON ARTISTIC HOME DECORATION

IT contains new and practical ideas and suggestions for the use of wall coverings; interesting and valuable matter about the principal styles of *Interior Decoration* including Colonial, Style of the Louis, Flemish, Oriental, etc. It is tastily printed and is illustrated by color reproductions of interiors, and sketches. It will enable those intending to decorate this year to make selections for every room with discrimination and economy.

Sent FREE upon receipt of a postal by the

W. P. NELSON COMPANY
192 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

VOSE
PIANOS

are receiving more favorable comments today from an artistic standpoint than all other makes combined.

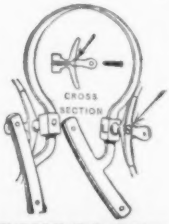
WE
Challenge
Comparisons.

By our easy payment plan, every family in moderate circumstances can own a fine piano. We allow a liberal price for old instruments in exchange, and deliver the piano in your house free of expense. You can deal with us at a distant point the same as in Boston. Send for catalogue and full information.

VOSE & SONS PIANO CO.
160 Boylston Street, - - - Boston.

Eye-glass Screws Dig

into noses. They come loose. They make lopsy-wopsy frames. They produce strained and weary eyes.



LENS LOCKED SCREW

None of these things can happen if you use

Lens Locked Screws.

Insist on *seeing* them. Your own wit will tell you how important they are. If your optician does not have them, send 50 cents and your eye-glasses to us and we will fit them with Lens Locked Screws and return them promptly.

Descriptive Circular free

ANDREW J. LLOYD & CO., Opticians
323 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

SPAULDING & CO.,

PARIS:
36 Ave de l'Opera,

Goldsmiths, Silversmiths
and Jewelers.

CHICAGO:
Jackson Blvd. cor. State St.

Spring Weddings.

The abundance of artistic and appropriate gifts to be had at our establishment, all of assured quality, unique and exclusive in design, and at consistent prices should attract those who are interested in approaching weddings.

Our "Suggestion Book" mailed on application.

Spaulding & Co., Jackson Blvd. cor. State St., Chicago.

The unusual beauty in design and finish of all silver bearing the famous mark

1835 R. WALLACE

has created a new era in silver-plate manufacture. It has the distinctive tone and fine appearance of solid silver, with all its wearing qualities. The new patterns **"JOAN," "ASTORIA,"** and **"STUART"** are extremely attractive. Our richly illustrated catalogue No. 75 G will help you to select silver which will make your table beautiful. Sent free on request.

Leading dealers sell Wallace goods.

R. WALLACE & SONS MFG. CO.
Wallingford, Conn.

Stores in New York, Chicago, San Francisco, London.

"Buy China and Glass Right"

HIGGINS & SEITER

FINE CHINA.

RICH CUT GLASS.

Illustrated catalogue, No. 10 C, with 30 styles of China reproduced in exact color—free to those desiring to purchase their China and Glass at prices averaging **"1-4 less than elsewhere"**

50-54 West 22d Street - New York

VICI KID

SHOES FREE FOR BABY

THE FIRST PAIR—**Not a Cent to Pay**

VICI KID is the softest leather you can put on baby's tender feet. It is the toughest, handsomest, best-wearing leather you can put on child's, woman's, or man's feet. The world's standard of fine shoe-leather.

Any baby born in 1900 may be taken to your shoe-dealer. Let him measure its feet as carefully as for a grown-up person, and send the measurements to us. We will have a pair of handsome Vici Kid Shoes made specially and returned to the dealer for you.

VICI DRESSING—Keeps leather soft and pliable when in use. It should double the "life" of a shoe.

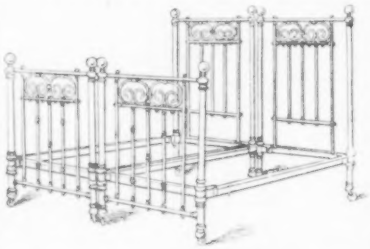
VICI PASTE POLISH—Puts a mirror shine on the shoe—a shine that wet won't hurt and that won't rub off on the whitest skirt or the daintiest trousers.

VICI COMBINATION. For convenience. Paste and Dressing in one case.

Ask your shoe-dealer. The fame of Vici Products covers five continents. No one else makes them or can make them.

SHOE-OLOGY *is our book on Shoes and Shoe Treatment. It is free to any asker.*

ROBERT H. FOERDERER, Philadelphia



Brass and Iron Bedsteads of beautiful and exclusive design. Fine Bedding, Spring Beds. Box Couches in Turkish and Oriental effects. Down Quilts, Cushions, etc. . . . . .

Illustrated Catalogue free if you mention Harper's.

CHAS. P. ROGERS & CO.
Fifth Ave. and 21st St., N. Y.

Established 45 years.

FEDER'S POMPADOUR SKIRT PROTECTOR
COVERED BY U.S. & FOREIGN PATENTS

FEDER'S IS THE ORIGINAL and the Best. Guaranteed to last as long as the skirt!

The GENUINE has "FEDERS POMPADOUR" stamped on every yard.

7c. a yard

AT ALL FIRST CLASS DRY GOODS STORES OR WRITE TO
J.W. GODDARD & SONS
ESTABLISHED 1847 NEW YORK

ALL COLORS AND "MONOPOLY" FAST BLACK 36 INCHES WIDE

"SPUN-GLASS"
RUSIL FINISH
THE IDEAL LINING

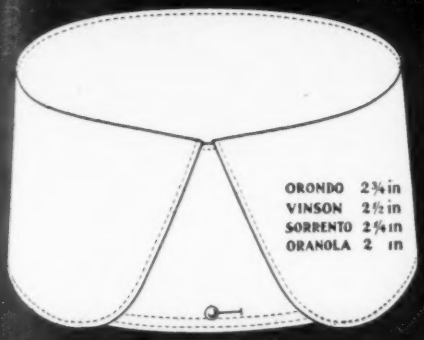
THE APPEARANCE JUSTIFIES THE NAME

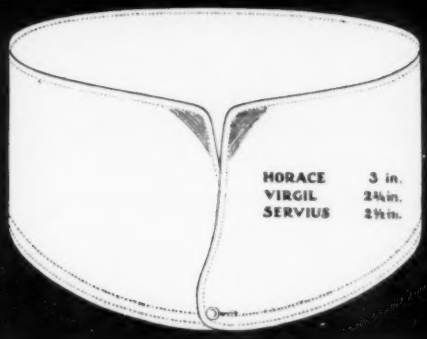
AT ALL FIRST CLASS DRY GOODS STORES OR WRITE TO
J.W. GODDARD & SONS
ESTABLISHED 1847 NEW YORK.

HARDY Rhododendrons, Azaleas, Roses, Evergreens, Shrubs, Japanese Maples, Shade Trees. Planting, Plans, Estimates, and suggestions furnished.

HIRAM T. JONES, Union County Nurseries, Elizabeth, N. J.

H.&I. Collars





Collar Comfort

H. & I. collars are comfortable collars. They are made to fit the neck instead of a theory.

They are the result of thirty years of wide experience in the making of fashionable, easy-fitting, durable, and satisfactory collars.

They fit well, look well, and wear well.

They are right in materials, always the very latest in style, and resist for a long time both natural wear and the efforts of the too-conscientious laundryman to send them to the ragman.

If you will give them a trial you will find that they are just the collars you have been looking for, although the price is less than you would expect to pay for so perfect a collar.

If your dealer does not sell them, send us 25 cents, and we will send you two perfect collars. Give the style, size, and height you want.

Send for our free "Style Book for Men."

Department X HOLMES & IDE, Troy, N. Y.

2 FOR 25c

HOOD'S TOOTH POWDER

"Everybody Says It is Excellent."

It thoroughly cleanses and whitens the teeth, has no unfavorable action on their substance and does not irritate nor inflame the tissues of the mouth. It hardens and reddens the gums, neutralizes all acid secretions and sweetens the breath.

Large Bottle, 25c.

Mammoth Size, Three times as much. **50c.** **C. I. Hood & Co.** Lowell, Mass.

Free Sample.

HOOD'S Medicated SOAP

The Best For Everybody's Skin.

Cleanses, disinfects, heals, makes and keeps the skin pure and healthy; beautifies and preserves the complexion; lathers easily and abundantly, has a delicate fragrance, and is without an equal for the nursery, toilet, bath, and shaving.

Trial size, 10c.
Full size, 25c.
Free Sample.

C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

The mental annoyance in after years when dandruff ends in baldness is far greater than mere pain of the flesh.

Coke Dandruff Cure

is the preventative for baldness. It removes the cause of baldness—dandruff. If it doesn't, here's your money back.

The only hair preparation admitted to the Paris Exposition.

Physicians not only prescribe it but use it themselves. Druggists sell it. Barbers use it. If yours does not, send one dollar and his name for a bottle, prepaid, by express.

Many so-called "Hair Restoratives" contain poisonous minerals that cause paralysis. Avoid them.

A. R. Bremer Co., 23 La Salle Street, Chicago.
CANADIAN DEPOT—Lyman Bros. & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

To **remove** hair—use a dissolver, or, better yet, use a razor. Both have the same effect.

To **kill** hair growth—investigate our common-sense, home treatment. Kills by absorption. Circular in plain, sealed envelope, on application.

THE MONOGRAM CO., 107 Pearl St., New York. P.O. Box 2487

FOR GOUT & RHEUMATISM

Use the Great English Remedy

BLAIR'S PILLS

Safe, Sure, Effective. **50c. & $1**

DRUGGISTS, or 224 William St., N. Y.

CHILDREN TEETHING

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS FOR THEIR CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING with perfect SUCCESS. It SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS THE GUMS, ALLAYS ALL PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the BEST REMEDY FOR DIARRHŒA. Sold by druggists in every part of the world.

Twenty-five Cents a Bottle

BEST & CO

LILIPUTIAN BAZAAR

Russian Blouse Suit

Made of light blue serge, with sailor collar—white shield, hand embroidered with light blue and white, and lapels covered with rows of white silk soutache braid. To be worn with white kid or black patent leather belt. Sizes 3 to 8 years.

$8.50.

This handsome little suit is an example of the good results obtained from the work of specialists. Tailors who make boys' clothing only are more likely to make it right. This principle applies to every department of the Children's Store.

Catalogue with

Over 1,000 Illustrations

of everything for boys, girls and babies, from hats to shoes, sent for 4c. postage.

60-62 West 23d Street, New York

Affinity shows:
opposites
In true cohesiveness
unite;
And here are two
to prove that it's
In this respect
entirely right:

See that

hump?

The DeLong
Hook and Eye.

RICHARDSON & DeLONG BROS., Mfrs.,
PHILADELPHIA, PA., U. S. A.

THE "PRACTICAL" TROUSERS HANGER AND PRESS

is indispensable to every man, whether he have few or many clothes. It keeps trousers **"smooth as if ironed,"** renders every garment separately **"get-at-able,"** and **doubles** closet **capacity.**

It is an absolutely perfect device, in design, finish, and construction. It is as much in advance of all other articles intended for the same purpose as the modern railroad train is ahead of the old-time stage-coach.

It has been on the market **over seven years,** during which time it has satisfied the most exacting.

OUR 100-PAGE illustrated descriptive book (free on request) contains the endorsements of our device by more than **3000 well-known gentlemen,** every one of whom is using at least one of our **$5.00 sets.**

The Five-Dollar Set, which consists of 6 "Practical" Trousers Hangers and 3 "Practical" Closet Rods, is sent express prepaid on receipt of price. The closet shown is fitted with a $5.00 set. It meets the average requirements. For $1.00 we will send prepaid one Hanger and one Rod, and afterwards, when wanted, the remainder of the $5 00 set for $4.00. Single Hangers, 75 cents; single Rods, 25 cents.

GUARANTEE OFFER **Use our device for sixty days; if it isn't all you expected or hoped for, RETURN IT AT OUR EXPENSE, and we will immediately refund the full purchase price.**

PRACTICAL NOVELTY CO.
431 WALNUT ST. PHILA, PA.

Linen Breeze=Net.

Ever since there have been physicians linen has been recognized as sanitary and comfortable for underwear. This is its latest development.

The very name suggests comfort and cleanliness. You should see the garments; they are not expensive, either. Cost just about half what you expect.

BREEZE-NET.
Trade-Mark Registered.

Does your skin chafe in the summer? Do you experience the discomfort of prickly heat? LINEN BREEZE-NET will keep your skin in a perfect condition, act gently on the pores, assist evaporation, and promote health by clearing the system of those impurities given off during perspiration, and which wool and cotton retain close to the skin to be reabsorbed and imperil life.

For sale at leading stores.

KOTEDSILK UNDERWEAR CO.,
MILLBURY, MASS.,
And 70 and 72 Franklin Street, New York.

SAVE WORRY

BY RIDING PIERCE CYCLES

Chainless Cushion Frame $75.00
Cushion Frame $55.00 Racer $50.00
Special $50.00 Regular $40.00

THE GEORGE N. PIERCE CO.
BUFFALO, BOSTON, NEW YORK, DENVER.

Not How Much You Pay But What It Costs!

G & J Tires may cost most in the beginning, but cost nothing for repairs.

Other Tires may cost less in the beginning and prove most expensive in the end.

Our catalog explains it all.

G & J TIRE CO.,
INDIANAPOLIS.

GOOD BICYCLES $40

Real Worth

in a bicycle must not only be *seen*, in the style and modest rich finish, but should be *felt*, in the running, *easy* running.

Rambler BICYCLES

"*see the extra reinforced frame,*" have always had the reputation of being the easiest running, hill climbing and coasting wheels, because of their accurate bearings and the careful attention given to designing and adjusting the important "little details."

Rambler Price $40

Agencies everywhere. Catalog free.

American Bicycle Company
Gormully & Jeffery Sales Dept.
CHICAGO

101,000

CRESCENT BICYCLES

were sold in 1899—more than any other wheel—a tribute to Crescent popularity. Why buy any other wheel when you can get a Crescent for the same money?

The perfection in bicycle construction is demonstrated in the smooth-running qualities of the Crescent Bevel-Gear Chainless.

Bevel Gear Chainless Models $60
Adults' Chain Models $25 $26 $30 $35
Boys' and Girls' Models $25

Send for Crescent Catalogue.

THE CRESCENT BICYCLE

501 Wells Street, Chicago 35 Warren Street, New York

COLUMBIA

AMERICAN BICYCLE CO.

BEAUTIFUL CATALOGUE

FAULTLESS

WORKMANSHIP AND DESIGN

No back-lash to the driving gear. All the running parts proof against mud or dust. The driving gear the strongest part of a machine, strong throughout. An easy hill climber, a delightful coaster, swift and safe on the level. Reduced in weight and greatly improved.

That is the

Columbia BEVEL-GEAR CHAINLESS FOR 1900

Columbia Bevel-Gears do not deteriorate but improve with use. They are generated by improved automatic machines which are found only in our factories.

The Columbia Bevel-Gear Chainless demonstrated its superiority on the road in 1898, and left the chain driven bicycle out of sight on the track in 1899.

It is a machine which the rider can purchase with the assurance that it is perfectly adapted to all conditions of riding. A change of equipment as regards tires, handle-bar and height of gear, converts it from the Ideal Roadster to the Ideal Track Racer. Prices $75, $60.

COLUMBIA, HARTFORD, STORMER and PENNANT chain wheels by reason of their general excellence and their wide range of pattern and price comprise the most representative line of 1900 bicycles of the chain type. Prices $50, $35, $30, $25.

The Columbia Coaster Brake does its work without wearing or straining the running parts of the machine. It is applicable to both Chainless and Chain models. Price $5.00.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE

POPE SALES DEPARTMENT

HARTFORD, CONN.

BICYCLES

CLIPPER BICYCLES

SAVE YOUR STRENGTH

You can cover the same ground with less energy by using the

CLIPPER Bevel-Gear CHAINLESS

The secret is in the Bevel-Gear. Price, $60 and $75.

Chain Wheels, $50 and $40.

For Catalogue, address the Rambler office, North Franklin Street and Institute Place, Chicago, Ill.

IMPERIAL WHEELS

All that Capital, Skill, and Integrity offer is assembled in the 1900

IMPERIAL WHEELS

Send for Imperial Catalogue.

Prices, $25, $30, $40, $45

IMPERIAL BICYCLE

83 Chambers Street, New York

MONARCH

BEVEL-GEAR

CHAINLESS

BICYCLES

Tests have proven that the method of transmitting power by bevel gears as used in the MONARCH BICYCLE is superior to all others.

Monarch Bevel-Gear Chainless, $60
Chain, $30, $40, $50

Catalogue Free.

Monarch Headquarters,
Lake, Halsted and Fulton Streets, Chicago, Ill.
20 Warren Street, New York.

THE **MORROW** COASTER-HUB BRAKE

FITS ANY BICYCLE

WITH THIS YOU

RIDE 50 MILES BUT PEDAL ONLY 35

Wheel Always Under Control

Thousands in use. Coast with your feet on the pedals. A slight back pressure applies the brake. No continuous strain on the leg muscles after brake is applied. You can coast down every little decline without removing your feet from the pedals. Adds 100 per cent. to the pleasures of cycling. Send for printed matter.

ALSO

The Eclipse Acetylene Gas Lamp

Superior to any yet shown. Best generator made. Fool proof—simply *can't* get out of order. Illustrated pamphlet giving detailed information of both the brake and the lamp—free on request.

ECLIPSE BICYCLE CO., Box N. Elmira, N. Y.

DUNLOP PNEUMATIC TIRES

for Bicycles
for Carriages
for Automobiles

TRADE MARK

THESE ARE THE ONLY TOOLS YOU'LL NEED.

Send for booklet

The American Dunlop Tire Co.,
Belleville, N. J. Chicago, Ill.

GERE BOAT ENGINES.

LAUNCHES

GEO. H. GERE YACHT--- LAUNCH WKS. GRAND RAPIDS, MICH

ADVERTISING in all its branches.
CHAS. F. ROSENQUEST & Co., 107 W. 14th St., N. Y.

KNABE PIANOS

EUGEN D'ALBERT: From fullest conviction I declare them to be *the best Instruments of America.*

DR. HANS VON BÜLOW: I declare them *the absolutely best in America.*

ALFRED GRÜNFELD: I consider them *the best Instruments of our Times.*

P. TSCHAIKOVSKY: Combines with great Volume of Tone a rare sympathetic and noble Tone Color and perfect action.

BALTIMORE: 22 & 24 E. Baltimore St.; NEW YORK: 148 Fifth Ave.; WASHINGTON: 1422 Pennsylvania Ave., N. W.; CHICAGO: Lyon & Healy, Sole Agents, Wabash Ave. and Adams St.

Papa says **LION BRAND** things give hot day comfort.

You will not get "hot under the collar" if you wear LION BRAND goods this summer. Their perfect unity of pattern makes them set easily, increases their stylish appearance, and prevents that binding which first causes warmth, and then mops up the perspiration, wilting collars, cuffs, and shirts alike.

A wide variety of design and style affords satisfaction for every fancy.

Two collars or two cuffs cost 25 cents. It doesn't pay to pay more.

Shirts cost $1.00, $1.50, and $2.00, according to the kind you want.

Ask your furnisher.

UNITED SHIRT & COLLAR CO.
Makers, Troy, N. Y.

WHY

ELECTRIC LAUNCHES

Are the IDEAL FORM of MARINE NAVIGATION

SAFE
Nothing to explode
Nothing to take fire
Cannot sink (air chambers under decks prevent)
Will not tip over (all machinery, etc., below water-line)

COMFORTABLE
No heat
No odor
No smoke
No noise
No dirt

SIMPLE
No government inspection
No licensed engineer
No engineer at all
Can run your own boat
Wife can do likewise

RELIABLE
Always ready
Always certain
Always steady
Always under complete control

ECONOMICAL
Will run 50 to 75 miles on a single charge
Costs about 2½ cents per mile
No waste of power
No waste of room
Portable charging outfits furnished
Search lights, if wanted
All motive power beneath flooring

Illustrated Catalogue mailed on application

EXECUTIVE OFFICE ELECTRIC BOAT COMPANY, 100 BROADWAY, N. Y.

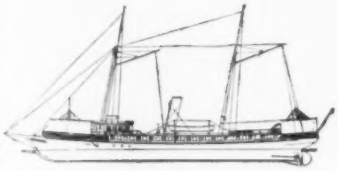
THE ELECTRIC LAUNCH COMPANY, BAYONNE CITY, N. J.
Formerly Morris Heights, N. Y. City.

"Colorado the Magnificent"

has many beautiful resorts, but the loveliest is the famous watering place, Manitou, near Colorado Springs, best reached by the GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE, the only direct line from the East—also best line to Denver. Limited Trains—Broad Vestibuled Sleepers—Buffet Library Cars—Best Dining Car Service. Write for "Colorado the Magnificent," descriptive of Rocky Mountain health and pleasure resorts, sent free by John Sebastian, G. P. A., Chicago.

Yachts and Launches

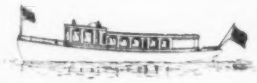
Wood or Steel Constructed. Gasoline or Steam. Our Yachts are the results of experience and responsibility.



Cruising Steam Yachts up to 150 feet in length, with every modern convenience and comfort.

High Speed Yachts.
We build High Speed Steam or Gasoline Yachts or Launches to suit the individual requirements and ideas of our customers.

Open Gasoline Launches.
20 to 60 feet.



Cabin Launches for cruising.
The highest type of workmanship and design.

Our 20 ft. Family Launch $375
complete

Length 20 ft.
Beam 5½ ft.
Power 2½ H. P.
Capacity 10.

Send 10 cents for Catalogue.

Michigan Yacht & Power Co.
1522 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Mich., U.S.A.

Ride in a Riker

The perfect automobile.

Riker Electric Delivery Wagon.

Up hill, down dale, rough roads and smooth are all alike when you *Ride in a Riker.* Every jolt and jar is absorbed by a flexible frame. The motor and running gear being attached to this frame, vibration is entirely prevented. The running gear of a

Riker
Electric Vehicle

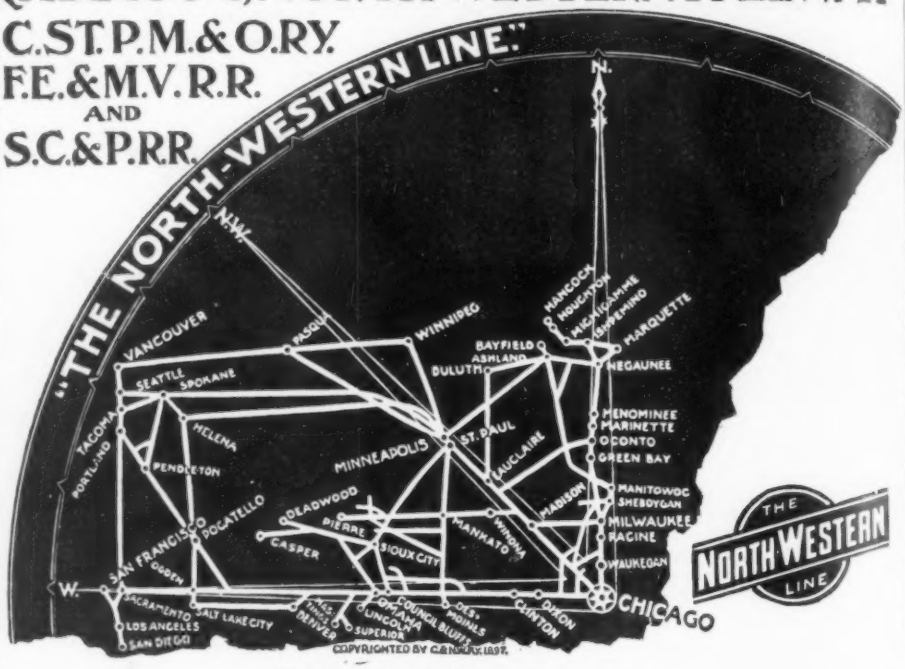
is constructed upon an entirely new principle. The vehicle is under perfect control, it being impossible for rut or stone to change the course. A *Ride in a Riker* is the most convincing proof of its perfection, speed and beauty.

If you will tell us whether you want a carriage for pleasure or a wagon for business we will mail you a catalogue accurately describing them in pictures and words.

THE RIKER ELECTRIC VEHICLE CO.,
Elizabethport, N. J.

CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY

C.ST.P.M.&O.RY.
F.E.&M.V.R.R.
AND
S.C.&P.R.R.



EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR

THE OVERLAND LIMITED

A strictly first-class train, consisting of BUFFET-SMOKING AND LIBRARY CARS, PULLMAN DOUBLE DRAWING-ROOM SLEEPING CARS AND DINING CARS runs through between Chicago and

CALIFORNIA in 3 Days

without change via the

CHICAGO, UNION PACIFIC & NORTH-WESTERN LINE

affording the quickest transit to **SAN FRANCISCO,** *the gateway to*

THE HAWAIIAN AND PHILIPPINE ISLANDS, CHINA AND JAPAN.

FOR INFORMATION AND DESCRIPTIVE PAMPHLETS APPLY TO PRINCIPAL AGENCIES:

368 WASHINGTON STREET,	BOSTON.	435 VINE STREET,	CINCINNATI.
461 BROADWAY,	NEW YORK.	507 SMITHFIELD STREET,	PITTSBURG.
193 CLARK STREET,	CHICAGO.	127 THE ARCADE,	CLEVELAND.
601 CHESTNUT STREET,	PHILADELPHIA.	17 CAMPUS-MARTIUS,	DETROIT.
301 MAIN STREET,	BUFFALO.	No. 2 KING STREET, EAST,	TORONTO, ONT.

ALL AGENTS SELL TICKETS VIA THE

CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

"The Coming Flyer," Copyright, 1899, by the "Locomobile" Company of America.

"*It works of itself.*"

Aristo Self-Toning

PAPER is equal in permanency to our celebrated Aristo-Platino. No bothersome developers or uncertain toners; no fading.

Sold by photo stock dealers everywhere.

ARISTO.

TRADE MARK

This trade-mark appears on every package of genuine American Aristo Paper.

"It is time wasted to make a good negative and lose it all in a poor print."

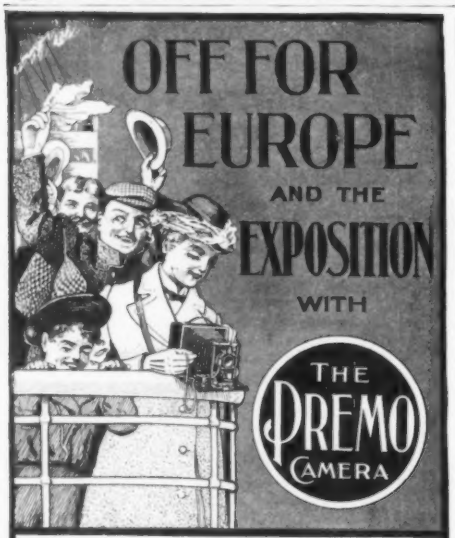
AMERICAN ARISTO PAPERS

produce the full value of the negative, are fadeless and reliable. That's why they are used the world over by leading professional photographers.

All photographers of reputation and skill will finish your work on American Aristo products without the asking—Others will if you insist upon it.

Aristo Platino for Matt Surface Effects. Aristo Self Toning for Glossy Surface.

AMERICAN ARISTOTYPE CO. JAMESTOWN, N. Y.



Uses Both Glass Plates and Daylight Loading Film.

The Premo is the Ideal camera for tourists. Many styles of Premo Cameras have long bellows extension, enabling objects at a great distance to be photographed full of detail.

Travelers on the Continent are delighted to find that Premo Cameras can be fitted with holders, in which the odd European sized plates can be used. *Send for catalogue.*

Price, $10.00 and Upwards.

ROCHESTER OPTICAL CO 54 South St., Rochester, N. Y.

We are Selling

At Our New Store

(Cycle and Folding)

ASCOT CAMERAS

at **1/2** Our Catalogue Prices

until Stock is exhausted

CAMERAS OF ALL KINDS

BUCKEYES KODAKS PREMOS CYCLONES

and a complete stock of

PHOTOGRAPHIC SUPPLIES

Catalogue Free.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.

122-124 Fifth Ave., New York

45-47-49 E. Randolph St., Chicago.

Nature's Reflex! **Krõmskõp Color Photography** "It seems almost a miracle."

By means of the Ives Kromskop System, nature itself is reproduced to the eye with every visible quality of color, texture, sheen, translucency, atmosphere, solidity. The world has never seen a greater triumph of science and invention. By its means all can now enjoy at home the most

EXQUISITE FOREIGN SCENERY *DECORATIVE ART OF ALL COUNTRIES* *And countless other objects*
PAINTINGS IN FOREIGN GALLERIES *PORTRAITS FROM LIFE* *of beauty and interest.*

Amateurs can make their own pictures Kromskops and their Kromograms, Kromskop Cameras, Lantern Kromskops, and other specialties—all included in our patented system—now ready. Also, Color Screens for Orthochromatic Photography and Three-color Printing Process.

Highest Awards, Special Gold Medals, etc.

Enthusiastic Endorsement Everywhere. Send stamp for booklet.

IVES KROMSKOP CO. (Inc.) - **1324 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia**

WOODS

ELECTRIC

Brougham

The best form of vehicle for calling, shopping, the theatre, etc. Made on the most approved designs under our direct supervision, to accommodate two or four occupants. The appointments are correct in every detail, and will meet the approval of the most critical taste. Will be painted as desired by superior workmen. Electric lights, call bell, etc. For elegance, freedom from all danger, and reliability, the WOODS carriages are unsurpassed.

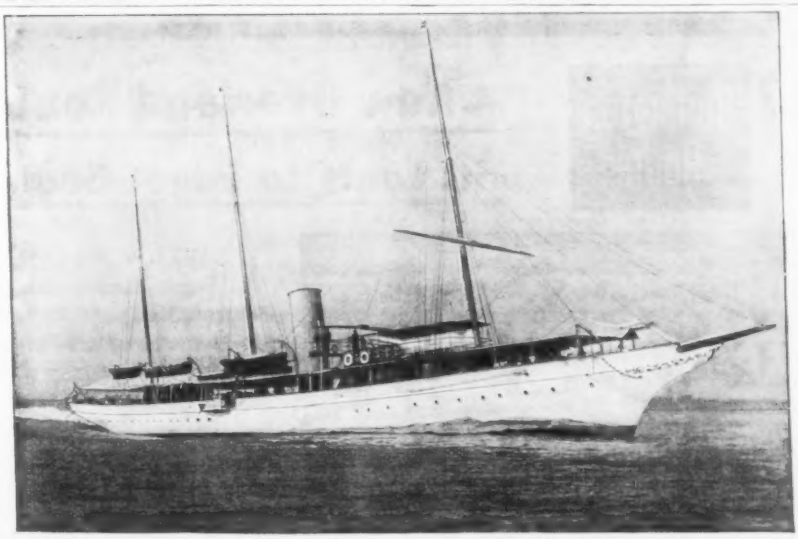
PROMPT DELIVERY

Illustrated Catalogue in colors, showing the diversity of our designs of vehicles, with full descriptions, will be sent if desired. We equip private or public stables completely.

WOODS MOTOR VEHICLE COMPANY

NEW YORK, 44th St. & Vanderbilt Ave. CHICAGO, 545-549 Wabash Ave.

FIND OUT All about Electric Automobiles, their care, construction, and operation, in a book published by HERBERT S. STONE & CO., Chicago. $1.25.



High-Class Steam Yachts. The Only Naphtha Launch.

If you need a Pleasure Boat of any description, send 10 cents stamps for Catalogue.

GAS ENGINE & POWER CO. and CHARLES L. SEABURY & CO.

(*Consolidated*),

Morris-Heights-on-the-Harlem, and 50 Broadway, New York City.

CRUISES AROUND THE WORLD.

Upon the specially constructed and magnificently appointed new

TWIN-SCREW CRUISING YACHT, **"Prinzessin Victoria Luise"** (450 FEET LONG).

The unqualified success met with by the Annual Summer Cruises of the Hamburg-American Line to the Land of the Midnight Sun and to the Orient has prompted this Company to extend this delightful feature of its services to a

CRUISE AROUND THE WORLD

With this end in view, it has constructed a **Twin-Screw Cruising Yacht**, which is to be used exclusively for these Cruises, and which by its size and especial arrangements will add materially to the pleasures of this delightful trip. She will carry first-class passengers only, and will not carry mails or cargo. The state-rooms are equipped with everything to enhance comfort. Suites with private baths and toilets, state-rooms for the occupancy of single passengers, magnificent saloons, a gymnasium for exercise and recreation, and a grand promenade are provided.

THE FIRST CRUISE, for which the following itinerary is proposed: **from Hamburg, Sept. 25; from Cherbourg, Sept. 27, 1900.** Direct connection can be made from New York by the Hamburg-American Line's Twin-Screw Express S. S. Auguste Victoria, leaving New York Sept. 13, 1900, due in Cherbourg Sept. 20 and in Hamburg Sept. 21, 1900, or by any earlier steamer of this line. **Lisbon, Gibraltar, Nice, Genoa, Athens, Constantinople, Jaffa** (Jerusalem), **Port Said** (Egypt), **Ismailia** (Egypt), **Bombay** (visits to Poona, Khandalla, Karli Cave, Elephanta Island). At Bombay passengers may also leave the yacht and make the grand overland tour through northern India, visiting *Ahmedabad, Jeypore, Delhi, Agra, Cawnpore, Lucknow, Benares, Darjeeling*, and *Calcutta*, where they will again board the "Prinzessin Victoria Luise," which will have proceeded from **Bombay**, via **Colombo** to **Calcutta**. After embarking the passengers, the cruise will be continued to **Singapore, Manila, Hongkong** (excursions to *Macao* and *Canton*), **Shanghai, Nagasaki, Kobe** (here facilities will be provided to take the passengers for an inland tour to *Hiogo, Osaka, Nara*, and *Kioto*). The steamer then proceeds to **Yokohama** (in order not to overtax the facilities at hand the passengers will be divided into four sections, in turn visiting (1) *Enoshima* and *Kamakura*; (2) *Miyanoshita*; (3) *Tokyo*; (4) *Nikko*), **Honolulu**, thence to **Hilo** and **San Francisco**, where the American passengers will leave the yacht, and from where they will receive railroad transportation to their homes.

THE SECOND CRUISE, starting from San Francisco on January 26, 1901, will follow about the same itinerary as above in reversed order. For further particulars, rates, etc., address

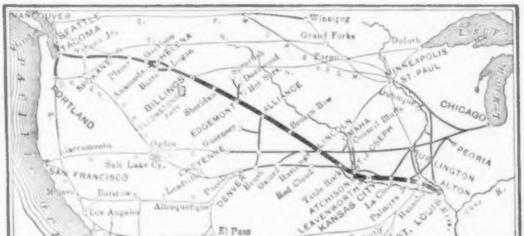
Hamburg-American Line,

NEW YORK, 37 Broadway. CHICAGO, 159 Randolph St. ST. LOUIS, 100 No. Broadway. BOSTON, 80 State St. SAN FRANCISCO, 401 California St.

Burlington Route

A New Overland Route

St. Louis to Puget Sound



BURLINGTON ROUTE AND WESTERN CONNECTIONS SHOWING THE NEW OVERLAND ROUTE

TRAVEL to the cities of Puget Sound, such as Portland, Seattle and Tacoma, has increased so wonderfully of late years, especially since the discovery of gold in Alaska, that a distinct public demand has arisen for better transportation facilities. We shall, commencing May 1st, start a New train of comfortable, wide vestibuled Pullman sleeping cars, Reclining chair cars, (seats free,) Dining car and baggage car, to leave St. Louis every day at 9.00 A. M. Kansas City at 4.00 P. M., and run by way of Lincoln and Billings, thence over the Northern Pacific Ry. *through to Seattle in 77 hours.*

P. S. EUSTIS, GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT, C. B. & Q. R. R., CHICAGO, ILL.

BAUSCH & LOMB-ZEISS

STEREO BINOCULAR GLASSES.

Differ from all others.
Lenses are farther apart than the eyes.
This gives ***Stereoscopic Effect.***
The ordinary stereoscope makes objects in a photograph stand out in relief.
Stereoscopic Effect in these Glasses makes ***Distant*** objects stand out, lifelike and plainly.

SMALLER—LIGHTER—
MORE POWERFUL.
IMMENSE FIELD OF VIEW.

—Booklet Free.—

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS.

Catalog *of Photo or Microscope Goods on Application. Chemicals of all Kinds.*

BAUSCH & LOMB OPTICAL CO.,
NEW YORK. ROCHESTER, N. Y. CHICAGO.

WHEN LIFE DEPENDS *on the* ACCURACY *of a* WATCH THE "Accurate to the Second"

DUEBER-HAMPDEN *is used.*

The Lake Shore & M. S. Ry. Co. Inspector's Report shows that of a total of 2344 watches owned by its employees, 1097 were Dueber-Hampdens. Conductors, engineers, train dispatchers, and others who must have accurate time own Dueber-Hampden watches.

DUEBER-HAMPDEN WATCHES

are made in the only factory in the world where a complete watch (both case and movements) is made, and are warranted. Look for the name "Dueber" in the case. Look for these trade marks on works. "Special Railway" for railway men, "John Hancock" for gentlemen, "The 400" for ladies.

Our "Guide to Watch Buyers" sent free.

THE DUEBER-HAMPDEN WATCH WORKS, CANTON, O.

ESTERBROOK'S STEEL PENS

150 Varieties. *For Sale by all Stationers.*

Strong—durable—easy to write with—hard to use up.

Works, Camden, N. J. **THE ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN CO.** 26 John St., New York.

The Edison Diaphragm Mimeograph

A new style hand operating Mimeograph for the reduplication of

Type-Writing, Hand-Writing, Drawings, Maps, Music, etc.

The stencil is protected by **a fixed cloth diaphragm** insuring **better work and saving of supplies, labor and time.**

A Great Improvement. Quickly Appreciated.

Its many advantages fully set out in our booklet to be had free for the asking.

A. B. DICK COMPANY,

Branch 47 Nassau St., New York. **152-154 Lake St., CHICAGO.**

The Jewett

Built for service in every day business. Its heavy hangers and typebars make it the most powerful manifolder. It

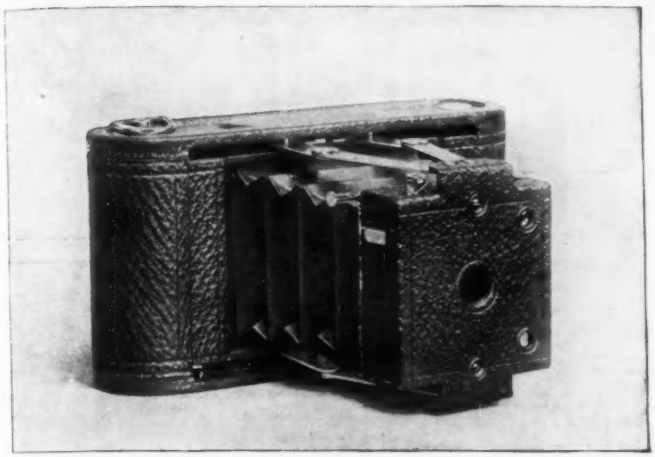
WRITES 30 COPIES AT ONCE

While being durable and ready for heavy work, the **JEWETT** also has a light, responsive touch and is easy to operate.

Write for booklet, which illustrates and explains everything.

JEWETT TYPEWRITER CO.,
608 Locust Street, Des Moines, Ia.

"Best in the World"



If it isn't an Eastman it isn't a Kodak.

Picture Taking with

The Folding Pocket Kodak

means a full realization of the charms of photography without the drawbacks of burdensome apparatus, without bulky plate holders or heavy, fragile glass plates.

The Folding Pocket Kodaks have the finest meniscus achromatic lenses, our automatic rotary shutters, sets of three stops and accurate view finders. They are, in short, equipped for the finest photographic work, and like all Kodaks they use our film cartridges and

Load in Daylight.

Folding Pocket Kodak No. 1, for pictures 2¼ x 3¼ inches,	$10.00
Folding Pocket Kodak No. 1 A, for pictures 2½ x 4¼ inches,	12.00
Folding Pocket Kodak No. 2, for pictures 3½ x 3½ inches,	15.00

Kodaks $5.00 to $35.00.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.

Catalogues free at the dealers or by mail.

Rochester, N. Y.

Old English CURVE CUT Pipe Tobacco

A "slice" to a pipeful.

GOLF players everywhere have found Old English Curve Cut more convenient (curved box) and satisfying than any other pipe tobacco. "I find it far superior to any tobacco that I have hitherto smoked."—Harry Vardon. "Old English Curve Cut is the best tobacco I have ever used."—James Foulis. "I like it very much and it is convenient."—Herbert M. Harriman. "Old English Curve Cut pipe tobacco is the finest I ever smoked."—Willie Campbell.

A trial box will be sent by return mail to any one sending 10 cents in stamps to "Old English" Dept. The American Tobacco Company, 111 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. City.

It's easy to load an Adlake Plateholder.

The Fascination of
ADLAKE PHOTOGRAPHY
is enhanced by the ease with which Adlake Plateholders may be handled and which gives to Adlake Cameras a distinctive value over all other makes.

Twelve Adlake Plateholders loaded, occupy but a fraction of an inch more than 12 glass plates. Each is a separate thin metal portfolio which shuts like a watch case—light-tight, dust proof.

Buy Adlakes of your dealer if you can, if not, send to us.

Adlake Cameras, $8.00 to $13.50

Send for new Adlake Booklet

THE ADAMS & WESTLAKE CO.,
110 Ontario St., Chicago.

AMERICANS DEMAND THE BEST.

The Poco has all adjustments for hand or tripod work. Fitted with Rochester Symmetrical Lens and Unicum Shutter. **All Sizes of Foreign-Made Plates** can be used in the Poco, by means of interchangeable holders.

New Illustrated Catalogue mailed on application. **Price, $5 and upwards.**

Rochester Camera & Supply Co. 54 South St., Rochester, N. Y.

20th CENTURY ELECTRO VAPOR LAUNCH

This ideal Gentleman's launch elegantly finished, simple, seaworthy, safe, reliable. Seats 8. Speed, 6 miles. Guaranteed for one year. Price $200.00. Order now, avoid Spring rush. Send 10c. for handsome 76-page catalogue of Steam and Sail Yachts, Launches, Row Boats, Canoes.

RACINE BOAT MFG. CO. (Box H), Racine, Wis.

The Greatest Photographic Offer Ever Made

NEHRING'S CONVERTIBLE AMPLISCOPES

Put up in a Neat Case containing

1 COPYING AND ENLARGING LENS,
1 PORTRAIT LENS,
1 WIDE ANGLE LENS,
1 TELE PHOTO LENS,
1 ORTHOCHROMATIC RAY SCREEN.

These lenses can be used with any camera made, fitted with a rectilinear or an anastigmat lens.

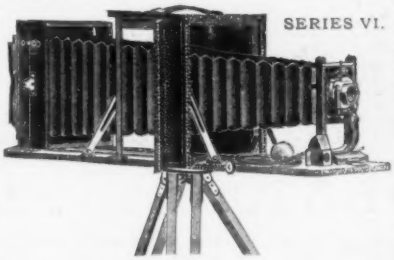
Price per set, containing the above lenses, 4 x 5—$5.00; 5 x 7—$6.00. The above lenses can be had singly at $2.00 each in the 4 x 5 size, and $2.25 each in the 5 x 7 size.

U. NEHRING, Dept. N, 16 East 42d St., N. Y.

"IT'S ALL IN THE LENS"

The most popular Camera of the day is the

LONG FOCUS KORONA



SERIES VI.

During the past few months the orders for this Camera have increased greatly. It appeals to both the amateur and skilled photographer, and is worthy of examination by all who care for this most interesting art.

Among its Advantages
- It has a Double-Sliding Front Convertible Lens
- It has Double Swing Back Rack and Pinion
- The Back is Quickly Reversible Korona Shutter
- Time, Bulb and Instantaneous Exposure

Write for Catalogue and full particulars.

GUNDLACH OPTICAL CO., - Rochester, N. Y.

"Not in the trust."

JAS. GODFREY WILSON

PATENTEE AND MANUFACTURER, 74 West 23d St., New York.

Rolling Partitions for Schools and Churches.

Inside Venetian Blinds.

Outside Venetian Blind and Awning.

Venetian Blinds for Piazzas.

Also Wire Window Screens, Steel Ceilings, Rolling Steel Shutters, etc. *Send for Catalogue No. 1.*

Easy Cooking

The kitchen is as pleasant as the parlor in the home where a Detroit Jewel Gas Range reigns. It makes cooking comfortable—makes it easier, cleaner, better than is possible with any other stove. Ask the housewife who has used a

Detroit Jewel GAS RANGE

if she would be willing to go back to other-day methods. Ask any woman who has learned the economy of time, labor and fuel that comes with cooking on this most modern of household helps how much she values it.

Our booklet "Cooking by Gas" contains much to interest those who wish to know more about kitchen comfort and economy. Send for it—it's free if you mention *Harper's.*

DETROIT STOVE WORKS,
DETROIT, MICH. CHICAGO, ILL.

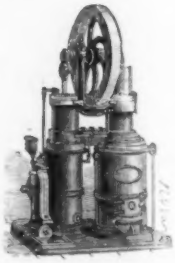
NOBODY APPRECIATES WATER

more than those people who, having sanitary appliances in their houses, find their water supply uncertain. If they had a

RIDER or an ERICSSON HOT AIR PUMPING ENGINE

certainty would take the place of uncertainty.

Catalogue "H" on Application to Nearest Office.



RIDER-ERICSSON ENGINE CO.

22 Cortlandt Street, New York
86 Lake Street, Chicago 239 and 241 Franklin Street, Boston
40 N. 7th Street, Philadelphia 22 a Pitt Street, Sydney, N.S.W. 692 Craig Street, Montreal, P.Q.

4 x 5 WENO HAWK-EYE $8.00

Uses Daylight Loading Film and is fitted with fixed focus Meniscus lens of superior quality, an adjustable speed rotary shutter, set of three stops, view finders and tripod sockets for both vertical and horizontal exposures. Has nickeled fittings and fine morocco grain covering.

Perfect in design, workmanship and finish and is positively the most convenient 4 x 5 camera made. All dealers sell it.

Hawk-Eye catalogue free by mail.

BLAIR CAMERA CO.
Formerly of Boston. Rochester, N. Y.

Bundy

ACETYLENE GAS

Lamps *Are Perfect.*

Bicycle Lamps, $3.
Student " $7.
Carriage " $12 pr.
Headlights, - $10.
Lanterns, - - $3.50.
Express prepaid.

Burns 6 hours.

Absolutely Non-explosive and Odorless.

Our system of water control cannot be surpassed. It's absolutely automatic and generates a pure, dry gas of great illuminating power. Our blotting-paper conduits give an even moisture throughout the entire carbide charge, thus giving the light a longer life than any other. Can't be jarred or blown out. Can be relighted repeatedly. All parts interchangeable.

Ask your dealer, or write to us for particulars.

Burns 8 hours. **BUNDY LAMP CO., Box D, Elmira, N.Y.**

BUY A
BANNER
GAS LAMP.

WHEN NOT KEPT BY DEALERS, WILL BE SENT CHARGES PREPAID ON RECEIPT OF PRICE.

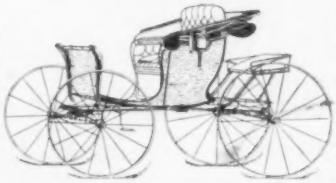
The Lattina Cellular Tire

The New Tire

ends all tire trouble. Marks the beginning of a new era in wheeling. Cannot be punctured. Requires no inflation. Always the same. Possesses the highest degree of resiliency. Smaller than pneumatic, lighter than a solid tire, more durable and cheaper than either. Made for every kind of wheel from a bicycle to an automobile.

THE RUBBER TIRE CO., Phila., Pa.
Samples shown and contracts made only by
LATTA & MULCONROY, 1215 Market St., Philada.

Exclusive Designs,



combining the most choice material, the most skilful workmanship, and the most exacting attention to every detail, are offered critical vehicle users in our "Four Hundred" Series. Examples of this series are in many of the most exclusive stables in this and other lands.

Catalogue and Descriptive Booklet on request.

Waterloo Wagon Co., Ltd., Waterloo, N. Y. Dept. 8.

The Munn Envelope

Opened by a Wire.

A Free Insurance on Its Contents.

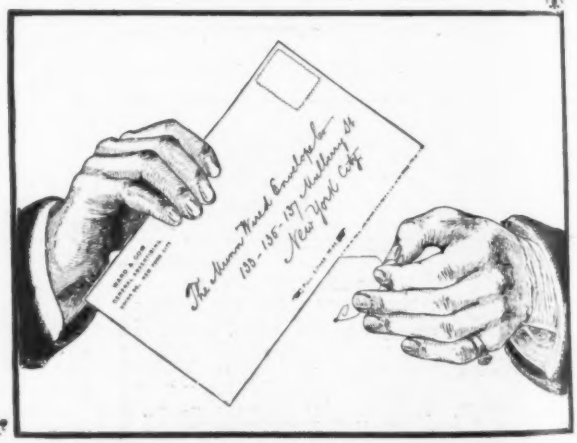
"The only practical and valuable addition to an envelope since the day when gummed flaps took the place of sealing wax."

All persons who use the mails will find the MUNN WIRED ENVELOPE safe, neat and quick, as not only are all cheques and valuable papers enclosed absolutely safe from mutilation by sharp letter openers, but the tedious process of opening the day's mail will be materially shortened. From ten to fifteen MUNN ENVELOPES can be opened in the time it would take to insert a knife under the gummed flap of a single ordinary envelope.

MUNN WIRED ENVELOPE COMPANY

133-137 Mulberry Street, New York.

'PHONE, 519 SPRING.



The Chase BOX Magazine Camera

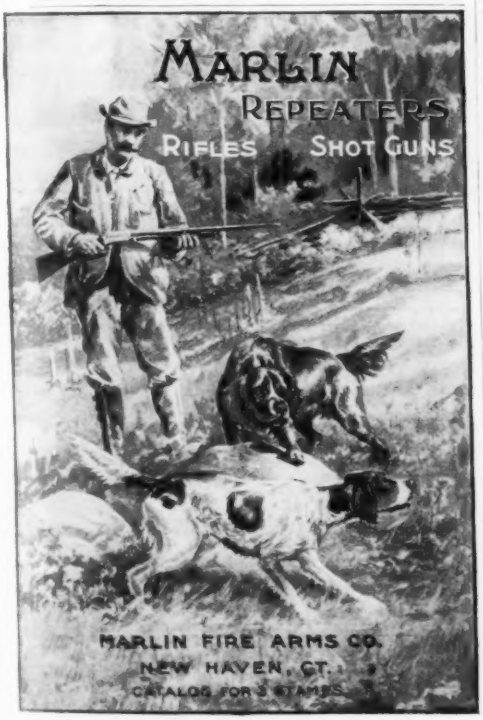
Two sizes, 3¼ x 4¼ and 4 x 5

A PLACE FOR THE BULB

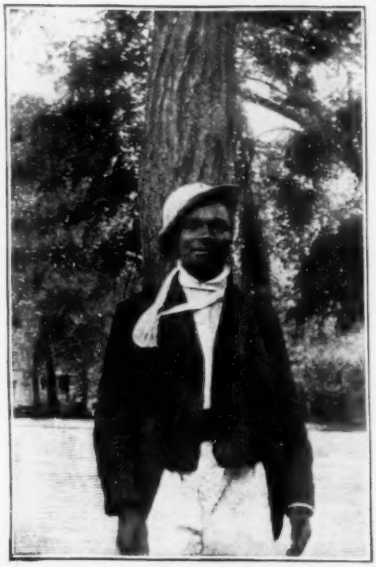
Send for a FREE Catalogue

KOZY CAMERA COMPANY

24 Warren St., Boston, Mass., U. S. A.



Three Minutes



Only required to take, develop, and finish the above picture with the

NODARK CAMERA

Size of camera, 3½ in. wide, 4½ in. high, 12 in. long.
Size of pictures, 2½ in. x 3½ in.

With this camera the entire tedious and difficult science of photography is reduced to such simplicity that any child can use it.

NO DARK ROOM.

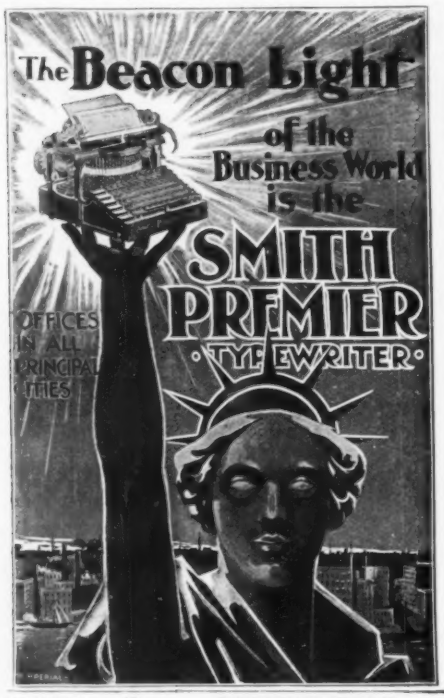
No Costly Chemicals.
No Printing Frames.
No Blurs or Hazy Results.

The process is so perfect that every plate comes out right. There is no secret about the Nodark Camera—simply a new dry-plate tintype is used instead of glass plates or films. Every Nodark Camera is complete and perfect. **Also includes 26 plates, 1 developing chamber, 2 bottles of solution, and instructions how to operate and make the pictures.**

Price $6.00.

Express prepaid.
Buy from your dealer. If he won't supply you, write us.
Free booklet sent on request.

POPULAR PHOTOGRAPH COMPANY,
112 Bleecker Street, New York.



For Sale by All Dealers. Lead and Colored Pencils.

Stationers' Rubber Goods.

Inks.

Mark the initials "A. W." before the name of "FABER."

Established 1761

Ground-Joint Keeps it Air-tight.

Double Mouth. Surplus from brush runs back into bottle.

Patented

JUST THE THING FOR HOME AND OFFICE

Here's a Mucilage Bottle that's always ready for instant use. Keeps fluid from evaporating, and brush-handle clean. All Glass. Simple. No rollers, sponges, or automatic wipers. **Price, 50c.**, with brush—best quality, finest bristles. At your Stationer's, or delivered to any address in the United States. Adopted by the U. S. Government.

Scatter Good

THE SCATTERGOOD CO., 67 Laurel Street, Philadelphia.

ONE HUNDRED

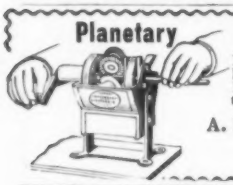
copies of a letter, piece of music, drawing, or any writing can be made on a

Lawton Simplex Printer.

No washing. No wetting of paper. Send for circulars and samples of work.

AGENTS WANTED.

LAWTON & CO., 30 Vesey St., New York; 59 Dearborn St., Chicago.



Planetary Pencil Pointer

Needed in every office, school, home. Saves its cost in lead. Mechanical perfection. No toy. Free circulars.

A. B. DICK COMPANY,

152-154 Lake St., CHICAGO.
47 Nassau St., N. Y.

TYPEWRITERS ALL MAKES

ALL THE STANDARD MACHINES FOR Sale or Rent at Half MANUFACTURERS' PRICES. EACH MACHINE FULLY GUARANTEED. SHIPPED WITH PRIVILEGE OF EXAMINATION. WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.

Typewriter Emporium, 202 La Salle St. CHICAGO.

TYPEWRITER HEADQUARTERS,

102 Fulton st., New York sell all makes under half price. Don't buy before writing them for unprejudiced advice and prices. Exchanges. Immense stock for selection. Shipped for trial. Guaranteed first class. Dealers supplied. 52-page illus. cat. free.

PARQUETRY Hard-wood Floors, Wood Carpet.

Wm. G. Reid & Co. 2 W. 33d St., New York.

Original Designs. Best Work. Moderate Prices.

SHORTHAND for all. Celebrated Pernin method. Quickly learned; no shading; no position; connective vowels; highest award World's Fair; self-taught or by mail; text-book on approval. Write **H. M. PERNIN**, Author, Detroit, Mich.

THE TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE.

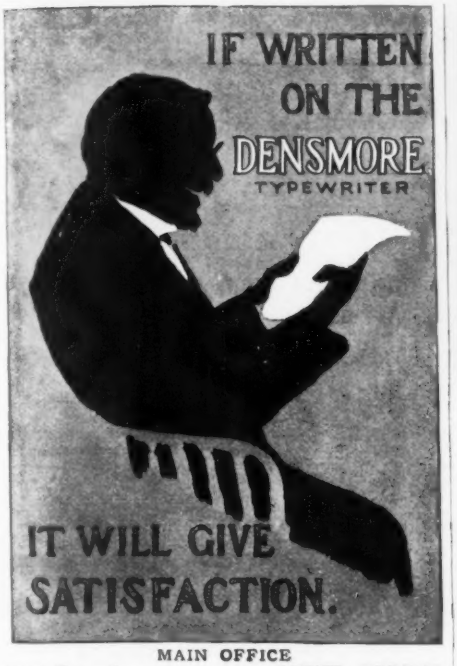
A GOOD TYPEWRITER IN YOUR OFFICE

will demonstrate its advantages.

Send for samples of writing, with prices, etc. Largest and most complete stock of second-hand Typewriters of any house in the trade. Machines shipped, privilege of inspection. **Title to every machine guaranteed.**

EIGHT STORES

115 Barclay Street, New York.	3 W. Baltimore St., Baltimore, Md.
38 Bromfield Street, Boston.	817 Wyandotte Street, Kansas City.
124 LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill.	208 North Ninth Street, St. Louis.
422 Diamond St., Pittsburgh, Pa.	536 California St., San Francisco, Cal.



MAIN OFFICE
309 Broadway - NEW YORK

The Largest Contract Ever
Given for Typewriters

250
Underwood Typewriters

The U. S. Government buys 250 Machines.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 26.—Secretary Long, of the Navy Department, has decided to accept report of special board appointed to investigate the merits of Typewriters as to advantages, speed, durability, etc., which was, that the bid of the Wagner Typewriter Co. for 200 to 250 Underwood Typewriters was the most advantageous, and the Department decided to accept it, against Remington, Densmore, Remington-Scholes, Jewett, Oliver, Hammond, and others.

WAGNER TYPEWRITER COMPANY,
218-220 Broadway, New York.

A Masterpiece
of Mechanical Art

FAULTLESS IN CONSTRUCTION.
CERTAIN IN RESULTS.
BEST AT ALL TIMES, AND FOR EVERY PURPOSE.

Remington
TYPEWRITER

WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDICT, 327 Broadway, N.Y.

HAVE YOU SEEN THE

Columbia
Bar-Lock No. 10?

This latest model has

BALL-BEARING CARRIAGE

in addition to the other well-known features of the Bar-Lock Typewriter. This gives unsurpassed

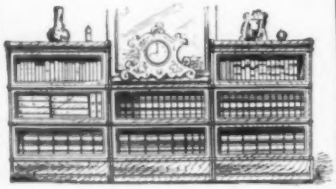
EASE OF OPERATION

Write for a descriptive catalogue

COLUMBIA TYPEWRITER MFG. CO.
45 West 116th Street, New York City

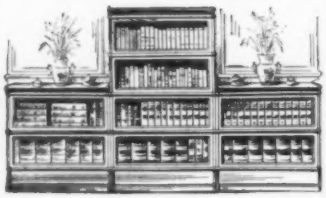
Wernicke Elastic Book-Case

A System of Units



A living book-case—grows with your library and always fits it. Small enough for 10 or large enough for 10,000 books. An ideal book-case for the home. Fitted with dust-proof disappearing doors, simple and perfect in operation. Furnished in grades and prices to suit all tastes and requirements. Handled by responsible dealers in all principal cities—send for list and handsome booklet describing the beauties of this case.

Wernicke pays the freight.



The Wernicke Co.

156 S. Ionia St.,

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

1900 PARIS 1900

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

Indispensable to Travellers

Useful at all times, but never more so than when in Steamer chair, on Parlor car, or in Camp.

Ask your dealer or send for catalogue.

Exhibited in American Section, International Exposition, Paris.

L. E. Waterman Co.

Largest manufacturers of Fountain Pens in the world.

155-157 Broadway, New York

PORTABLE HOUSES. . .

Hunters' Cabins
Children's Play-Houses
Summer Cottages

MERSHON & MORLEY
Saginaw, Michigan

THE HARTFORD LIFE INS. CO.,

of Hartford, Conn., issues every desirable form of Life Insurance Contract—Ordinary Life, Limited Payment, Endowment, Term Insurance, each containing its own special and peculiar features of liberality. Thirty-two Years' Experience. Write for particulars. Agents wanted.

Twelve thousand millions! Big figures that represent the savings of those whose lives are insured. Bigger still when one realizes that if not thus employed much would be wasted. Are you interested in this fund?

PENN MUTUAL LIFE,
921-3-5 Chestnut Street,
Philadelphia.

Just a Few Seconds

exposure to gas or lamp light and a few more seconds for development makes a

VELOX

Print. Exquisitely soft matte effects.

NEPERA CHEMICAL CO.
Division of the General Aristo Co.

For sale by all dealers. Nepera Park, N. Y.

GUARANTY COUPON
THE Velvet Grip CUSHION BUTTON HOSE SUPPORTER is Guaranteed to the dealer and user against imperfections. Look for the Name on every loop.

This Yellow Coupon is on every pair.

NEVER SLIPS OR TEARS.

THE

Velvet Grip

No stitching in the elastic.

Sample pair by mail, 25c. Catalog free.

CUSHION BUTTON HOSE SUPPORTER

GEO. FROST CO., Makers
Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

LOOK FOR THE NAME ON EVERY LOOP

We Enlarge Photographs

Most amateur photographers have many negatives stored away that would make pretty enlargements. Possibly you did not know that beautiful wall pictures can be made from these small negatives.

Pick out one of the best, send it to us with $1, and we will make a beautiful enlargement, mounted on 16x20 dark bevel-edge card, and express it prepaid. Smaller sizes from 35c. Write to-day for full information concerning sizes, prices, styles and catalogue of Cameras, Photographic Supplies and Monogram Stationery.

FRANKLIN PRINTING & ENGRAVING CO.,
308-312 Superior Street, Toledo, Ohio.

FOR BINDING DRESSES THERE IS NOTHING EQUAL TO A GOOD BRAID.

GOFF'S BRAIDS are the BEST MADE

ASK FOR AND INSIST ON HAVING

GOFF'S Angora BRAID

TRADE MARK

D. GOFF & SONS PAWTUCKET R. I.

Golf Playing Card

The Best 25c Card Made.

Ask your dealer for them or send 25 cents to us for sample pack.

THE AMERICAN PLAYING CARD CO., · Kalamazoo, Mich.

LOWNEY'S CHOCOLATE BONBONS

Name on Every Piece

The Most Delicious and the Most Famous of Confections.

Four Million Packages sold in 1899!

If you have not tried them we have a trial package that we send for 10 cts. in stamps. When not to be had of dealers we will send on receipt of price: 1-lb. box, 60c.; 2-lb. box, $1.20; 3-lb. box, $1.80; 5-lb. box, $3.00.

DELIVERED FREE IN THE UNITED STATES.

Address all correspondence to

The Walter M. Lowney Co., Department H, Boston, Mass.

New York Retail Store, 1123 Broadway. **Boston Retail Store, 416 Washington Street.**

a Sterilized Vegetable Fat.

Ask your grocer for Ko-Nut, or write to us.

ORIGINAL DEVILED HAM

LOOK ON THE CAN FOR THE LITTLE RED DEVIL

THE RED DEVIL

Underwood's Deviled Ham has been on the market for thirty years. It's made in New England only of sugar-cured ham and pure spices. Delicious for Sandwiches.

A 15 CENT CAN FREE

WM. UNDERWOOD CO.
Boston, U.S.A.

A Dainty Breakfast Dish
Cream of Wheat
Made of the very best hard Northern wheat, our product never varies: A
WHOLESOME
NUTRITIOUS
SUFFICIENT
BRAIN and TISSUE FOOD
When purchasing, ask your grocer to show you our gravures of Northwestern Scenery. Very fine works of art, nothing cheap, and no advertising card attached.
Cream of Wheat Co.
Minneapolis, Minn.

IMPERIAL GRANUM

THE BEST PREPARED FOOD FOR BABIES

UNSWEETENED

MOST ECONOMICAL

IMPERIAL GRANUM is sold by druggists everywhere. If you are remote from a drug store, our shipping depot, John Carle & Sons, 153 Water St., New York, will forward you a regular sized package, carriage prepaid, on receipt of 75 cents.

WILL you kindly forward us your address—a postal card will do—so that we may send you our attractive booklet showing what IMPERIAL GRANUM did for 50 Babies.

THE IMPERIAL GRANUM CO.
NEW HAVEN, CONN.

EVANS ALE AND STOUT

SUBSTANTIALLY BACKED BY THE PREFERENCE OF ALE DRINKERS FOR MORE THAN A CENTURY

THEY MARK THE NEW ERA IN THE ALE-BREWING INDUSTRY OF THE WORLD

ACETYLENE

"A delightful summer lamp."

The Winchester Gas Lamp is a practical, durable, and attractive acetylene lamp, with automatic pressure regulator. No odor—no smoke. It gives a brilliant and fascinating light without the heat that makes other lights unpleasant in summer or when one must be near the light for some time. Price, $7.50, complete with shade. Send for circular and engraving.

AGENTS WANTED.

ALLEN WINCH,
610 Boylston Building,
Chicago, Ill.

PETER COOPER'S CLARIFIED GELATINE

For Wine Jellies, Blanc Mange, Charlotte Russe.

Our Pulverized Gelatine is the most convenient for family use, as it requires much less time to dissolve.

FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS.

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

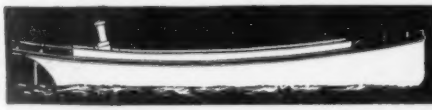
The Original and Genuine Worcestershire.

All successful cooks use LEA & PERRINS SAUCE to get the most delicious flavor for soups, fish, meats, gravy, game, salads etc.

SIGNATURE on every bottle *Lea & Perrins* JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, AGENTS · NEW YORK.

ACME FOLDING BOAT CO., MIAMISBURG, O.

Adopted by Governments of Canada, U. S., and England. Endorsed by Commodore Bourke, British Navy; Compt. White, N.W. M. Police; Maj. Walsh, Ex-Gov. Klondike; Dr. Dawson, Canada Geol. Survey, and others. 16-ft. boat holds 1500 lbs., folds into cylinder 5 ft. x 10 in. diam. Also smaller sizes. Handsome, smooth model. Perfect for pleasure use. Entirely safe. Catalogue free. ACME FOLDING BOAT CO., MIAMISBURG, OHIO.



LAUNCHES—ENGINES (GASOLINE)
"MONITOR" AND "MOGUL"
ALSO POWER OUTFIT FOR BOATS AND CARRIAGES
MONITOR ENGINE CO., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

14 TO 30 FT.

PIERCE VAPOR LAUNCHES

SAFE AND RELIABLE. WE GUARANTEE YOU CAN RUN THEM.
OUR BEAUTIFUL CATALOG ILLUSTRATED IN COLORS, FREE.
SEND FOR IT. PIERCE ENGINE CO. BOX 4 RACINE JCT. WIS.

WHEN YOU BUILD do you want something different from the commonplace? Let us plan your house. See our plans. Our publications are interesting, original, new, valuable.

Colonial Houses, 1900 Edition, Price $2.00
Colonial Houses, 1899 " Price 2.00
Colonial Houses, 1898 " Price 2.00
Sensible Low-Cost Houses, Designs between $2000 and $4500 Price 1.00

Address
CHILD & DE GOLL, Architects,
No. 62 New Street, New York.

THE MONROE

Porcelain-Lined Refrigerators

Dainty—Cleanly—Healthful—Economical—Odorless

Anybody who wants a refrigerator would have a MONROE if he knew all about it. And it is due to yourself that you know about it. You choose for a lifetime. Better spend a half hour to learn which is best. You will select the MONROE. Every food compartment is lined with white porcelain, moulded into one piece, with rounded corners. No crevices. No joints where food may lodge and decay. The whiteness throws light into every corner, so that you may see any uncleanliness. The glaze enables you to wipe it up with a cloth—about all the cleaning ever necessary.

Common porcelain put to such uses would break, crack, craze or peel. MONROE porcelain never does. It is the ideal lining—the lining that makes ours the only refrigerators that are absolutely healthful and odorless.

The MONROE costs more than common refrigerators, but that cost is economy. It isn't on account of the linings. The whole construction is so skilful, the insulation so perfect, that the MONROE saves its cost over and over in the ice that the other refrigerators waste. The cost gives you an honest refrigerator, cheaper by far than the common kind, even were the common kind free; for the main cost is the ice cost.

We save you all middlemen's profits by selling direct, freight prepaid. Dealers must pay what you pay. We sell on approval, to be returned at our expense if not satisfactory. Our new catalogue, with pictures in colors, shows how dainty they are; write direct to us for it.

These refrigerators are always sold direct from factory to user. But for convenience in showing we have exhibits in the following cities, for no one who sees a MONROE will be content with the common kind:

Baltimore. John Turnbull, Jr. & Co., Furniture, 18-20 W. Baltimore St.
Binghamton. Innes & Demarest, Heaters, 128 State St.
Birmingham. Hopkins Stove & Tinware Co., 2012 Second Ave.
Boston. Abram French Co., China, 89 Franklin St.
Buffalo. Wm. Scott, Florist, cor. Main and Balcom Sts.
Chicago. Jacob Ketterer, Stoves, 169 Lake St., 2d floor.
Cincinnati. Koch & Braunstein, China, 22 E. Fourth St.
Columbus. The Hasbrook-Bargar Co., China, 87 N. High St.
Detroit. L. B. King & Co., China, 103 Woodward Ave.
Kansas City. T. M. James & Sons, China, 1020 Walnut St.
Louisville. W. H. McKnight, Sons & Co., Carpets, 225 Fourth Ave. and 328 Main St.
Milwaukee. Slater, Price & Dempsey Co., Furniture, 137 Wisconsin St.
Nashville. Phillips & Buttorff Mfg. Co., Stoves, etc., 217 College St.
New Orleans. E. Offner, China, 908 Canal St.
New Rochelle. Thos. J. Reid & Son, 62 Mechanic St.
New York City. Siebrecht & Son, Florists, 409 Fifth Ave.
Omaha. M. H. Bliss, China, 1410 Farnum St.
Philadelphia. Tyndale & Mitchell Co., China, 1217 Chestnut St.
Pittsburg. W. P. Greer, China, 524 Wood St.
Richmond. The E. B. Taylor Co., China, 1011 E. Main St. and 9 E. Broad St.
St. Louis. R. B. Gray China Co., 312 N. Broadway.
St. Paul. Wemott, Howard & Co. Agents, China, 385-387 Jackson St.
Syracuse. F. M. Featherly, China, 209 W. Fayette St.
Toledo. Daudt Glass & Crockery Co., 236 Summit St.
Washington. Dulin & Martin Co. (Inc.), China, 1215 F St. N. W.

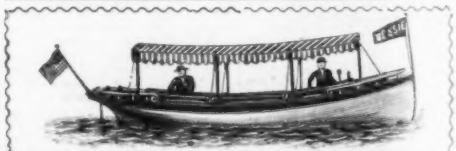
For Catalogue address MONROE REFRIGERATOR CO., Box F, Lockland, Ohio.

Water ices, custards, fruits, sherbets, souffles frozen in less than pie and pudding time. Lightning Freezer.

A beautiful child's book in three colors free. Address North Bros. Mfg. Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

DITMAN'S SEA-SALT
The Natural Salt of Pure Sea Water
TONIC, STRENGTHENING, INVIGORATING
Used for Quarter Century
Address **Ditman, 2 Barclay Street, New York**

TREES Evergreens, Shrubs, Roses, Hardy Azaleas, Rhododendrons, Foreign Vines, and Best Fruits. LOW PRICES. Catalogues sent.
FRED'K W. KELSEY, 150 Broadway, New York



No Fire, Smoke, or Heat. Absolutely Safe. Send five stamps for Catalogue.
TRUSCOTT BOAT MFG. CO., ST. JOSEPH, MICH.

IN the ordinary Refrigerator, Disease Germs easily find lodgment, causing taint in food and consequent sickness. Metal-lined Refrigerators corrode and are dangerous to health.

No danger lurks in the

LORILLARD REFRIGERATOR

because it has clear, white, opal-glass lining, affording no place for germ lodgment.

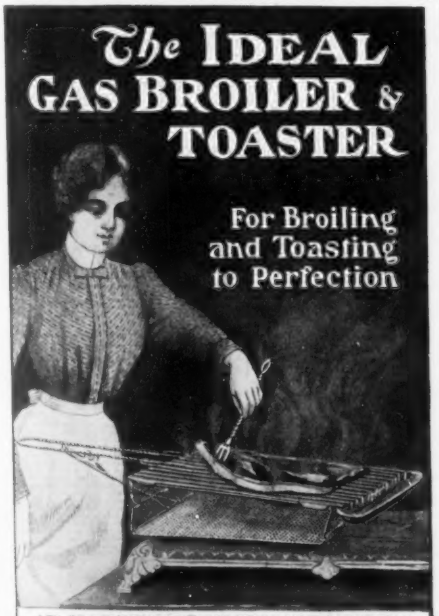
Other superior features are: substantial construction; proper circulation of air, insuring freedom from odor and dampness; economy in ice waste.

Used in all first-class Hotels, Clubs, Institutions, and Families.

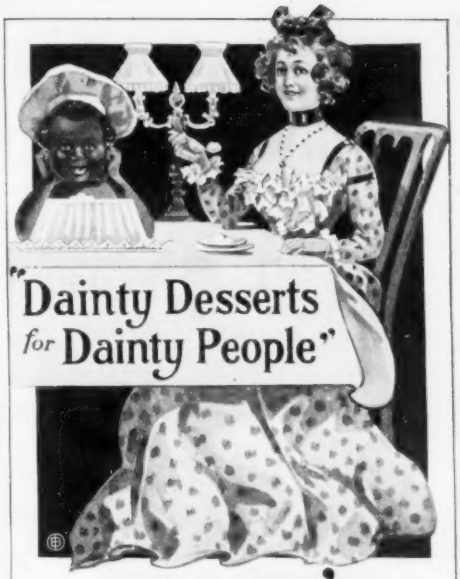
Send us dimensions of Refrigerator wanted and we will furnish plans and estimates.

Illustrated Catalogue will be sent on request

The Lorillard Refrigerator Co.
1168 Broadway, New York City
ESTABLISHED 1877



AT HARDWARE, HOUSEFURNISHING AND DEPARTMENT STORES
or
THE GAS STOVE UTENSIL CO. 73 MURRAY ST. New York



KNOX'S GELATINE

has revolutionized the gelatine trade of America. Housewives marvel at its lack of odor and its transparency.

Each packet makes at least a pint more jelly than any other packet of equal size.

It is a *pure* calves'-stock gelatine—that's the whole secret. Any one in America can make it, but **I am the only one who does.** It is time for the *truth* to be known about gelatine.

I WILL MAIL FREE

my 32-page book of seventy recipes, called "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People," to every applicant. Send for it to-day.

For 5 cents in stamps (to cover postage and packing), I will mail the book and *full pint sample.* I wish you would at least give it this trial.

For 15 cents and the name of your grocer, I will mail the book and a *full 2-quart package* (two for 25 cents).

Pink gelatine for fancy desserts in every package.

CHARLES B. KNOX,
9 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, N. Y.

THE BEST

ELECTRO-SILICON

SILVER POLISH.

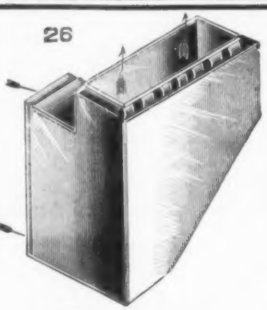
Sold Everywhere.

The King of its Kind

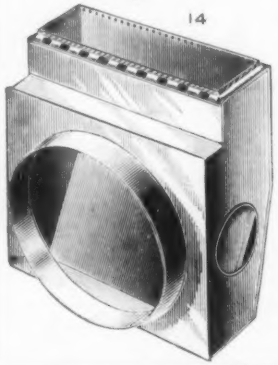
Postpaid 15 cts. in stamps.

The Electro Silicon Company, 30 Cliff Street, New York.

26



14



Perfection Furnace Pipe

In building a house or installing a new furnace, remember this name and pipe. It is now being specified by leading architects, and its use may mean to you and yours the difference between

Catalogue and information free upon request.

THE PERFECTION FURNACE PIPE CO.
402 Logan Street, Toledo, Ohio.

Life and **Death**

THE BALTIMORE NEWS.

VOL. LV—NO. 113. LARGEST CIRCULATION IN BALTIMORE. THURSDAY EVENING, MARCH 15, 1900. LAST EDITION. SIX CENTS A WEEK.

POSNER'S.

GAS SURPRISE.

CORPORATIONS COMMITTEE REPORTS POE PLAN

As Substitute For Dollar-Gas Measure.

Vote Shows 53 to 21 in Company's Favor.

Amendment Guarantees the Company 4 Per Cent.

House Begins Consideration of the Measure.

Senator Bryan Will Not Accept Amendment.

EXCLUDE GARDINER.

GRAND JURY OBJECTS TO HIS PRESENCE.

District Attorney Wants to Help Examine Parkhurst.

Recorder Goff Declines to Hear His Side.

An Effort to Make Crusade Unpopular.

FREE TRADE IS PRACTICABLE.

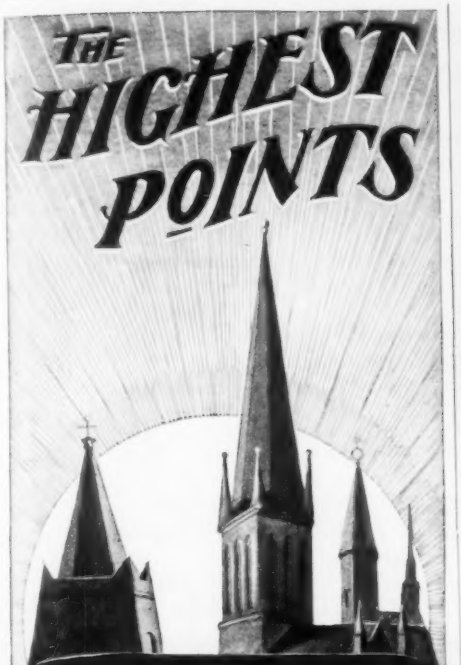
SMALL RESISTANCE

ROBERTS' EASY VICTORY AT BLOEMFONTEIN.

Next Fighting to Take Place in Natal.

Warren's Division Recalled by Buller.

England Will Accept No Intervention.



Those portions of all buildings most exposed to sun and storm must be protected by uncommonly durable paint. There are no paints that resist the action of the elements longer than

Patton's Sun Proof Paints

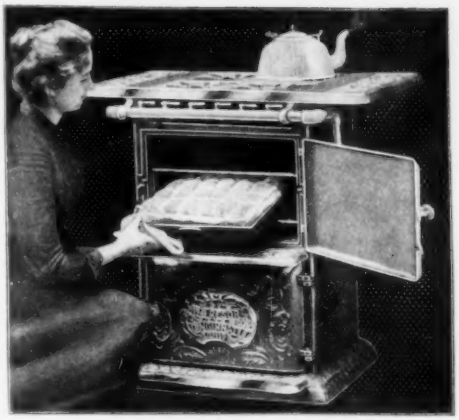
Made of the purest, highest grade paint materials in almost unchangeable combination.

Thoroughly tested by years of use, PATTON'S SUN PROOF PAINTS have stood every test so well the makers positively guarantee them for five years.

If you need much or little painting done—inside or out—you need the help that our book on painting gives. Book and a practical model to aid in color selection mailed free.

Dealers should write for special inducements and sole agency.

JAS. E. PATTON CO., 219 Lake St., Milwaukee, Wis.



Made also with drop oven door.

Delicious hot rolls in fifteen minutes. Stove cold—strike a match, turn a handle and the stove is hot. Hot summer months urge the use of gas as a fuel. For roasting meats or baking pastry, bread or anything, the best results can not be had unless the oven is a

Bake-even Oven.

The excellent baking qualities of the "Monitor" make it strong where other gas ranges are weak. Heat is applied uniformly—no shifting of pans from rack to rack. The oven is closed—no fumes from burning gas. With a

Monitor Gas Range

you can boil or broil, bake or fry, roast or toast, heat water for the entire house. It will do all that any coal range can do and do it quicker and cheaper. Occupies small space.

"Kitchen Pleasure" tells how to enjoy kitchen life—how to keep a good cook. Write for it.

THE WM. RESOR & CO., CINCINNATI, OHIO,

Manufacturers of Stoves and Ranges since 1819.

Address Dept. C.

Burnett's

Why do you use a vanilla extract that is not satisfactory when you can always have

Burnett's Vanilla Extract

by insisting upon it.

Send ten cents for a book on Vanilla, its growth and culture.

Joseph Burnett Co.,
Boston, Mass.

Vanilla Extract

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

POSITIVE RELIEF AT LAST.

The **MAHLER ELECTRIC APPARATUS** is the only device ever invented for the *positive, permanent* removal of superflous hair from face, neck or arms by electrolysis; also effectually removes Moles Warts, Red-Veins and other facial blemishes. Ladies can operate in the privacy of their own homes with results as positive as can be obtained by skilled specialists at a great saving in expense. Send stamp for catalog. D.J. Mahler, 4 Matthewson St. Providence, R.I

Copyrighted.

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

A Positive Relief for **PRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING, and SUNBURN,** and all afflictions of the skin. "*A little higher in price, perhaps, than worthless substitutes, but a reason for it.*" Removes all odor of perspiration. Delightful after Shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Sample free. GERHARD MENNEN CO., NEWARK, N.J.

Get Mennen's, the original.

PLAYS Dialogues, Speakers, Amusement Books. Catalog free. **T. S. DENISON, Publisher, Dept. 44, CHICAGO.**

Alois P. Swoboda

teaches by mail, with perfect success, his original and scientific method of Physiological Exercise without any apparatus whatever and requiring but a few minutes' time in your own room just before retiring. By this condensed system more exercise can be obtained in ten minutes than by any other in two hours, and it is the only one which does not overtax the heart.

It is the only natural, easy, and speedy method for obtaining perfect health, physical development, and elasticity of mind and body.

Absolutely Cures CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, SLEEPLESSNESS, NERVOUS EXHAUSTION

and revitalizes the whole body.

Pupils are of both sexes, ranging in age from fifteen to eighty-six, and all recommend the system. Since no two people are in the same physical condition, individual instructions are given in each case.

Write at once for full information and Booklet containing endorsements from many of America's leading citizens to

ALOIS P. SWOBODA, 34-36 Washington St., CHICAGO, ILLS.

When a Housewife

SEES THE TRADE-MARK BELOW

On Enameled Ware it is Safe to Buy; not till then.

NO POISON can lurk in Agate Nickel Steel Ware (*send for pamphlet showing why*), but without this mark there is no immunity from danger. A recent analysis made of 17 different makes showed in every instance one of these three poisons as a part of their coating, viz.:

ARSENIC, LEAD, AND ANTIMONY.

Each Cooking Utensil (we make 5000 different kinds) of the "L. & G. Agate Nickel-Steel-Ware" has, besides this Trade-Mark, burnt in the enamel, a label attached with Chemists' certificate as a guarantee of

ABSOLUTE SAFETY

Pamphlet Free.

Lalance & Grosjean Mfg. Co.

New York. Boston. Chicago.

Food that Satisfies—

Pure and Wholesome

Sold by all Grocers.....

Van Camp's

BOSTON BAKED

PORK and BEANS

—*Prepared with Tomato Sauce.*

Sample can and booklet 6 cents in stamps.

VAN CAMP PACKING CO.,

378 Kentucky Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

RIPANS TABULES

Wanted—a case of bad health that R·I·P·A·N·S will not benefit. One gives relief. No matter what's the matter, one will do you good. A cure may result if directions are followed. They banish pain, induce sleep, prolong life. Sold at all drug stores, ten for five cents. Don't be fooled by substitutes. Ten samples and a thousand testimonials will be mailed to any address for five cents, forwarded to the Ripans Chemical Co., 10 Spruce Street, New York.

FIDELITY AND CASUALTY CO., NEW YORK

IMPORTANT TO INVESTORS!

For the past three months we have informed you in each issue of this magazine that money could be made in Mining Stocks, that we had sold stock last year which had increased from 500 to 1500 per cent., that we have had years of successful experience in Mining matters. We now call your attention to a particularly promising investment, a combination of Mining and Smelting in one of the most solid enterprises in that line ever offered in the market. A sure money maker and dividend payer. One that will constantly increase in value and dividends.

Remember that we furnish the highest references and guarantee every statement we may make. Write for particulars to

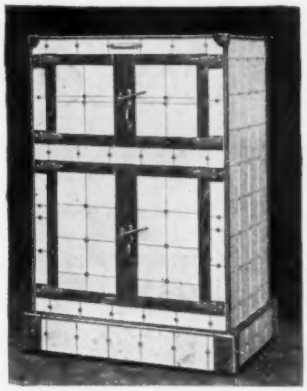
THE KENDRICK PROMOTION CO.

DENVER, COLO.

Capital and Surplus, $200,000.

Mention this Magazine.

"Entirely of Tile"



Do you want the **newest** and **best** refrigerator, made of porcelain outside and inside—doors with tile, no chance to warp, no odor, always clean, and will last a lifetime?

If so, send for descriptive catalogue to

THE WILKE MFG. CO., Anderson, Ind.

No. 2410 E. 24th St.

YOUR VACATION IN COLORADO

Burlington Route

DO you quite realize that in all the world there is no scenery more gorgeous, more majestic and awe-inspiring than that of Colorado?

Couple this with these facts—

That the climate of Colorado is simply delightful.
That the dry, pure air is wonderfully healthful and invigorating; and that the hotels are of unusual excellence.
Then consider the question of spending your vacation there this summer.

Colorado is not far away. The Burlington Route runs "one night on the road" trains from both Chicago and St. Louis, and they are luxuriously furnished. Sumptuous library smoking cars and dining cars *à la carte* make the trip seem very short. Then during the summer months tourist tickets are sold at greatly reduced rates, so the expense is not great.

Let me send you maps, time tables, ticket rates; and if you want to know more about the country enclose six cents in postage for our *book on Colorado.* It is a beautiful work, of literary excellence and profusely illustrated.

P. S. EUSTIS, General Passenger Agent, C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

Hood's

Is prepared from the Best Known Remedies in the Vegetable Kingdom, by a Combination, Proportion and Process Peculiar to Itself.

Every Dose contains the Utmost Curative Value which the Experience of the Past and Knowledge of the Present Can Possibly Concentrate Into It.

Has won an Abiding Confidence in the Hearts of the People as shown by their Continued, Ever-Increasing Patronage.

It purifies the Blood, and Cures Scrofula, Salt Rheum, or Eczema, Humors, Boils, Pimples, Blood Poisoning, Anaemia and all forms of Blood Diseases.

It is the great Stomach Tonic, having actually "a Magic Touch" in cases of Dyspepsia. It feeds the Nerves on pure, rich Blood and makes them strong, cures Nervousness and gives Refreshing Sleep.

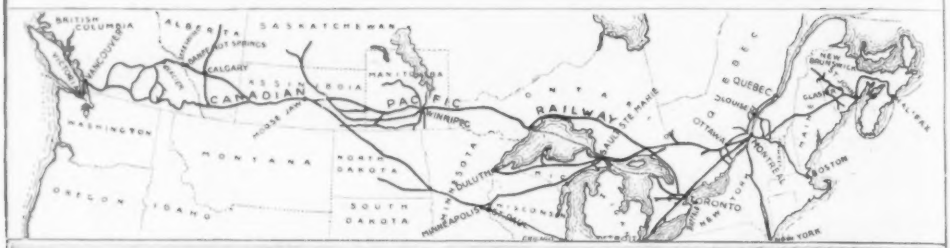
Sarsaparilla

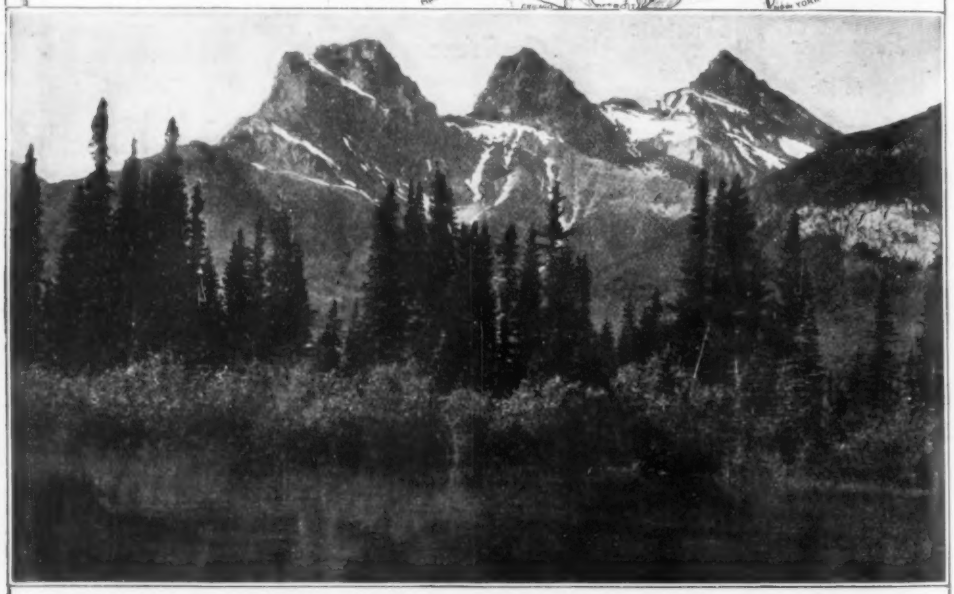
Do Not Delay,—buy a Bottle TODAY.

SWISS GUIDES, brought from Switzerland for the purpose, will show holders of

Canadian Pacific Railway Tickets the wonders of

BANFF in the Canadian Rockies
LAKES IN THE CLOUDS
GLACIERS OF THE SELKIRKS ON THE
CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY





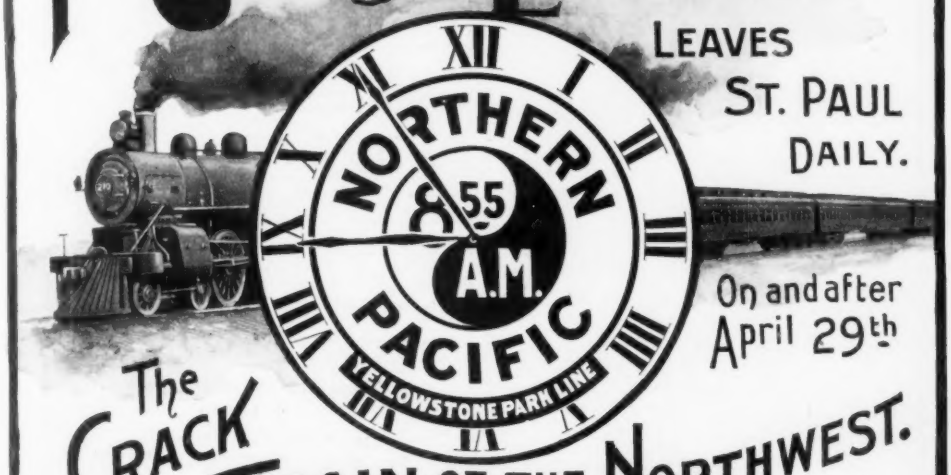
THREE SISTERS, IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

Address any agent of the company for illustrated pamphlet, mentioning Harper's in writing

New York	353 Broadway	E. V. Skinner
Philadelphia	629 Chestnut Street	H. McMurtrie
Baltimore	129 East Baltimore Street	C. G. Osburn
Washington	1229 Pennsylvania Avenue	W. W. Merkle
Boston	197 Washington Street	H. J. Colvin
Buffalo	233 Main Street	A. J. Shulman
Detroit	11 Fort Street, W.	A. E. Edmonds
Chicago	228 South Clark Street	J. F. Lee
Minneapolis	119 South Third Street	W. B. Chandler
St. Paul, Minn.		W. S. Thorn
Pittsburg	409 Smith Building	F. W. Salisbury
San Francisco	627 Market Street	M. M. Stern
Toronto	1 King Street, East	A. H. Notman
Montreal	General Passenger Agent	C. E. E. Ussher
Winnipeg	General Passenger Agent	C. E. McPherson
Vancouver	Assistant General Passenger Agent	E. J. Coyle

NORTH COAST LIMITED

Electric Lighted



LEAVES ST. PAUL DAILY.

On and after April 29th

The CRACK TRAIN OF THE NORTHWEST.

THROUGH THE OLD PICTURESQUE INDIANLAND OF THE GREAT LOUISIANA PURCHASE.

Read about LEWIS AND CLARK IN WONDERLAND 1900

Sent for 6 cents

By CHAS. S. FEE, ST. PAUL, MINN.

BUREAU OF DESIGN. MPLS

COOK'S TOURS TO EUROPE AND THE PARIS EXPOSITION

A large and comprehensive Series of Parties has been arranged, several of which have already been completed; many others are approaching the limit of membership.

If you wish to visit the Exposition, the PassionPlay at Oberammergau, or any part of Europe, in comfort, and be SURE OF SUITABLE ACCOMMODATIONS, register AT ONCE for one of these High-Class Tours.

$145 to $1100 ALL TRAVELLING EXPENSES INCLUDED

Descriptive Programmes on application.

TICKETS FOR INDIVIDUAL TRAVELLERS anywhere.

THOS. COOK & SON

261 AND 1185 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

BOSTON, PHILADELPHIA, CHICAGO, SAN FRANCISCO, ETC.

PARIS OFFICE: 1 Place de l'Opera.

Now is a Good Time

to get a good clock—one that needs winding but six times a year. Has an automatic calendar showing large dates, and keeps splendid time. Beautifully finished in the natural wood, they are both ornamental and useful. A clock for 20th-century people.

Also Frying-Pan, Tile, Program, and Electric Clocks

Full particulars in Catalogue No. 380.

The Prentiss Clock Improvement Co.,

Dept. No. 38, 49 Dey St., N. Y. City.

The NORTHERN LAKES ON THE

MILES FROM CHICAGO	NEARBY SUMMER RESORTS
50	Fox Lake
100	Delavan
100	Lauderdale
105	Waukesha
116	Oconomowoc
145	Elkhart Lake
166	Madison
194	Kilbourn
379	Marquette
384	Minocqua
400	Star Lake
435	Minnetonka
477	Spirit Lake

WRITE FOR THIS BOOK

J. H. HILAND
TRAFFIC MANAGER

GEO. H. HEAFFORD
GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT.

CHICAGO MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL RY.
CHICAGO ILL.

ALASKA with its mild summer climate, towering glaciers, grand scenery, and strange native life, offers a novel and delightful outing. The Great Lakes, the Puget Sound country, Yellowstone Park, etc., included. Commencing in May, there will be numerous tours.

PARIS EXPOSITION Tickets provide not only steamship passage, but also hotel accommodations with board, admission to the Exposition, railway transportation, transfers in Paris, sight-seeing advantages, etc., so that the visitor may have every needed expense covered, and know in advance precisely what the entire trip is to cost.

YELLOWSTONE PARK Frequent trips to the wonderland, which, with its spouting geysers, immense paint pots, strange colored and wonderful formations, and magnificent scenery, stands absolutely alone in the whole world. Salt Lake City and the Rocky Mountain resorts may also be visited.

RAILROAD AND STEAMSHIP TICKETS Information about resorts and their hotels, the best routes for reaching them, the cost of railway and steamship tickets to all parts of the world, and other needful information will be furnished on application. Parlor, sleeping-car, and state-room accommodations reserved. Private cars furnished on short notice. Passports, foreign money, travellers' cheques, etc.

Circulars on application. State information desired.

RAYMOND & WHITCOMB,

Tours and Tickets Everywhere.

(Est. 1879.)

New York: 25 Union Square.
Boston, Mass.: 296 Washington Street.
Philadelphia, Pa.: 1005 Chestnut Street.

MAP OF OUR NEW POSSESSIONS.

A document of unusual value is the "Round the World" folder just issued by the New York Central Lines, including a map of the United States, Alaska, and our islands in the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans.

A copy will be sent free, postpaid, on receipt of three cents in stamps, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

At Randolph, Vermont.

At the convention of the

Vermont Maple Sugar Makers' Association

(held February 7 and 8, 1900,)

the product of the

Horse Shoe Forestry Co.

was awarded

The Grand Sweepstakes

in the Highest Class

Our ***Pure Sugar*** and ***Syrup*** had previously been awarded ***Eight First Premiums*** at fairs held in the greatest centres of the Maple Sugar Industry. Here is the list:

New York State Fair, Syracuse, 1899, First Premium on Sugar and Syrup.

VERMONT STATE FAIR, White River Junction, 1899, First Premium on Sugar and Syrup.

Manchester, Vt., Fair, 1899, First Premium on Sugar and Syrup.

Rutland Co. Fair, 1899, Rutland, Vt., First Premium on Sugar and Syrup.

Middlebury, Vt., Fair, 1899, First Premium on Sugar.

Brattleboro, Vt., Fair, 1899, First Premium on Syrup.

Cambridge, N. Y., Fair, 1899, First Premium on Sugar and Syrup.

Malone, N. Y., Fair, 1899, First Premium on Sugar and Syrup.

We put up convenient packages fresh at all seasons of the year. Here is a brief price-list:

Our Syrup in pint jars at 50 cents each. Our "Maple Kisses," a delicious confection, in large jars ($1.50) and small ones (25 cents). We make also Granulated Sugar (for coffee or cereals) in large jars ($1.00) and small (25 cents).

***MAILING PACKAGE** of syrup or sugar as you prefer, 25 cents each. Address*

Horse Shoe Forestry Co.,

Horse Shoe, St. Lawrence, Co., N. Y.

W. K. Emerson, Architect, Boston.

Harmonious Color-Combinations.

This picture, reproduced in water-color facsimile and ingeniously arranged so as to show sixteen different and harmonious combinations of color in

Cabot's Creosote Shingle Stains

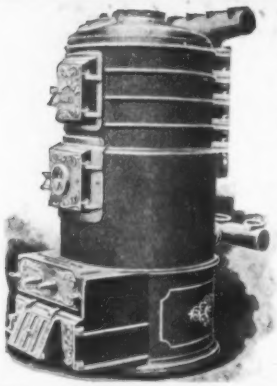
will be sent on request to all who intend to build. It is 7 x 10 inches in size, and gives a very perfect idea of the soft, artistic coloring effects that can only be produced by the use of these Stains, which cost less than paint, wear as well, and preserve the wood better. Samples of our Stains and Catalogue will also be sent on request.

"Quilt"—the perfect sheathing paper.

SAMUEL CABOT, 73 Kilby St., Boston, Mass.
Agents all over the country.

Heating Apparatus

HOT WATER HEATERS — **Gurney** — **STEAM BOILERS RADIATORS**



We offer you the best, most economical and efficient line of heaters from which to make your selections. We are specialists in our line, and devote all our time and energies to boiler-making; as a result we are able to produce the best goods. We keep in mind the fact that a heater, to be satisfactory, **must save coal. The Gurney does this.** It is also free from dust, durable, and gives an even, agreeable, and healthful heat in all parts of the house. Now is the season to install it.

For sale through the Steam and Hot-Water Fitting Trade. Have your architect specify the Gurney and insist on your Fitter using the Gurney. Avoid substitutes.

Write for handsome illustrated book entitled "How Best to Heat Our Homes."

GURNEY HEATER MANUFACTURING CO.

74 Franklin Street, corner Arch Street, Boston, Mass.

New York Office, 111 Fifth Avenue, corner 18th Street, New York City.
Western Selling Agents: JAMES B. CLOW & SONS, 222-224 Lake Street, Chicago, Ill.

TO INTRODUCE OUR **Golden Finish Quarter Sawed Oak Veneered Mantels**

We are offering 200 of a special design, at the remarkable price of

$29.70 each

including best quality enamelled tile facing, and 60 x 20 hearth, firebrick and brass-plated Club House grate and frame. These Mantels are well made and the richest grain effects are used in every part. Sample of wood, showing lumber used, and illustrated catalogue free.

WE PAY THE FREIGHT to all points east of the Mississippi River and north of S. Carolina.

ALCOTT, ROSS & SCULLY CO.
2025 N. Broad St., Philadelphia, Pa.

WITH YOUR **WORKSHOP** EQUIPPED

With outfits of Barnes Wood and Metal Working **FOOT POWER** Machinery you can successfully compete with Factories that use steam power, both in quality and profit on product. The only complete line of such machines made. Have stood the test twenty years. Send for catalogue. Address:

W. F. & JOHN BARNES CO.,
595 Ruby St., Rockford, Ills.

Before accepting your specifications for heating, insist that

JENKINS BROS.' STEAM AND JENKINS' AUTOMATIC AIR VALVES

shall be used. They are stamped with Trade-mark, and warranted absolutely tight. Send for catalogue.

JENKINS BROS.,
New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago.

STABLE AT MANCHESTER, N. H.
WINSLOW, WETHERELL & BIGELOW, ARCHITECTS, BOSTON.

A MOSS-GREEN ROOF USED TO BE SEEN ONLY ON OLD HOUSES, BUT BY THE USE OF

Dexter Brothers' English Shingle Stains

THE SAME EFFECT MAY BE OBTAINED. THESE STAINS ARE UNEQUALLED FOR DURABILITY AND RICHNESS OF TONE, SO MUCH SOUGHT AFTER BY BOTH OWNER AND ARCHITECT.

Send for sample boards and color plates to

Dexter Brothers, Sole Manufacturers

55 & 57 BROAD STREET, . . . BOSTON

The following firms act as our Agents: H. M. Hooker Co., 57 W. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.; W. S. Hueston, 45 Cliff St., New York; Porter & Viall, Rochester, N. Y.; Samuel Bettle, Jr., 514 Walnut St., Philadelphia; W. W. Lawrence & Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.; Smith & Young, San Francisco, Cal.; The L. J. Mattison Co., Cleveland, Ohio; Curtis & Bartlett, Lincoln, Neb.; Henry Seim & Co., Baltimore, Md.; Gerald Lomer, Montreal, Can.; John C. Schroder, Aiken, S. C.

Fine Floors In Famous Houses

are finished with utmost care. They are never oiled or varnished, but are waxed with

Old English Floor Wax

because it is the best finish. Easy to apply, economical to use, never marked or marred, it gives the lustrous polished surface considered the perfect finish for hardwood floors.

For Dancing-Floors use B. B. Powdered Wax.

"Waxed Floors," a booklet, tells how to treat hardwood floors — FREE.

The Barron, Boyle Co., Dept. D, Cincinnati, U. S. A.

Colonial Mantels **$12** AND UP

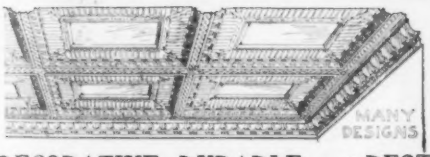
Made of **ORNAMENTAL BRICK** in Colonial, Empire, Renaissance, Elizabethan, and other styles.

Ours are Charming—Our Customers Say So

They look the best—last longest—are not too costly. Any capable brick-mason can set them up from our plans. Improve the decorative opportunities of the chimney-piece. It's money well spent. When you build or remodel send for Sketch Book of 59 designs of mantels costing from $12 upwards.

PHILA. & BOSTON FACE BRICK CO.
P. O. Box 8510, Boston, Mass.

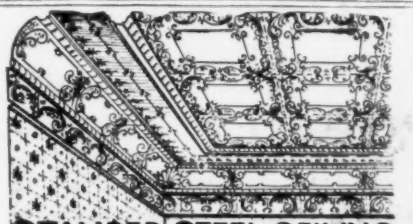
Stamped Steel Ceilings



DECORATIVE, DURABLE, and BEST
for all Classes of Buildings

Send for Catalogue, and give diagram and description of room for estimate.

H. S. NORTHROP, 26 Cherry St., New York
BOSTON OFFICE: Equitable Building



STAMPED STEEL CEILING
SIDE-WALL AND WAINSCOTING. (KINNEAR'S PAT.)
INTERLOCKING JOINT CONSTRUCTION

Send for Catalogue

The KINNEAR & GAGER CO., Manufacturers COLUMBUS, OHIO

Lundborg's

Perfumes are so like the flowers that one never tires of them.

"Swiss Rose"

is lasting, withal delicate and wondrously true to nature.

Sold by all dealers, or will be sent, prepaid, on receipt of $1.00. LADD & COFFIN, 24 Barclay St., New York.

The Paris Exposition

Opened April 14.

THE RUSH

FOR ACCOMMODATIONS IS NOW ON

We have expended thousands of dollars to engage **Desirable Berths** on **Popular Steamers** and **Sailing Dates** and **Rooms** at **European Hotels**, which we are **Allotting Daily** in connection with our **Select Escorted Tours**, including not only the **Paris Exposition**, but

THE OBERAMMERGAU PASSION PLAY
THE RHINE, SWITZERLAND, AND ITALY
THE LANDS OF SCOTT AND SHAKESPEARE

Also Several Delightful Summer Cruises
By Our Palatial, Specially Chartered Steam-Yacht

"ARGONAUT"

(3254 tons, 4000 horse-power, length 332 feet)
Visiting

NORWAY AND THE NORTH CAPE
"THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN"
ST. PETERSBURG AND MOSCOW

Sailing from Hull, England, in connection with the leading transatlantic steamers.

OUR PRICES INCLUDE ALL INCIDENTAL EXPENSES AS SPECIFIED

Many intending visitors will be absolutely unable to secure steamship and hotel accommodations, because they delay in applying. Several of our sailings are already full.

Write to-day for **Illustrated Program**, naming **Tour** or **Cruise** you wish to take.

THE EUROPEAN TOURIST COMPANY
156 Fifth Avenue, New York

No. 4711. WHITE ROSE GLYCERINE SOAP.

Famed for its purity, beauty and transparency. Delicately perfumed and used by all persons of refinement. Little wonder, indeed, that no toilet soap of modern times has approached its well-merited fame and favor.

Used for years in the Court of H. I. M. the Emperor of Russia.

Manufactured by
FERD. MÜLHENS, Cologne °/R. Germany
Send 15c. in stamps for a sample cake.
Sole U. S. Agents:
MÜLHENS & KROPFF,
35 & 37 White Street, New York.

THE plague of lamps is the breaking of chimneys; but that can be avoided. Get Macbeth's "pearl top" or "pearl glass."

The funnel-shaped tops are beaded or "pearled"—a trade-mark. Cylinder tops are etched in the glass "MACBETH PEARL GLASS"—another trade-mark.

Our "Index" describes *all* lamps and their *proper* chimneys. With it you can always order the right size and shape of chimney for any lamp. We mail it FREE to any one who writes for it. Address

MACBETH, Pittsburgh, Pa.

HEALING! BEAUTIFYING!

Hyomei Antiseptic Skin Soap

Made from the fresh green leaves of the Tasmanian Blue Gum Tree.

"A bath with Hyomei Soap is a rare luxury."

Sold by druggists everywhere or sent by mail. Price, 25c.

THE R. T. BOOTH CO., 35 Ave. F, Ithaca, N. Y.

TOO LATE TO BEGIN

caring for the teeth, for they are about gone. Good, sound, white teeth may be had in old age through the use of

RUBIFOAM

the Perfect Liquid Dentifrice, which not only arrests and prevents decay, but keeps the teeth white as pearls, gums healthy and the breath sweet.

THE TIME TO BEGIN

is when the teeth first come. The delicious fragrance and soothing qualities of Rubifoam please the children.

Popular price 25 cts. All Druggists.

Sample Vial for a 2-ct. stamp.

E. W. HOYT & CO., . . . LOWELL, MASS.

1 CENT EACH HARPER'S BLACK & WHITE PRINTS 1 CENT EACH

1600 Carefully Selected Subjects

Masterpieces of Art, engraved and printed under the supervision of the Art Department of Harper & Brothers

FOR Teachers, Women's Clubs, Art and Literary Clubs, and for Home Culture this collection is unequalled for Artistic, Historical, and Literary instruction. For half a century and more Harper & Brothers have stood in the first rank as publishers of illustrated books and periodicals. They have had the best work of the best artists and engravers of many decades of artistic activity.

These prints have been made with great care, and are in every respect equal to artists' proofs printed by hand. Many of the original drawings and paintings, and all rights of reproduction and engraving, belong to Harper & Brothers, and these prints are therefore unique and cannot be duplicated elsewhere. Great paintings in famous galleries in Europe and America have also been reproduced from the original pictures. This series is alike remarkable in faithfulness to the originals, in importance of the subjects, in the beauty and clearness of the impressions.

PORTRAITS.—Statesmen, Generals, Authors, Painters, Musicians—the best life portraits.

PAINTINGS.—A beautiful collection representative of American and European Art, *from the originals.*

HISTORICAL SCENES.—From historical pictures by great painters, and from drawings by distinguished contemporary artists.

ARCHITECTURE.—Directly from the originals by Harpers' own artists—and many other subjects, all on finest coated paper, same as frontispiece in HARPER'S MONTHLY.

Prints 4 x 5 inches, on 7 x 9 paper, 1c. each; suitably framed, 75c. each.
Send 30c. in stamps for 25 small prints and catalogue. *(No order for less than 25 prints received.)* **Catalogue alone, with 8 full-page illustrations, 5c.**

LARGE PRINTS.—Fifty selected subjects for School, Library, and Home Decoration. **Prints 16½ x 23 inches, 35c. each; suitably framed, $3.00 each.**

THE HELMAN-TAYLOR ART CO., Sole Agents, **257 k Fifth Ave., New York City**

Millions of Women

Use CUTICURA SOAP exclusively for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales, and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening, and healing red, rough, and sore hands, in the form of baths for annoying irritations, inflammations, and chafings, or too free or offensive perspiration, in the form of washes for ulcerative weaknesses and for many sanative antiseptic purposes which readily, suggest themselves to women, and especially mothers, for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery, and for preserving and purifying the skin, scalp, and hair of infants and children. No other *medicated* soap ever compounded is to be compared with it for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, scalp, hair, and hands. No other foreign or domestic *toilet* soap, however expensive, is to be compared with it for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Thus it combines in ONE SOAP at ONE PRICE, viz., TWENTY-FIVE CENTS, the BEST skin and complexion soap, the BEST toilet and BEST baby soap in the world.

Sold throughout the world. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston. "All about the Skin," free.

SKIN HUMORS Instantly relieved and speedily cured by CUTICURA REMEDIES, THE SET, $1.25.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK

SOLD EVERYWHERE — BY MAIL 25c.
IF YOUR DEALER DOES NOT SUPPLY YOU.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO.
GLASTONBURY CONN.
LONDON - PARIS - DRESDEN - SYDNEY.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS

	Per Year
MAGAZINE	$3 00
WEEKLY	4 00
BAZAR	4 00
GOLF	2 00

SEASICKNESS PREVENTED. That indescribable misery and discomfort to which many persons are subject on **Vessels, Cars, and Vehicles,** is absolutely prevented by wearing the **Anti-Nausea Stomach Shield.** It never fails to give satisfaction, and works equally well on land or water. Mailed, prepaid, on receipt of **$2.00.** Further information on application. ANTI-NAUSEA PAD CO., Box 147-D., Cincinnati, O.

PARALYSIS Locomotor Ataxia conquered at last. Doctors puzzled, Specialists amazed at recovery of patients thought incurable, by **DR. CHASE'S BLOOD AND NERVE FOOD.** Write me about your case. Advice and proof of cures **FREE. DR. CHASE, 224 N. 10th St., PHILADELPHIA, PA.**

EUROPEAN TOURS. **19th Year.** Select parties. Terms reasonable. Conducted by Dr. & Mrs. H. S. PAINE, Glens Falls, N.Y.

DEAFNESS CURED

Deafness is incurable till the cause is removed. Therefore Ear Drums and other artificial aids never cure. 95 per cent. of all cases of Deafness is caused from Catarrh, and as Catarrh cannot exist under the use of "Actina," nobody need be Deaf where the Actina Pocket Battery is obtainable. Are you seeking a cure? Then investigate **"Actina."** Write today for *a valuable book* —Prof. Wilson's Dictionary of Disease, **Free. Dept. 15** New York & London Electric Ass'n, 929 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo.

Work, Worry and Disease

are a formidable trio; yet the weak person frequently has to meet all at once. How can he overcome them? The answer is, with our COMPOUND OXYGEN (and ours only). The countless demonstrations of twenty-five years warrant this reply.

Our treatment is available for home use; neither need your occupation be interfered with. The value of these features is obvious. What about your need? A book of explanation and proof is yours to consider—if asked for now.

Drs. Starkey & Palen

1112 Girard Street, Room "P," **Philadelphia, Pa.**

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS

HAVE PURCHASED

GOLF

THE MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO GOLFING INTERESTS
AND THE
OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE UNITED STATES GOLF ASSOCIATION

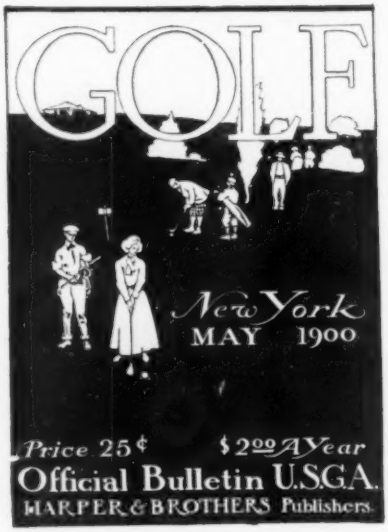
IF

You are a Woman

You probably play Golf.

If you do not play, learn how by reading

"GOLF"



IF

You are a Man

You play Golf.

You want Golf news, pictures, and instruction.

You should read

"GOLF"

THE publication of "GOLF" under the new management began with the last issue. It is edited under the direction of Mr. Van Tassel Sutphen, the well-known authority on golfing subjects and the author of "The Golficide, and Other Tales."

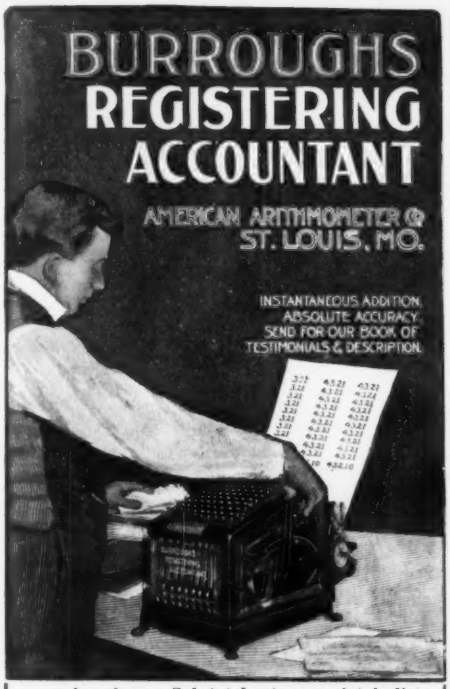
It will contain news on the latest events in the golfing world; bulletins of the U. S. G. A.; pictures of new club-houses and links, portraits of prominent players, and articles by leading authorities on golfing subjects.

25 Cents a Copy. **$2 00** a Year.

WE SHALL BE PLEASED TO RECEIVE YOUR SUBSCRIPTION

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers

FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK, N. Y.



		45	79
	6	57	89
	3	25	49
			85
	2	268	15
5	000	000	00
		524	71
	3	211	79
	7	585	89
		202	50
	5	400	69
		777	44
		335	73
343	711		18
		464	11
		126	25
		919	47
	8	789	56
		83	38
		580	28
	3	264	00
		202	73
		83	33
		57	84
		11	49
	15	625	10
		40	30
		110	65
		1	25
			75
5	395	408	59

Reduced Fac-simile of work.

Sub-totals at any point in list.
Operation learned in fifteen minutes.
Speed from three to five times ordinary hand work.
Automatic corrections of keys wrongly hit.
Used by over **3000** banks, small as well as large.
Invaluable for use in all financial and commercial institutions.
Machines sent on trial to any responsible bank or business house.
Incessant use of these machines for five years in largest banks in New York City finds the machines without signs of wear. They will last upwards of fifteen years ordinary banking use.

Branch Offices:

NEW YORK.
202 Broadway.

ROCHESTER.
773 Powers Block.

PHILADELPHIA.
905 Provident Build'g.

BOSTON.
513 John Hancock Building.

CHICAGO.
902 Fort Dearborn Building.

SAN FRANCISCO.
303 California St.

1900= 36th =1900

Annual Statement

OF THE

TRAVELERS

INSURANCE COMPANY

Chartered 1863. (Stock.) Life and Accident Insurance.

JAMES G. BATTERSON, Pres't.

Hartford, Conn., January 1, 1900.

PAID-UP CAPITAL, $1,000,000

ASSETS.

Real Estate,	$2,049,222.72
Cash on hand and in Bank,	1,810,269.96
Loans on bond and mortgage, real estate,	5,981,842.52
Interest accrued but not due,	245,983.39
Loans on collateral security,	1,497,175.51
Loans on this Company's Policies,	1,305,307.27
Deferred Life Premiums,	340,997.04
Prems. due and unreported on Life Policies,	259,449.36
Government Bonds,	789,016.96
County and municipal bonds,	3,114,997.64
Railroad stocks and bonds,	7,819,225.19
Bank stocks,	1,258,674.00
Other stocks and bonds,	1,288,350.00
Total Assets,	**$27,760,511.56**

LIABILITIES.

Reserve, 3½ per cent., Life Department,	$20,406,734.00
Reserve for Re-insurance, Accident Dep't,	1,500,369.22
Present value Instalment Life Policies,	783,193.00
Reserve for Claims against Employers,	586,520.26
Losses in process of adjustment,	219,833.02
Life Premiums paid in advance,	33,178.11
Special Reserve for unpaid taxes, rents, etc.,	110,000.00
Special Reserve, Liability Department,	100,000.00
Total Liabilities	**23,739,827.61**
Excess Security to Policy-holders,	**4,020,683.95**
Surplus,	**$3,020,683.95**

STATISTICS TO DATE.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

Life Insurance in force,	**$100,334,554.00**
New Life Insurance written in 1899,	**17,165,686.00**
Insurance on instalment plan at commuted value.	
Returned to Policy-holders in 1899,	**1,522,417.06**
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	**16,039,380.95**

ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT.

Number Accident Claims paid in 1899,	**15,386**
Whole number Accident Claims paid,	**339,636**
Returned to Policy-holders in 1899,	**$ 1,227,977.34**
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	**23,695,539.94**

Totals.

Returned to Policy-holders in 1899,	**$ 2,750,394.40**
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	**39,734,920.89**

SYLVESTER C. DUNHAM, Vice Pres't.
JOHN E. MORRIS, Secretary.
H. J. MESSENGER, Actuary.
EDWARD V. PRESTON, Sup't of Agencies.
J. B. LEWIS, M.D., Surgeon and Adjuster.

ARTEMAS WARD. WILLIAM GOW.

Ward & Gow

Street-car and Elevated Railroad Advertising.

Lessees of the privileges of

The Manhattan Elevated Road of N. Y.,

including stations, cars and news-stands, also

The Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company's

advertising space, comprising all the surface cars in Brooklyn, except about 175.

General Agents for Surface cars in the following States:

Alabama,	4	Cities.	Kentucky,	6	Cities.	No. Carolina,	2	Cities.
Arkansas,	2	"	Louisiana,	2	"	Ohio,	15	"
Colorado,	1	"	Massachusetts,	1	"	Pennsylvania,	2	"
Florida,	1	"	Michigan,	11	"	So. Carolina,	2	"
Georgia,	5	"	Minnesota,	4	"	Tennessee,	3	"
Illinois,	21	"	Missouri,	5	"	Texas,	7	"
Indiana,	12	"	Nebraska,	1	"	Vermont,	1	"
Iowa,	8	"	New Jersey,	9	"	Virginia,	4	"
Kansas,	3	"	New York,	18	"	Wisconsin,	5	"
			Canada,	3	Cities.			

We can place your Advertising in

14,000 Cars

under a single contract.

WRITE FOR RATES AND FULL PARTICULARS TO

Ward & Gow,

1 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.

. . . DRUG . . . ADDICTIONS

such as Morphine, Opium, Laudanum, Cocaine, and all other Drug Habits, can be permanently and painlessly cured at home. No detention from business. No inconvenience whatever. **Action immediate.** Creates good appetite. Produces sound, restful sleep. Leaves system of patient in natural, healthy condition and without further desire for drugs of any kind.

Over 2000 PHYSICIANS among our best patrons
Hundreds of America's best citizens have been cured

We invite closest investigation, especially by physicians. Don't take our word. We can and do **prove** all we claim. We will exhibit thousands of unsolicited letters of high commendation from people of all classes, particularly from physicians.

Contains the VITAL PRINCIPLE lacking in all others. A Perfect Antidote—Not a Substitute. . . .

A FREE TRIAL TREATMENT will be sent to any one addicted to morphine or other drug habits on receipt of request. This trial will demonstrate its remarkable curative value. A trial treatment often cures.

The closest feeling of confidence exists between our patients and medical director who personally prescribes for every patient.

Address
ST. JAMES SOCIETY
1181 and 1183 Broadway, New York City

Personal Magnetism

WILL POWER NERVE FORCE
Call it what you will

is the intangible power that controls human destiny. It is the key to all business and social success. All truly great men and women are magnetic; they know how to win and hold people. This power does not come by chance. It is an art, a science, which any one of ordinary intelligence can master. If interested in the mental sciences, write for a copy of our 100-page, profusely illustrated treatise on the uses and possibilities of applied **Personal Magnetism,** together with a chapter on how to acquire the power. It is a work of psychological research. Its authors are men of world-wide literary and scientific reputation. It has elicited favorable comment, alike, from critics and scholars.

A postal-card will bring you this highly interesting and instructive work. We send it absolutely free of cost. Address

NEW YORK INSTITUTE OF SCIENCE
Dept. DA9, 39 State St., Rochester, N. Y.

OXYDONOR

"TRADE MARK REGISTERED NOV. 24, 1896"

VICTORY

ABSORB NEW LIFE

OXYDONOR instils new life, teeming with health and vigor, gently and unconsciously, into your system while you rest. You soon feel as a new person. Literally, OXYDONOR forces disease out of your body and rejuvenates you. OXYDONOR gives the required vital energy to all the organs to perform the functions for which they were made by Nature. No dangerous drugs are used. No surgical operations are required to see what is wrong or to remove any part. The healing and repair all take place naturally, through extraordinary *vis medicatrix naturæ*, increased and intensified by OXYDONOR, by maximum functional activity of the system. OXYDONOR begets the primary energy, and, as when fuel is supplied in food and drink, Nature does the rest. There is no difficulty, no pain, no sensation, no danger in using OXYDONOR, and any sane person can use it successfully. Buckle the disk at one end of its cord to one ankle, and drop the vocor at the other end of its cord into cold water, and the revitalizing process begins. OXYDONOR will last a lifetime and serve a whole family. The purchase is the only cost. No periodical investment is required. Book of Directions with each OXYDONOR.

FEVER.

Mr. F. M. Smith, President Bank of Thomasville, Thomasville, Ga., writes May 26, 1899: "I tested Oxydonor thoroughly on myself for fever, and also on my little boy, with success. I would not be without it for its weight in gold."

RHEUMATIC IRITIS.

Mr. C. E. Kennard, 281 Jefferson Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., writes Nov. 27, 1899: "By use of Oxydonor I have been cured of a dangerous disease of the eyes known as Rheumatic Iritis. Have also cured different ills in my family."

DYSPEPSIA.

Mr. H. S. Goldey, Proprietor Goldey Wilmington Commercial College, writes Mar. 7, 1900: "I am emphatic in my belief that Oxydonor has permanently cured me of Dyspepsia of five years' standing."

Mrs. Walter Wayne, Haddonfield, N. J., writes Nov. 5, 1899: "I have had Oxydonor in use for six years, and it has been all the doctor I have needed. Several of my friends have found it wonderful in curing sickness of various kinds."

BRIGHT'S DISEASE.

Mrs. Emily F. Wright, Dadesville, Ala., writes Dec. 5, 1899: "For a long time I have been afflicted with an aggravated case of Bright's Disease (as termed by physicians) and other complications. My physician had given up all hope of my recovery at the time I commenced the use of Oxydonor, but I improved right away, and am in better health than I have been in twenty years. Oxydonor has restored me to health and made me happy and contented."

CAUTION.—Imitations of Oxydonor are dangerous to use. Refuse to accept them. Dr. H. Sanche is the Inventor and Originator, and has obtained final decision in Supreme Court, in Washington, D. C., against imitators. Also on Oct. 16, 1899, the United States Court granted us an injunction restraining Agents from selling an imitation of Oxydonor.

We invite full investigation of our claims. Our book containing Grateful Reports from users of Oxydonor sent free.

DR. H. SANCHE & CO., Dept. S.
61 FIFTH ST., DETROIT, MICH.
261 5th AVE., NEW YORK.
57 STATE ST., CHICAGO, ILL.
CANADA OFFICE:
2268 ST. CATHERINE ST., MONTREAL, QUE.

Trade Follows The Flag

For particulars, address

N. W. Ayer & Son

PHILADELPHIA

BERWICK & SMITH
OF THE
NORWOOD PRESS
SAY IN PRINTING BOOKS
Tympalyn
saves
make
ready
TRADE MARK REG.
MATTHEWS-NORTHRUP CO.
BUFFALO, N. Y.
SAY IN PRINTING MAPS
Tympalyn
saves
make
ready
TRADE MARK REG.
ROCKWELL & CHURCHILL
BOSTON, MASS.
SAY IN COMMERCIAL PRINTING
Tympalyn
saves
make
ready
TRADE MARK REG.
WRITE FOR DESCRIPTIVE PAMPHLET
THE TYMPALYN COMPANY
22-28 HIGH STREET, BOSTON

COOK'S
Flaked Rice

A NEW FOOD

MORE NOURISHING THAN BEEF AND NEEDS NO COOKING

One Minute from Package to Plate

THE WEAKEST STOMACH can digest it
It satisfies THE STRONGEST APPETITE

Ideal food the whole year through

Every grain perfect.

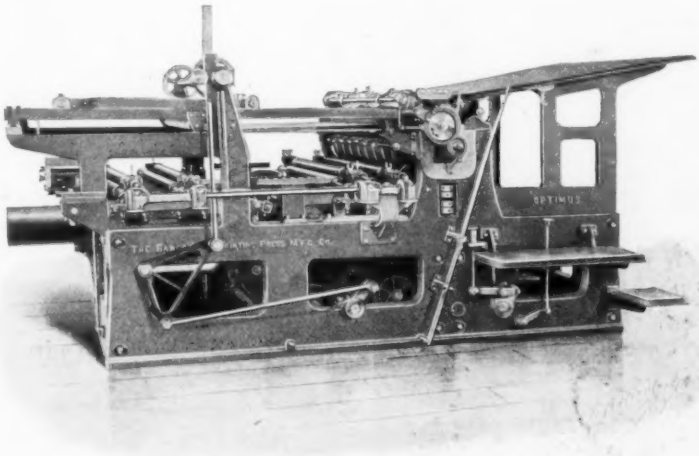
Scientifically cooked and sterilized.

Endorsed by physicians and epicures.

GOOD FOR BABY, TOO!

THE "OPTIMUS" PRESS

is used by HARPER & BROTHERS on their finest class of work, and holds the record in their office for long runs on Illustrated Specimen-page work; producing more satisfactory impressions from one set of plates than was ever done on any other make of press. This is possible because of our Patent Ball-and-Socket joint, which gives a perfect bed and cylinder motion.



We invite investigation and stand ready to prove by records all that we claim for the "OPTIMUS." Facts, simply facts, are what we offer to gain your favor.

THE BABCOCK PRINTING PRESS MANUFACTURING CO.,

New London, Conn.

Cable Address { Talbotype, New York. Cylinder, New London, Conn.

C. A. COLLORD,
MANAGER OF NEW YORK OFFICE,
38 Park Row,
New York City.

BARNHART BROS. & SPINDLER,
GENERAL WESTERN AGENTS,
183, 185, 187 Monroe St.,
Chicago, Ill.

Purity Built it

The first brewery of Jos. Schlitz was a hut, but the beer that was brewed there was honest. That was fifty years ago. Today the magnificent Schlitz Brewery forms a monument to that honesty.

From the very beginning the main object has been to attain absolute purity. In Schlitz beer pure yeast was first introduced in America. In the Schlitz Brewery are all the inventions men have made for protecting beer from impurities. Schlitz beer is even cooled in filtered air; then it is filtered, then sterilized. It is well aged to avoid the cause of biliousness.

Ask your physician about Schlitz beer, and you'll drink it. If all men knew what we know about it, this brewery would have to be fifty times as large.

J L STACK

"BABIES"

A Book on Infant Feeding.

FREE to Mothers.

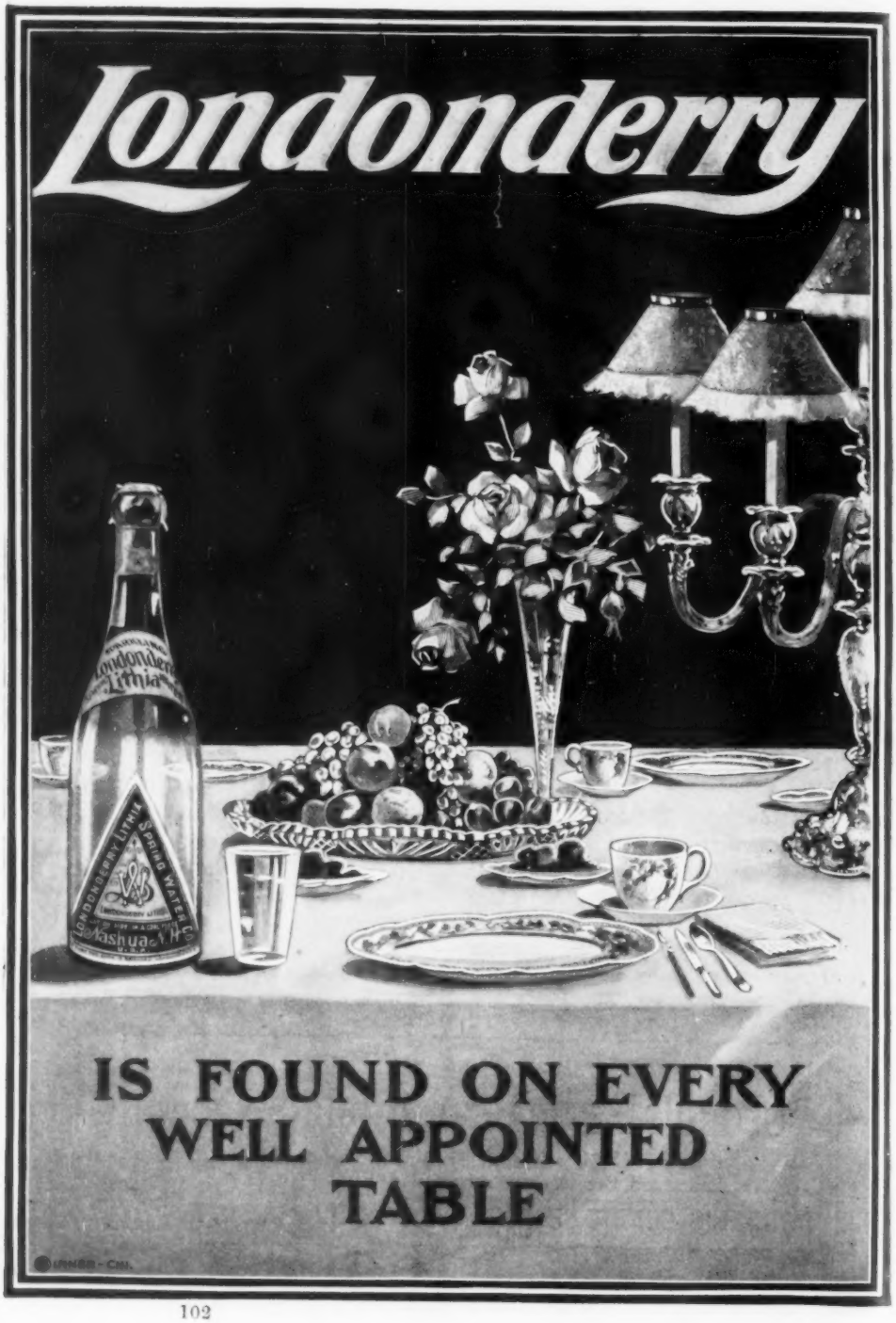
A POSTAL CARD WILL BRING IT.

More good-natured, strong, robust, healthy babies are raised on

Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk

than on all other (so-called) infant foods combined. It has stood the test for more than FORTY YEARS.

BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK CO., 72 Hudson St., New York


Londonderry
Londonderry Lithia
Londonderry Lithia Spring Water Co.
Nashua, N.H.
IS FOUND ON EVERY
WELL APPOINTED
TABLE

Send for our FREE book

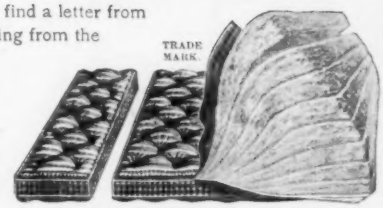
of 72 pages, "The Test of Time." In it you will probably find a letter from some neighbor or friend that is just as strong as the following from the

Rev. JOS. A. SEISS, D. D., Philadelphia, Pa.

Messrs. OSTERMOOR & CO., 1338 Spring Garden Street, Jan. 10, 1900.

SIRS:—I have had one of your Patent Elastic Felt Mattresses in constant use for twenty-eight years past—it is not in the least matted down, but is just as soft, clean and elastic as when new, although the ticking is very badly worn, so that I think re-covering is necessary.

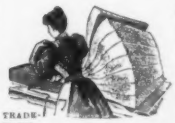
I certainly would not have a mattress for personal use except the Ostermoor Patent Elastic Felt, for there is not, to my knowledge, anything so satisfactory and enduring as your mattress possible to be obtained. Surely the sight of this twenty-eight year old mattress, and my remarkable experience, must convince doubters, if any are left. The Luthern Theological Seminary at Mt. Airy we furnished throughout with your mattresses, where they are proving just as satisfactory. Yours truly, JOS. A. SEISS.



The Ostermoor Patent Elastic Felt Mattress, $15. Express Prepaid to your door.

is always "SENT ON SUSPICION," which means just this: SLEEP ON IT 30 NIGHTS and if it is not even all you have *hoped for*, if you don't believe it to be the equal in cleanliness, durability and comfort of any $50 hair mattress ever made, you can get your money back by return mail—"no questions asked." There will be no unpleasantness about it at all.

Send for Our Book "THE TEST OF TIME," whether you need a mattress now or not. It will interest you to know about the *best* and *cheapest* mattress in the world.



3 feet 6 inches wide, 25 lbs.	$ 8.35	ALL 6 FEET 3 INCHES LONG.
3 feet wide, 30 lbs.	10.00	
3 feet 6 inches wide, 35 lbs.	11.70	
4 feet wide, 40 lbs.	13.35	
4 feet 6 inches wide, 45 lbs.	15.00	

Made in two parts, 50 cents extra.

Take Care! Don't Be Cheated! There is not a single store in the country that carries our mattress; almost every store now has an imitation so-called "felt," which is kept in stock to sell on our advertising. *Our name and guarantee on every mattress.* Can be bought only of

OSTERMOOR & COMPANY, 109 Elizabeth Street, New York.

We have cushioned 25,000 Churches. Send for our book "Church Cushions."

DID YOU EVER ENJOY A MEAL **IN BED?**

Not unless the meal was served upon a table so arranged as to extend over the bed, and still not touch it. Most convenient in the sick room. Excellent sewing, cutting and reading table. Various kinds of wood. Beautifully finished. Write for circulars and testimonials.

NO AGENTS.

Size of Top, 18 x 36 Inches.

INVALIDS TABLE COMPANY,
209 Cuyahoga Bldg., CLEVELAND, O.

Turkish Rocker

$29.50 buys this luxurious easy rocker, No. 1[illegible], direct from factory. FREIGHT PREPAID, sent "On Approval," to be returned AT OUR EXPENSE if not positively the best leather rocker ever sold at so low a price.

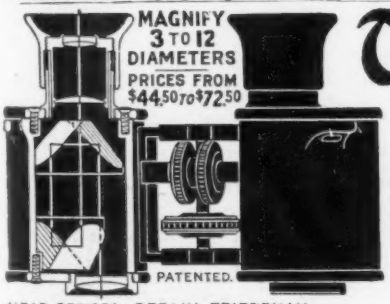
COVERED with best quality machine-buffed GENUINE leather. Has genuine hair cushions, tufted back, spring rockers, and ball-bearing casters. Choice of maroon, olive-green, or russet-color leather. At retail a similar rocker costs $45 to $60.

Write for our Complete Catalogue No. "K3."

THE FRED MACEY CO., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Makers of Office and Library Furniture.

Direct from the Factory



Trieder-Binoculars

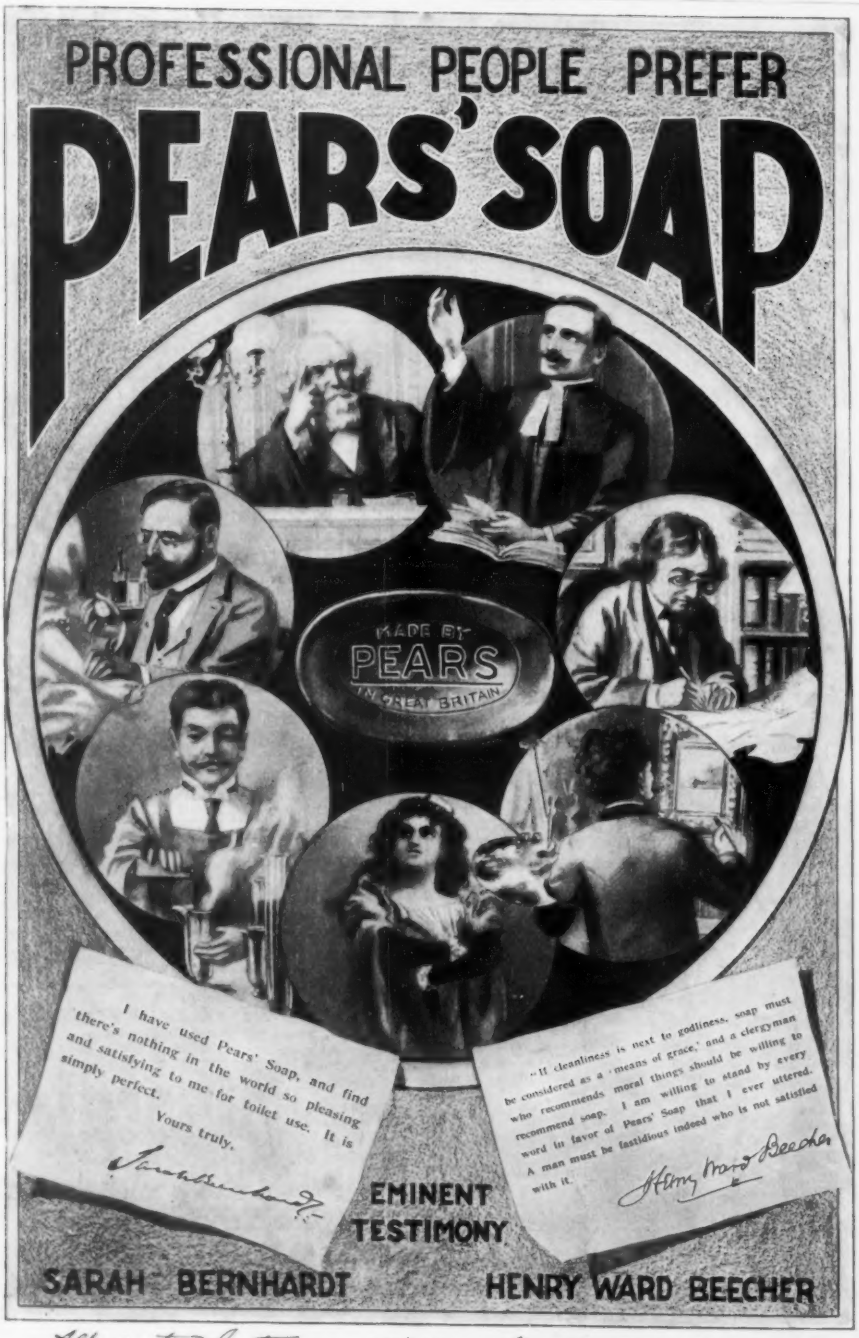
Magnify at equal size 8 to 10 times more than old style glasses and at equal magnification show 8 to 10 times larger field. Unexcelled for Racing, Hunting, Field, Yachting and Military purposes: also for Theater use.

The names C. P. Goerz and Trieder-Binocle are on every glass. Illustrated descriptive price list free on application to any dealer in optical goods, or direct to

C. P. Goerz

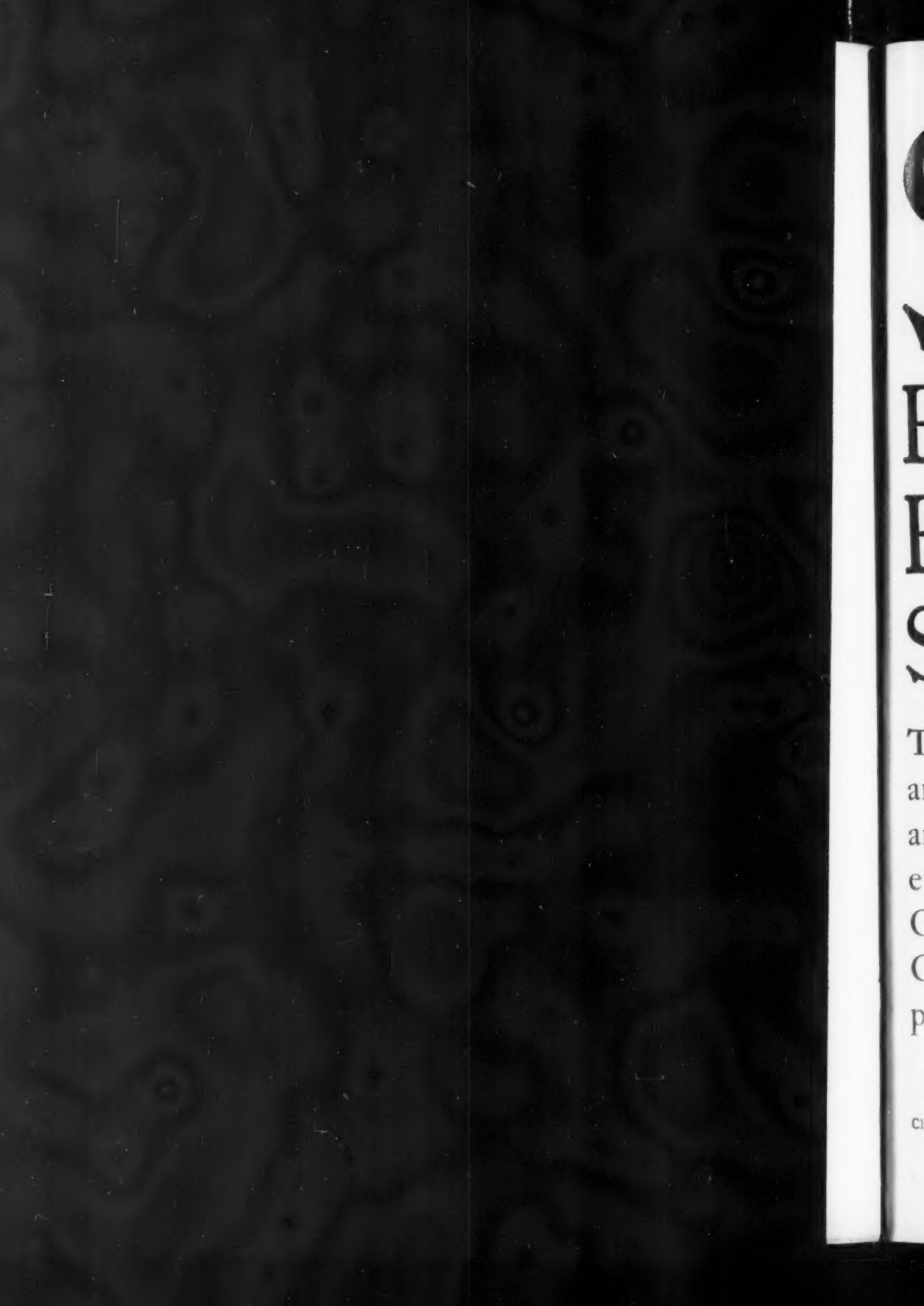
Optical Works: 52 E. Union Square, N. Y.

HEAD OFFICES: BERLIN-FRIEDENAU,
BRANCHES: 22 Rue de l'Entrepôt, PARIS.
4-5 Holborn-Circus, LONDON, EC.



All sorts of stores sell it—all sorts of people use it.

All rights secured.



Swift's

Premium Hams
Premium Bacon
Silver Leaf Lard

The finest Hams, Bacon and Lard sold in any market, the quality and purity of which are guaranteed by a firm whose annual sales exceed $160,000,000.00. Inspected by Government inspectors and approved by the Government of the United States. Swift's products are sold by all first-class dealers.

Swift and Company

Chicago Kansas City Omaha St. Louis St. Joseph St. Paul

Royal

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

Reject Alum Baking Powders—They Destroy Health

This Trade-Mark

will be found on every genuine package of the famous **COCOA** and **CHOCOLATE** preparations made by

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.,

Established 1780. Dorchester, Mass.

INCOME INSURANCE

ORGANIZED 1851

FOR MEN OR WOMEN

Besides giving five other options, it

Guarantees to pay in Cash

$1500 for each $1000

of insurance in force when the insured is fifty, sixty, or seventy years old.

Cash dividends are also paid each year, beginning with the second.

Sample policies, rates, and other information will be sent by mail FREE.

PHOENIX MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.
HARTFORD, CONN.

Hall's

Vegetable Sicilian

Hair Renewer

always restores color to gray hair, the dark, rich color it used to have. The hair grows rapidly, stops coming out, and dandruff disappears.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send $1.00 to R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N. H.